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THE
AMERICAN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

It is with great diffidence that we appear before the Public as the Editor of a Literary Magazine. Aside from the question of capacity, there is a responsibility attached to an undertaking of this character upon which we cannot look with indifference. We feel that the influence of any periodical, generally circulated, is an important thing; and though the frequent establishment of newspapers, and the licentious tone of newspaper discussion in this country have taken much from the dignity of printed opinions, yet, upon the mass of the people, the principles, whatever they may be, which are disseminated in this form, exert, even in their depreciation, an influence sufficient to affect questions of the greatest moment. But, assuming, as we do, the more dignified form of a Magazine professing to decide upon literary merit, and discuss, not only the lighter topics which interest society, but political questions in their higher and more general bearings, we confess to no little diffidence in our own powers, and a feeling of necessity for much indulgence.

In selecting the most prominent of the literary and political magazines of England as our professed model, we trust we shall not be understood as expecting to equal it. In the present state of American literature, we do not think this possible. The classes of men who are in the pay of the periodicals in that country do not exist here. We have neither idle men, nor professed writers. Our travellers who have observed foreign character and manners, are not wealthy scholars, who return with time on their hands and the ability to embody their knowledge in vivid sketches; and our military men (of which class in England, a great number are authors,) have neither seen foreign service, nor, if they had, are they, as there, graduates of colleges and holiday soldiers when at home. Then we have no writers for a living. The respectable talent goes where it is better paid—into the professions. We must depend for contributions upon clergymen, and lawyers, and statesmen, who lay literature on the shelf with their college classics, and call the little attention they give it, idleness or relaxation. The immense patronage of English periodicals enables them to pay liberally for their material. This we cannot do. The difficulty of transmission over such an immense country, and the comparatively small proportion of literary readers, limit our circulation to a thousand or two, at farthest, and the profit arising from such a subscription is necessarily inadequate to an expensive establishment.

With respect to criticism, we can lay down none but negative rules. We shall give an opinion to the best of our ability, and only upon the merits of the book. With the Author we have nothing to do. We consider personalities in criticism, not only impertinent, but entirely beyond our province. Whatever difficulties we may find in making our Reviews racy or interesting, we shall never descend, either to the ungentlemanly seasoning of personal abuse, or allusions to private differences. We believe the introduction of such ingredients in criticism pernicious, and beneath the dignity of a writer for the public eye, serving no good end, and contributing to the amusement of the malicious, at the expense of feelings which should ever be held sacred.

We shall take no side in Politics. Our pages will be open to fair and manly discussion on every political topic, and by men of every party. We shall, as in criticism, admit nothing personal, and we shall claim, of course, the right of regulating for ourselves, the standard of merit. We believe it is possible to make our magazine a vehicle of truth, without reference to party, and to advance or oppose a measure without committing ourselves to those interested in its success or failure.

Our Miscellaneous Department will be open to articles of every description calculated to interest or amuse. We solicit contributions from the grave and the gay, the essayist upon character, and the satirist upon manners. Descriptions of other countries, and of our own, sprightly Journals, Sketches of picturesque scenery, Tales, Traditions—everything that can convey a moral, or amuse innocently, will be welcome.

For himself, the Editor can only promise his endeavor. He has been before the Public from a very early age, and has met with a lenity and consideration for his youth, as gratifying as it was unexpected. In his brief career as an Author, he has learned some lessons of feeling which may not be lost upon him as a critic. He has been told of his faults temperately and in a spirit of encouragement and regard, and knows how like the dew of heaven such kindness falls on the heart of the thirsty aspirant; and he has been attacked with personal scurrilities, and knows how little such things can affect reputation, and how easy it is to despise the ungentlemanly critic and forget the poor wrong of his criticism. He is aware that the task he has undertaken is, at best, a laborious and responsible one; but he has the promise of able assistance, and he trusts that the kind consideration and encouragement which he has met from the public in every enterprize hitherto, will not now fail him.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1829.

NO. I.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

TICKLER. I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

SHEPHERD. I hae nae objections—for you've not only a sawl for music, Sir, but a genius too, and the twa dinna always gang thegither—mony a man haein' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal primroses, and yet no able to play on ony instrument,—on even the flute—let abee the poker and tangs.

NOCTES AMBROSIAE.

I AM not known as a lover of music. I seldom praise the player upon an instrument or the singer of a song. I stand aside if I listen, and keep the measure in my heart, without beating it audibly with my foot, or moving my head visibly in a practised abstraction. There are times when I do not listen at all; and it may be that the mood is not on me, or that the spell of it is mastered by beauty, or that I hear a human voice whose very whisper is sweeter than it all. There are some who are said to have a passion for music, and they will turn away at the beginning of a song, though it be only a child's lesson, and leave gazing on an eye that was, perhaps, like shaded water, or the forehead of a beautiful woman, or the lip of a young girl, to listen. I cannot boast that my love of music is so strong. I confess there are things I know that are often an overcharm, though not always, and I would not give up my slavery to their power, if I might be believed to have gone mad at an opera, or have my 'Bravo' the signal for the applause of a city.

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and it is still melody,—melody. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet

the wind is but a fitful player ; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all,—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky ;—and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connexion with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed, that, to the ear of the dying, (which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute,) the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from close the shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color ; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers ; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect, and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres.

(Pardon me a digression here, reader. Aside from the intention of the custom just alluded to, there is something delightful in the thought of thus dying in the open air. I had always less horror of death than of its ordinary gloomy circumstance. There is something unnatural in the painful and extravagant sympathy with which the dying are surrounded. It is not such a gloomy thing to die. The world has pleasant places, and I would hear in my last hour, the voices, and the birds, and the chance music I may have loved ; but

better music, and voices of more ravishing sweetness, and far pleasanter places, are found in heaven, and I cannot feel that it is well, or natural, to oppress the dying with the distressing wretchedness of common sorrow. I would be let go cheerfully from the world. I would have my friends comfort me and smile pleasantly on me, and feel willing that I should be released from sorrow and perplexity and disease, and go up, now that my race was finished, joyfully to my reward. And if it be allotted me, as I pray it will, to die in the summer time, I would be borne out beneath the open sky, and have my pillow lifted that I might see the glory of the setting sun, and pass away, like him, with undiminished light to another world.)

It is not mere poetry to talk of the 'voices of summer.' It is the day time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think when I was a child that it was fairy music. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature,—the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines—but what a world of music does the sun shine on!—the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grew softer and sweeter as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle to the low brooding of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent dispositions. With the small birds the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness, and it is pleasant to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them. It seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in my heart that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fulness.

Nature seems never so utterly still to me as in the depth of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds, and the leaves hang motionless in the trees, and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock, and the frog lies breathing in the pool, and even the murmur that is heard at night is inaudible, for the herbage droops beneath the sun, and the

seed has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still, and the pulses beat languidly. It is a time for sleep.

But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings, and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper, and, as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes sullenly out like the echo of a far off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power, and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then what is more soothing than the dropping of the rain? You should have slept in a garret to know how it can lull and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gust and the rattling of the panes. I used to say over my prayers and think of the apples I had stolen, then ! But were you ever out fishing upon a lake in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear bell-like tinkle, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn ; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollection of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish. I was ever a milky-hearted boy, and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restless death of those panting and beautiful creatures ; but I loved to go out with the old men when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gun-wale listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect on my temper, and stilled for a while the uneasiness of that vague longing that is like a fever at a boy's heart.

There is a melancholy music in Autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, wavering capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher—though the early autumn months are mostly still—they are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields and about in the eddies of the blast ; and though, I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contrast, yet in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has press'd down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my many sisters, might scarce remove it.

Then, for the music of winter, I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost too has a melodious 'ministry.' You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the 'morning stars sang together.'

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and, when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like earring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that

cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these and the best music under Heaven is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it as in beauty. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin, and coarsening, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that, even on the coarse minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ. I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life ; yet never have I known man or woman under the influence of any strong feeling that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of its Maker, and, though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being re-strung to its compass till its frame is shattered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Whether it is that their passions are coarser or that their life of caution and reserve shuts up the kindliness from which it would spring, a pleasant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts of our sex. Whenever you do meet it however, it is always accompanied either by noble qualities, or, by that peculiar capacity for understanding all character, which Goethe calls a 'presentiment of the universe,' and which enables its possessor, without a spark of a generous nature himself, to know perfectly what it is in others, and to deceive the world by assuming all its accompaniments and all its outward evidence. I speak now, and throughout these remarks, only of the conversational tone. A man may sing never so well, and still speak execrably, and I rarely have known a person who conversed musically to sing even a tolerable song.

A good tone is generally the gift of a gentleman ; for it is always low and deep, and the vulgar never possess the serenity and composure from which it alone can spring. They are always busy and hurried, and a high, sharp tone becomes habitual.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win upon the confidence.

It is the secret of the otherwise unaccountable success of some men in society. They never talk for more than one to hear, and to that one, if a woman and attractive, it is a most dangerous because unsuspected spell; and every one knows how the voice softens instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear listens, and that it is addressed without witnesses to one who cannot stand aside from herself and separate the enchanter from his music. It is an insidious and beguiling power, and I have seen men, who, without any pretensions to dignity or imposing address, would arrest attention the moment their voices were heard, and who, if they leaned over to murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of pleasing, though the remark were the very idlest commonplace of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I can describe it. It can be, and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but it is oftener the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural, deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops of water from a fountain. It is like the brooding of a dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with the subdued and touching *reediness* which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman. I should be won by it more than by beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance. I remember listening in the midst of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a girl—a mere child of sixteen summers, till I was bewildered. She was a pure, high-hearted, impassioned creature, without the least knowledge of the world or her peculiar gift, but her own thoughts had wrought upon her like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could never trifle in her presence. My nonsense seemed out of place, and my practised assurance forsook me utterly. She is changed now. She has been admired and found out her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone! She will recover it by and by, when the delirium of the world is over, and she begins to rely once more upon her own thoughts for company; but her extravagant spirits have broken over the thrilling timidity of childhood, and the charm is unwound.

There was a lady whom I used to meet when a boy, as I loitered to school with my satchel in the summer mornings, and of whom, by and by, I came to dream, night and day, with a boy's impassioned and indefinite longing. She was a married woman, perhaps twenty years older than I, but very—very beautiful. She was like one's idea of a countess—large, but perfectly light and graceful, and with an eye

of inexpressible softness and languor. I was certain she had a low, delicious tone, and as she passed me in the street, I used to fancy how the words must linger and melt on that red lip, with its deep colored and voluptuous fulness. Years after, when I had become a man, I was introduced to her. I made some passing remark, and with my boyish impression still floating in my mind, waited almost breathlessly for her answer. When she did speak, I was perfectly electrified. Such a wonderful rapidity of utterance, such a volume of language, I never heard from the lips of a woman! My dream was over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the voice is so neglected in a fashionable education. There is a power in it over men, greater even than manner, for it is never suspected. Nothing repels like indifference, and indifference is a loud talker, to whom any body may listen, and whom, therefore, nobody cares to hear. But a low tone is redolent of the great secret of a woman's power—*reliance*! Nothing wins like reliance. Be it in manner or tone it is alike irresistible. I have seen a woman who would captivate most men by simply leaning on their arm. It was the only thing she knew, and she did that beautifully. It said more plainly than she could have spoken it, "I confide in you utterly"—and who, that had not been initiated, could resist such an appeal? There is something in words spoken softly, and meant for one's ear alone, which touches the heart like an enchantment. I never linger by a low voiced woman if she is not young. It indicates either a most childlike innocence and truth, or it is the practised witchery of a woman of the world, who knows too well for me the secret of her power.

There are circumstances in which the simplest sound becomes awful. I once watched with a dying friend in a solitary farm house. It was a clear, still night in December, and there was not a sound to be heard beyond his just audible breathing. It wanted but a quarter to one, and I began to anticipate the striking of the large clock which stood in the farthest corner of the room in which I sat. It was, at first, simply with reference to my friend's comfort, for he was in a gentle doze, and I feared it might wake him from the only sleep he had got that night. I sat looking at the clock. The minute hand crept slowly on. I began to feel a nervous interest in its progress, and, as it advanced visibly, I leaned over and grasped closer and more firmly, the arm of the huge chair. As it grew near, a strange fear began to curdle my blood, and I could feel my hair stir, as if each individual filament were withering at the root. It crept on—and on. There was but one minute left! I felt a smothering sensation at my heart, and it seemed to me as if my life must stop. But that one minute seemed to me an hour. Before it had expired every event of my life had rushed through my memory, and the

awful responsibility of time, and the aggregate of pain, and despair, and agony that was felt by the hundreds who were dying at that moment, and the guilt that was festering in the darkness the hearts of those who may not sleep, and, over all, my own thoughtless and immeasurable prodigality of time and health and opportunity, crowded into my soul as if its capacity were equal to the concentrated anguish of a demon. The machinery at last began to stir. It seemed to me as if every vein in my body was an icy worm. My nerves stretched to an intenser pitch—large drops of sweat rolled from my forehead, and my heart stopped—almost. It struck!—and I fell back in my chair in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter! I have watched often since, and have been in situations far more calculated to excite terror, but nothing ever overcame me like that solitary vigil. I had been up night after night with my friend, and was certainly much unnerved by fatigue and exhaustion; but the circumstance furnishes matter of speculation to the inquirer after the phenomena of human nature.

The music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. Thomas Moore, (whose mere sense of beauty is making him religious, and who knows better than any other man what is beautiful,) has sung 'those evening bells,' in some of the most melodious of his elaborate stanzas. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artizan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the place was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening, and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and, as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken. It was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rung out their hymn and ceased—and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His

companions spoke to him, but he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than anywhere else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath. I know few things more imposing than to walk the streets of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

Far more beautiful, and, perhaps, quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit, and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

Yet, after all, whose ear was ever 'filled with hearing,' or whose 'eye with seeing?' Full as the world is of music—crowded as life is with beauty which surpasses, in its mysterious workmanship, our wildest dream of faculty and skill—gorgeous as is the overhung and ample sky, and deep and universal as the harmonies are which are wandering perpetually in the atmosphere of this spacious and beautiful world—who has ever heard music and not felt a capacity for better, or seen beauty, or grandeur, or delicate cunning, without a feeling in his inmost soul of unreached and unsatisfied conceptions? I have gazed on the dazzling loveliness of woman till the value of my whole existence seemed pressed into that one moment of sight; and I have listened to music till my tears came, and my brain swam

dizzily—yet when I turned away I wished that the beauty of the woman had been perfecter, and my lips parted at the intensest ravishment of that dying music, with an impatient feeling that its spell was unfinished. I used to wonder when I was a boy how Socrates knew that this world was not enough for his capacities, and that his soul therefore was immortal. It is no marvel to me now.

IMITATED FROM GOETHE.

WHAT song, amidst his festal halls,
 Has caught the monarch's ear?
 'A minstrel stands without the walls.'
 'Lead in the minstrel here!'
 Exclaims the royal sire.
 On welcome errand speeds the page,
 The minstrel comes; with locks of age,
 But eye and soul of fire.

'Hail! noble Lords, and gentle Dames!'
 He glanced his eyes around;
 'Stars upon stars,' he cried, 'whose names
 'The minstrel's harp would fain resound,
 'But, O my eyes, forbear!
 'I've something here to do, beside
 'Gazing on beauty, pomp and pride,
 'With wild, unmanner'd stare.'

He closed his eyelids on the light.
 Then fast the full tones came;
 While fiercely upward gazed the knight,
 Intently down, the dame,
 Delighted with the strain,
 While knight and lady proffer praise,
 The monarch better praises pays,
 'Bring forth a golden chain!'

'But not to me, such present bring:
 'Let it be his, whose spear
 'Is firmest couched for God and King,
 'When danger draweth near.
 'Or let thy man of state
 'The splendid golden burden wear,
 'With all the loads that he must bear,
 'The loads of being great.

' I sing, like birds that on the breeze
 ' Or in the branches dwell,
 ' Their glad songs, bursting when they please,
 ' Reward the songsters well.
 ' And their reward is mine.
 ' But wouldst thou still some gift impart,
 ' Give me—'t will warm this aged heart—
 ' A glass of purest wine.'

Then flew his blood in quicker tide.
 He raised his withered hand.
 ' Joy in these festal halls abide !
 ' And peace in all the land !
 ' And now, good friends, adieu !
 ' Remember me when gone abroad,
 ' And give as hearty thanks to God,
 ' As I shall give to you.'

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Of all the known laws of nature, none seems so universal as that which demands in all things a constant fluctuation. Naturalists have remarked its predominance in the system of physical existence. The planets maintain their places, only by a series of complicated motions; the sea and air are both subject to successive and unceasing ebbs and flows; the life of animals and plants is but a sequence of countless changes; even the 'great globe itself' has been shattered by convulsions the most portentous and astonishing. The intellectual and moral, no less than the physical world, supply abundant evidence of this universal mutability. Governments and laws, religion and philosophy, bear about them strange marks of the changes they have suffered, and, among the rest, the Republic of Letters can tell of singular and unimagined revolutions.

If we trace back its history but four or five centuries, we find it consisting of a few enthusiastic scholars, who spent their lives in wandering from monastery to monastery, in search of ancient manuscripts, and in copying them, when found, with their own hands, supremely happy at being able to restore a corrupted passage, or explain an obscure allusion; a few hair-splitting schoolmen, deeply versed in all the mysteries of entities and quiddities, who proudly undertook to investigate every branch of knowledge, human and divine, by mere dint of reasoning, and who were ready, at half an hour's warning, to dispute with any opponent *de omni scibili et qui-*

busdam aliis—concerning all things knowable, and some things else ; a few monks, who, unable to endure the religious idleness in which their brethren slept away the time, amused themselves with composing rude chronicles, or inventing miraculous legends in honor of holy church and their patron saint ; a few manufacturers of romances, who rendered the old metrical histories of Huon and Ronaldo, Arthur and Sir Tristram, into rambling prose ; and now and then a poet—for when was the sacred muse entirely silenced ?—witness the well known names of Dante, William de Lorris, and Chaucer.

If the number of writers was small, the readers were not numerous. The monks hoped not to be known beyond the walls of their own abbey ; the schoolmen were satisfied if their deep disquisitions were studied and applauded at the universities ; the scholars trusted their fame to the pious care of the few disciples whom they were able to inspire with their own devoted enthusiasm ; while the romancers and the poets had no higher ambition, than now and then to dispel the *ennui* of some ducal court or baronial castle. Such was then the republic of letters. Grave and clerkly were all its members, men by no means deficient in genius or in learning, but so small was their number, and so slight their influence, that all their exertions availed little more towards humanizing those barbarous and bloody times, than do the scattered sunbeams which struggle through a thunder cloud towards soothing the dark and angry sea which trembles under the influence of the coming storm.

Pass over the intervening years, and, in our times, the republic of letters is a multitude that cannot be counted. The little community late so unknown to fame, has expanded into a mighty empire ; and it seems as if the edict of another Caracalla had gone forth, proclaiming that all the world may claim the privilege of citizenship. The fair sex, in a body, have been repeatedly welcomed as members of the great literary fraternity ; a scholar and a gentleman are almost synonymous terms ; and what with newspapers and magazines and reviews, and all those other turnpike roads to Parnassus which this age has discovered, few and unhappy are the individuals, (if indeed there be any such,) who have not solaced themselves with a sip or two of the Castalian fountain.

Indeed, there are not wanting those, who appear to anticipate a sort of intellectual millennium, when we shall no longer be obliged to thank nature for the modicum of sense she may have blessed us with, as it will be in every man's power to be as wise and as witty as he pleases. Whether we can reasonably expect such a consummation, how devoutly soever it may be wished for, is, perhaps, a little doubtful ; for there are some philosophers, and deep ones too, who have ever maintained, that dunces are an indispensable part of creation. And to confess the truth, though books and readers have

multiplied beyond calculation, folly still maintains her ground. She flourishes her sword of lath with as much effect as ever, and seems in no imminent danger of being compelled to resign it. It is true she talks learnedly enough of poems and chemistry, novels and geology, and is possessed of a thousand scholarly accomplishments besides. But she is vain and light headed as she ever was, and all her fine accomplishments only serve to make her the more ridiculous. It happens to her as it did to the poor fool, whose grimaces were only rendered the more observable by the gaudy rags with which he had decorated his dress.

But though it is, unfortunately, too true, that "wit and wisdom are born with a man," and that books never can complete the work which nature, through frolic or design, has left unfinished, it must be confessed that this universal diffusion of literature is attended with the happiest consequences. Milton, somewhere in his prose writings, proposes, that, since, from the constitution of their nature, mankind must be indulged in occasional recreations, theatres, as was the case in ancient Greece, should be erected at the public expense, where might be represented actions of such dignity and pathos, as would tend to refine the minds of the people, to meliorate their manners, and fill their souls with generous and noble sentiments. This is, undoubtedly, a poetical idea, but the design proposed is a thousand times better answered by a taste for reading being so generally diffused, that every quiet little sitting-room becomes, as it were, a scene, on which successively appear the gay and glorious creatures of Shakspeare's fancy, the lofty creations of Milton's own imagination, Spenser's elfin knights with all their train of allegorical attendants, and in their turn, too, the humbler, but not less instructive or entertaining personages who figure in the page of the historian and the novelist. The meanest occupation is dignified, when the intervals of leisure which it allows are devoted to letters, and if the higher ranks of society wish to maintain their relative standing, they must make a corresponding advance in intellectual refinement. Undoubtedly, all the inferior members of the literary republic are infinitely benefited by the enlargement of its boundaries; but a doubt may arise, whether the writers have equal cause with the readers for self-congratulation. It is not utterly impossible, that the present flourishing state of literature is partly illusive. As the flood widens, it becomes more shallow; and there is some reason to fear that a universal taste for letters may have for its companion a universal mediocrity of genius.

Individuals are, to a considerable degree, the masters of their own fortunes, but states, communities, and masses of men, seem to be almost completely under the control of circumstances, giving back the image of those external accidents which affect them, as faithfully as a sheet of water reflects the alternate brightness and blackness of

the sky. He who contemplates the progress of letters from rudeness to refinement, from natural strength and beauty to artificial force and elegance, will often feel the truth of this remark. He will not be able to resist the conviction, that the harshness and rusticity of the authors of one age, and the affectation and fopperies which characterize those of another, are not to be ascribed exclusively to the talents and taste of the individual writers. And while he is careful not to overlook, in his zeal for a system, those inequalities of ability, which daily experience convinces us are so obvious and so frequent, he will see reason to believe, that the peculiar character of every school of literature, may be, to a great degree, accounted for, by carefully studying the circumstances under which it was formed.

If we examine the history of letters under the influence of these impressions, we shall discover three eras which principally merit the attention of the philosophical inquirer. The first is that which is rendered famous by the introduction of literature into a nation, or, if not by first introducing it, at least, by first drawing it forth from academic shades and cloistered retreats, and bringing it home, as it were, to "the bosoms and business" of mankind. Nothing pleases like novelty. Literature, when it first comes into fashion, its fine gloss not yet worn by the hands, or its bright colors stained by the breath of the multitude, is a badge of no vulgar honor. It is the glorious distinction of a chosen few, who look upon it with a high wrought enthusiasm as the sign which marks its possessors extraordinary, and plainly shows

'They are not in the rolls of common men.'

Princes and nobles and the great ones of the earth strive for the honors of authorship, and men of genius and learning receive attentions which no subsequent age sees repeated. Ennius was the inseparable companion of the elder Africanus; all the crowned heads of Europe contended for the honor of entertaining Erasmus; and Spencer could boast the friendship of such men as Sidney, Raleigh and Leicester. Such patronage is not to be undervalued. Yet it is but one among many concurring circumstances which exert the happiest influence over the writers of this age. The poets, in particular, enjoy high and peculiar advantages;

'The world is all before them—where to choose—'

The wild traditions, the strange superstitions, the half historical and half fabulous remembrances of a rude and illiterate people, the very choicest materials for poetry, are yet flourishing in unpruned luxuriance. And these early poets may well be compared to the first discoverers of some rich, but hitherto unknown region. Subsequent adventurers may, perhaps, penetrate farther into the interior, and may

give a more intelligible account of the soil, the climate, the productions, the natural beauties and artificial elegances of the new country, but none return so richly laden with substantial spoils, as the first authors of the discovery.

We accordingly find, that, in every language, the early authors who maintain their reputation, are, with very few exceptions, poets. Not because prose composition is unknown or undervalued, but because those circumstances, which peculiarly favor the fiery spirit of poetry, ill agree with the 'cool element' of prose. For good prose requires such a cultivated taste, such a disciplined and discriminating judgment, a mind so entirely swayed by reason, and so little under the influence of imagination, as it would be in vain to seek for in those early and easily believing times.

This is the first act of the great literary drama. But the play goes on, and in process of time learning ceases to be so peculiar a distinction. All the upper classes are educated; and though the country 'squire, in those happy regions which are blessed with this curious specimen of humanity, is too much engaged in fox hunting to be much a scholar; though the farmer minds his plough, and the mechanic his forge, undisturbed by poetic or philosophic visions, there is gradually formed a large and well disciplined body of readers and writers, who begin to have a very perceptible influence on the public mind. Sciolists and pretenders to learning no doubt abound; but a great proportion of those who take an interest in literature, being persons of considerable leisure and some education, are actually capable of thinking as well as of reading.

If the preceding period was peculiarly favorable to poetry, this is the era of good prose. Repeated composition has refined and harmonized the language; and the authors of this age, discarding the unending and untunable sentences of their predecessors, write with terseness, simplicity, elegance, and force. The rapturous, but deceptive excitement of preceding times, subsides into a temper, calm and scrutinizing. The easy faith that believed all things, is succeeded by a skepticism that inquires and doubts. Here is a new vein of originality opened. The old systems of religion, philosophy, and politics are to be scrupulously examined, and the pillars and arches which are found inadequate to support the superincumbent edifice, are to be demolished and rebuilt. Both readers and writers enter with zeal and spirit into the investigation of these new and interesting questions, and the authors of this, as well as of the preceding age, enjoy the choice privilege of gathering in the first harvest of a virgin soil.

But the 'ever-whirling wheel of time' keeps on its dizzy revolutions, and at length, in these latter days, we are called upon to stand up, and show what spirit we are of. Alas!—and is there any one

among us so self-confident, that he can cast his eye over the spacious realms and golden empires which our fathers have subdued, and not sympathize with the young Alexander—not drop a tear lest there should be no kingdoms left for us to conquer?

Horace boasts that he was the first who transfused the spirit of Grecian lyric poetry into the Latin tongue.* Lucretius consoles himself for the difficulty of his subject, by the reflection that he is treading untrodden paths, drawing from untouched fountains, and gathering poetic flowers where none ever gathered them before.† Milton, in the beginning of *Paradise Lost* proposes to sing

‘Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.’

These poets had a just conception of literary merit. It is originality and originality alone, that confers any valuable and lasting reputation. And have we not some reason to fear that we are ‘born in an age too late,’ to aspire to this pre-eminent excellence? Has not the boldest literary adventurer of the times, room for suspicion that he can hope for nothing better than to be the Longinus or Boethius of a declining literature, the ardent admirer or the elegant copyist of an excellence which he feels he never can emulate? Poetry and philosophy have been rifled of their sweets. The fairy land of imagination, the rich domains of reason have been ravaged and ransacked. It seems as if there were no solid ground left; as if those among us who aspire to add new provinces to the empire of letters, must plunge into that

‘Dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth and height,
And time and space are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy;—

and if, as the poet assures us, the arch fiend himself stood on the edge of this wild abyss, pondering his voyage; can any one of mere mortal mould be expected rashly to undertake the adventure?

* *Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse Modos.*

Horat. Carmen. lib. iii. ode xxx.

† *Nec me animi fallit quam sint obscura; sed acri
Percussit thyrsos laudis spes magna meum cor,
Et simul iniecit suavem mi in pectus amorem
Musarum: quo nunc instinctus, mente vigenti
Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fontibus
Atque hauriri: juvatque novas decerpere flores
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

Lucret. De Rerum Natura, lib. i. v. 921—927.

The universal diffusion of literature in our times has already been noticed. Nothing so much shows the natural equality of mankind, as the circumstance, that no accomplishment long remains the peculiar distinction of a few. 'The sweet lady muses' who once dwelt in palaces and had princes for their playfellows, are now the inmates of every cottage. That they carry civility, refinement, and the best of moral influences with them has been most willingly conceded; but it may well be questioned whether this multiplicity of readers does not exert a baneful influence on the writers of the age.

Gonzalo's imaginary commonwealth has never yet been realized; least of all, that part of which admits

'No occupation—all men idle, all—
And women too;'

and while the old rule holds, that all who would live must work, it is unreasonable to expect any great maturity of judgment, or correctness of taste in that large portion of the reading world whose souls are in their warehouses and workshops, and who regard books only as a source of occasional amusement. But no man, and above all, no author, is so free from vanity, as to be insensible to popular applause. All desire to be praised and admired, even by those whom they despise; and when an epic, manufactured in six weeks, and a 'Lady of the Lake' in half that time, shall gain for the poet the praise of ten thousand tongues, how can we expect, that, sacrificing present notoriety to future glory, he will devote years to a single work, write and rewrite, erase and blot, till the gross and heavy substance which clogged and obscured his first conceptions, is purged away; till meaning breathes in every sentence, and fire sparkles in every line—laboring on in poverty and sickness; living above the world while he is in it; scorning pleasure, contemning wealth, a stranger to gaiety, scarcely tasting of domestic endearments or social delights,* and this, too, with the prospect before him, that when he presents his countrymen with the fruits of his toil, they will

'Like the base Judean, throw a pearl away
Richer than all their tribe,'

reject and spurn the giver—who has the heroic spirit to undergo all this, even though Fame herself should stoop from heaven, and whisper in his ear a promise of immortality?

Byron, in his famous satire, accuses Sir Walter Scott of writing more for love of money than zeal for letters. The charge has some appearance of truth. But it is somewhat surprising, that one who affected singularity so much as did Lord Byron, should follow the example of all commonplace advisers since the world began—tell

* *Obterendæ sunt omnes voluptates; relinquenda studia delectationis; ludus, jocus, convivium sermo est pene familiarium deserendus. Cicero, Oratio pro M. Coelio. chap. 19.*

what ought to be done, and then show by his own conduct, what ought to be avoided. It certainly was ill advised in the noble poet, so rashly to betray his own and his brethren's infirmity. The laborer is doubtless worthy of his hire ; but it is in literature as in religion, he who receives his good things in this life, ought not to expect to be carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

British journalists, as every body knows, have brought a charge against America, that she produces no great writers. Perhaps the safest answer would be to retort the charge, and assure our transatlantic brethren, that we are only sick of the same disorder which has brought them so near death's door.

*' Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabornas
Regumque tures.'*

More than a quarter of the nineteenth century has already elapsed, yet how few permanent additions has it made to English literature. The varied and exuberant beauties of the Waverley novels, have gained for Sir Walter Scott a lasting name ; and the exquisitely harmonious diction, the graceful fancy and the rich humor of our own Irving, promise to secure him a permanent reputation ; but what other of all our contemporary authors, can justly anticipate the proud distinction of standing in the first rank of English classics ? Byron, no doubt, has many enthusiastic admirers ; but contemporary fame, and, most of all, the fame of a poet among his contemporaries, is extremely delusive. Sylvester once had more admirers than Shakspeare, and Cleiveland eclipsed the rising reputation of Milton. Byron undoubtedly possessed great talents, but instead of treasuring up his strength for one great effort, he wasted it on a thousand unworthy subjects. Like most of his contemporaries he has written much and finished nothing ; and already the hasty and uncemented structure of his fame trembles from its foundations. Wordsworth too, wants neither admirers nor imitators, and perhaps the disciples of this school console themselves for their master's want of present popularity by the examples which have just been mentioned. Let them beware how they deceive themselves.* Some writers are so extremely unfortunate as to be neglected by their own age, and forgotten by posterity. He who wishes for rational admiration ought to write intelligibly. It is as difficult to admire as it is to believe what we cannot understand. Byron and Wordsworth are in some respects much alike. Both seem to feel the impulses of poetic inspiration,

* We differ from our able correspondent here. We think time will mellow rather than corrode the fame of Wordsworth. If we have not wholly mistaken its temper, his is a more enduring poetry than Byron's—far more enduring than that of all other of his contemporaries. He will stand out from his age, we doubt not, as Shakspeare and Milton do from theirs, and be more studied and better appreciated century after century, as they are.

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but to feel them imperfectly. Both seem to clutch at some ideal vision of beauty and magnificence, which forever eludes their grasp. We now and then catch glimpses of their meaning, but they are continually rivalling the obscurity of the Delphic prophetess.

But why pursue this criticism further. Why, like the fantastic pursuivants that flitted around Dun-Edin's cross the night before the fatal battle of Flodden, call off the names of the 'gallant and the gay' who are doomed to a long oblivion? Time needs no herald. Already has he marked his victims, already are they wasting away beneath his touch.

This may seem but a gloomy picture of the present prospects of literature. It is drawn in a spirit, not of exultation, but of sadness. And let those who are disgusted by its dark and sullen tints, prove it to be false, by producing two or three original works of sterling value—a *Fairy Queen*, an *Amelia*, a *Spectator*, a *History* like Hume's, or an *Essay* like Locke's, and they will find no one so ready to acknowledge their merits and sound their praises, no admirer so fond, and no friend so true, as he who now tells of barrenness and decay.

H.

THE SHUNAMITE.*

It was a sultry day of summer time.
The sun pour'd down upon the ripen'd grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots,
And the sky look'd like silver, and it seem'd
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceas'd to beat.

'Haste thee, my child!' the Syrian mother said,
'Thy father is athirst'—and from the depths
Of the cool well under the leaning tree,
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts
Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,
She bless'd her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on,
With his soft hands press'd closely to the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills,

* 2 Kings iv. 18—37.

And thro' the light green hollows, where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows
Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stay'd not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The pliant withs out of the shining straw,
Cheering their labor on, till they forgot
The very weariness of their stooping toil
In the beguiling of his earnest mirth.
Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand
Press'd hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosen'd sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died !
She had watch'd every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gaz'd in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death ! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learn'd
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

—“So still !

'Tis a soft sleep ! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek !
How could they say that he would die ! Oh God !
I could not lose him ! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like ingots all his winning ways—
His unforgetten sweetness.—

—“Yet so still !—

How like this breathless slumber is to death !
I could believe that in that bosom now
There were no pulse—it beats so languidly !

I cannot see it stir ; but his red lip !—
 Death would not be so very beautiful !
 And that half smile—would death have left *that* there ?
 —And should I not have felt that he would die ?
 And have I not wept over him ?—and pray'd
 Morning and night for him ?—and *could* he die ?
 —No—God will keep him. He will be my pride
 Many long years to come, and this fair hair
 Will darken like his father's, and his eye
 Be of a deeper blue when he is grown ;
 And he will be so tall, and I shall look
 With such a pride upon him !—*He to die !*"
 And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
 And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
 That such fair things could perish—

—Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled
 From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
 Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touch'd
 His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
 And it was cold—like clay ! Slow—very slow
 Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
 She sat a moment and her eyes were clos'd
 In a still prayer for strength, and then she took
 His little hand and press'd it earnestly—
 And put her lip to his—and look'd again
 Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
 She whisper'd in his ear, " My son !—My son !"
 And as the echo died, and not a sound
 Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
 Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come !
 And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
 Were crush'd, she lifted him and held him close
 Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
 As if death had no power to touch him there !

* * * * *

The man of God came forth, and led the child
 Unto his mother, and went on his way.
 And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
 Living and smiling on her—with his arms
 Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
 Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
 The music of his gentle voice once more !

Oh for a burning word that would express
 The measure of a mother's holy joy,
 When God has given back to her her child
 From death's dark portal. It surpasseth words.

REVIEW.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE HENRY NEELE, *consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse.* Smith, Elder & Co. London.

THERE is a feeling mingled up with our admiration of genius when not absolutely of the first order, which gives our interest in its possessor almost the character of an affection. The 'tall spirits' of our race win from us, for the time, a louder admiration, and we are ever ready, in the triumph of supreme power, or the terrible beauty of the poet's madness, or the dizzy reach of philosophy into the depths of Heaven, to forget the lesser and more familiar spirits, who walk our own sphere, and dream dreams like ours, and make our daily interests the subject of their analysis or the burthen of their song. There is an exciting mystery in the solitary path of greatness, which absorbs and bewilders us while its splendid results are flashing upon our eyes. Our wonder is a species of worship, a phantasm of idolatry, which, however earnest in itself, and flattering to its object, is both too indefinite and too violent to endure. We are dazzled and exhausted with so much abstract admiration. We need the refreshment of our sympathies to sustain us in that thin atmosphere, and we come down to those whom we can love and appreciate while we admire, and cling to them with a closer regard for our sometime forgetfulness. It is the difference of the sun and the stars. Our affections awake, and our better nature has a freer pulse under the shining of those timid and pure lamps hung up in the darkness; and though the sun has more glory, it is only on the stars that our look lingers, and our eyes are not pained with contemplation.

It is on this principle, perhaps, that in history we are more interested for the courtier than the king; and, in the story of a battle, remember the daring of the boy longer than the chivalry of the knight; and even in fiction, the perfections of the hero are often forgotten in the weaknesses or humble virtues of the inferior characters. We love the unfortunate Mary more than the regal Elizabeth, Buckingham better than Charles, Ariel better than Prospero, Gulnare better than Medora. We would rather be the Knight of the Leopard with the stolen love of Edith, than Richard Plantagenet with the proper duty and the allowed service of the stately Berengaria.

In our sympathy with genius, too, there is something in the mere possibility of doing its possessor service, which involves the heart.

Who ever dreamed that he could have lent Milton an arm in his blindness, or comforted Dante in his imprisonment, or softened the frozen misanthropy of Byron; and yet who has ever read of Chatterton and Keats and Shelley, and the lamented subject of our present criticism, without a feeling of impatient regret that he could not have been there to comfort them under neglect, or want, or bitter disappointment, and assure them of a coming and just appreciation. It is not that they are not finer spirits than ourselves, and have not written that which we never could have written—but they are like magicians whose wand we have handled, and the rime of whose incantation is in our own language, and familiar to our own memory. We can bring them in imagination to our firesides, and link them with common associations, and feel that they have natures like our own, save a higher tendency and a happier direction; and when we read their books, it is not with unmingled wonder and astonishment at power we cannot comprehend, but it is gazing on resemblances of our own airy castles, and shapes which, in our vanity, we half believe to be shadows of ourselves, and our capacities as they might have been but for the cares of life, and the leaden influence of riches.

It is with this feeling of fellowship and regard, that we read the works of Henry Neele. They are of that character which wins most upon the feelings, and gives the best security for the heart of the writer. Not only do we know that he would have sympathized with all our impressions of beauty, and our more secret because finer and more elevated sentiment, but we are satisfied that he was a *pure* man. Extreme refinement of taste can only be the gift of the virtuous. Vice, grossness—anything that dims the purity of the soul—destroys the fine vision, and deadens the quick ear, and blunts the acute sensibilities. The very organs of taste are lost by the debasement of the mind to which they minister. This is true only in a degree of other kinds of talent. Power and strong pathos, though dependant upon taste to a degree, are not made up of it. Our passions can be wrought upon without any very nice discrimination of its lights and shadows. But in the works of taste and feeling, there can be no error in our appreciation of the writer. If his perceptions are delicate, and his thoughts separated, not only from palpable grossness, but from the remoter links of impure allusion, we are certain of his character. We read his books as we would talk with a friend, and cherish him, as we do Addison and Gray and Roscoe—with a memory of love.

The genius of Henry Neele was rather one of taste than talent. His poetry seems to have been a natural result of a rare sense of

beauty—the expression of pleasure in the loveliness of outward things, and the fine creations of other and loftier spirits than his own. He was evidently a man of delicate and acute senses; possessing what Wordsworth finely phrases,

‘ An inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.’

With little or no creative power, he had a peculiar faculty of appreciation, and relished, to a degree unknown to most readers, the hidden meanings, and the sweet refinements of poetry. “There is a class of men in the world, (and we are not certain that Henry Neele did not belong to them,) who are meant to be the happiest of God's creatures—but not poets. It is reserved for them to walk the inner temples of nature, and hear harmonies inaudible to their fellow men, and find out the secrets of subtle beauty, and the links of fine mysteries. They are like seeing men in a world of the blind; or hearing men in a world of the deaf. It is as if the mortal film were already removed, and they could see into another sphere. The earth is a different place to them, and they walk it like angels, with a higher knowledge, and a far more elevated conception and enjoyment of its cunning workmanship. With all this, they have no originating power, and therefore it is that we say they should not be poets. They have, it is true, finer faculties than their fellow men, but they are faculties meant to gladden their own bosoms, and gratify those who can come familiarly and delight in them. The friendships of men thus gifted are invaluable. Their love is beautiful, because it is always elevated and refined. They are the light of the circle in which they move, and go on through life, if their feelings are not embittered, giving pleasure to all around them, and winning deep measures of respect and affection. To a certain extent they will write beautiful poetry, and it is well if they can be made to consider it only as an elegant accomplishment, and a pleasant gift among friends. It will pass well with their indulgent appreciation and its local interest, but it is not strong enough to come out and wrestle with criticism, and be committed without fear to the burning ordeal of time. It is the dissonant quality of such finely mingled natures, that they are ambitious. They feel that they are superior to those about them, and they would win from others the tribute they have themselves given from the very depths of their souls to genius. They know from their own thrilling bosoms the splendid idolatry men pay to intellectual power, and they would themselves be the magicians to shew us spirits of their own calling up, and unfold to us a universe of their own unassisted crea-

tion. It is not enough to stand aside and enjoy these things with a finer relish than other men. They must have a like triumph with the great mover, and a like niche in the temple of human fame; and when, from their real taste, and minds imbued with the color of their acquisitions, they start with a bright promise, and are cried up by the undiscerning as fair candidates for the palm, they are confirmed in their giddy delusion, and press upward—till, suddenly, their wings melt, and the cold truth of public opinion comes home to them, and they are confounded, as if the thunder had stricken them down.

We would not say that Henry Neele should never have written at all, but we would say that he should not have been ambitious of fame as a poet. He has, it is true, left us some poetry which we would not have lost, and would not willingly forget; but it is his prose by which he will be remembered. Creative power, which he had not, is necessary to poetry. Taste and knowledge are sufficient for prose, and these he had abundantly. He was a skilful critic, and a nervous and chaste narrative writer. If he had confined himself to these, we believe he would have been a happier man—nay, more—we believe it possible it might have saved him from himself. He died by his own hand, “the victim” says his biographer, “of an overwrought imagination.” This is general language, but who shall say what gave the color to his distempered fancy? We know that he had friends—many and ardent ones; that he was respected and beloved by those from whom it was an honor; that he was not the victim of vice, and that his worldly prospects were, at least, fair. There is everything in his previous circumstances to make the world wonder at the catastrophe. Who will tell us why he, to whom it promised so much, wearied of life? We would not seem wiser than our contemporaries, but we believe that the sting of his madness was disappointed ambition. The first draught of praise—a draught whose unmingled and delirious intoxication can never be felt but once, but is worth, in its one magnificent dream, the sum of a hundred common lives—he won by poetry. It chained him to it forever. Poetry was thenceforth his idol. Fame, distinction, were his perpetual dream. Success became the breath of his being, and he died—for even justice was denied him!

We do not think we have stated this too strongly. We believe the influence of unfair criticism to be all, and more, than we have represented. The painful sensitiveness of men of imaginative minds on the subject of their productions, has hitherto been culpably disregarded. We do not refer now to the attacks of the low and the envious. There must be blackguardism in literature, as in everything

else ; but it is ever virulent and personal, and its malice is too visible to injure, and can excite only contempt. We speak of the higher critics—men who are, or ought to be, superior to envy and petty prejudices. From such men injustice in criticism is a heavy thing to bear. It is not the pride of the author which is most offended. Far less is it vanity. He may—he doubtless does—take pleasure in worldly consideration ; but, to the highminded scholar, fame is ever a secondary and incidental thing. Poetry with him is not a mere intellectual product—a web wrought with an unimpassioned and cold skill from dead and passive material. It is a work done in the sanctuary of his own heart. It is his *own* feeling, and his *own* character. Affections, which, by the commonest courtesy of society, it is an outrage to allude lightly to, are there expressed in all their natural truth and fervor. He has lived them over again, and as vividly as at first, in his solitary labor. He has described the passionate impatience of his childhood, and the fiery impulses of his youth, and the deep stirrings of his manhood's many and strong emotions, and they are as sacred and as delicate to him, there—in the visible garb of poetry—as the same feelings kept holy and apart in the silence of other men's bosoms. If you would know how criticism affects such men, try it by this standard. Imagine your best and most sensitive feelings subjected for one moment to the rude handling of men who are bound by no law and less principle to respect them, and to whom ridicule in its most unfeeling guise is a professional indulgence ! It is idle to talk of 'indifference' and the 'contempt of superior mind.' The critic, such as we speak of, is too high in his place for that. He can affect materially the public opinion—not of the author's writings merely—but of his heart and character. He can give to the eyes that pass him in his walks a look of ridicule. He may associate him in the minds of those whose respect is the life of his heart with ludicrous images—nay—he may destroy his own self-confidence—and what is far more, his own self-respect. Is it at all reasonable to look that an author should be insensible to such power ? He may not shew his suffering. He may not at its mention change color, or betray uneasiness. He may, even, in his brighter moments, and among the kind offices of his friends, forget and banish it ; but, in the depression which must come with exhausted strength—when the fever of mind is preying upon him, and his diseased eye sees nothing that is bright, and magnifies tenfold everything that is painful—then it is that the little insults of criticism, and its effect upon the world, are exaggerated to a degree that is insupportable. The false and hasty

judgment of an individual seems to him the voice of universal opinion, and the bitter sneer of the critic fastens on his brain like the poisoned chaplet of Alethe that 'would not come away.'

We remember when the name of Henry Neele was first generally noticed in the English Journals. We remember their criticisms on his poetry, and our then conviction of their utter unreasonableness and cruelty. He was not abused, like Byron. He was not treated with contempt and ridicule, like Wordsworth. He was not heaped, openly, with scorn and bitterness, like Southey. He could have borne these. His pride would have strengthened him. He could have borne even a fair measure of his powers—though it might have undeceived him bitterly. But he could not bear—from the first critics in the kingdom—from the arbiters of the claims of genius for a whole nation—the indifference which is a disguised scorn, the qualified praise, the considerate mercy of their cold encouragement, and, not least, their utter and damning misapprehension of the whole scope and bearing of his powers. He had written after the dictates of his heart. He had dwelt upon beauty. He had searched out the delicate and dainty secrets of nature and feeling. He had looked on the bright side of the world, and cared only for summer, and abandoned himself utterly to the gentle and holy influences for which he alone lived, and which had flowed through his heart like a living stream from his childhood up—and because this was all—because he had confined himself to the bright and beautiful—because his poetry was not drugged with the fierce hatred of Byron, or darkened with the harrowing gloom of the *Inferno*, or sublime like Milton, or supernatural like Schiller and Maturin, or all these, and more, like Shakspeare—for these offences, we say, he was looked coldly on by English reviewers—men who could not, or would not see that he had not attempted all these things—that beauty and not strength, music and not thunder, feeling and sweetness and gentle thoughts, and not frenzy or the bad passions, were his aim and his whole ambition. They gave him no credit for what he had done. Oh no! It was much easier to pity him for what he had *not*. "He never could be a poet, for he had no strength." "His poetry would not live—for where was its powerful description, its intense interest, its thrilling pathos, its horrible catastrophe?" "His conceits were pretty, but tame and effeminate." "Good versification, but no abruptness." "He *might* do something—perhaps, when he was older, he would write better—but with every wish for his success, they feared his poetry would not outlive him." Oh the cant of criticism! Is beauty nothing? Is music nothing? Are our better and purer natures

nothing—the sunshine, and the dew, and the blessed air of heaven—all nothing? Is there but one excellence in writing—power?—but one object in poetry—horror?—but one feature in the universe of God—the terrible and strong? Ay—but you “must have your antitheses.” “It is dull to praise always.” You “must damn an author now and then for variety.” Your “Review must live!” And so, to spice an article—to amuse the idle hour of a reader—the hopes of a deserving writer are crushed, and his heart broken!

We do not mean to say that Henry Neele's poetry was unexceptionable, or that fault should not have been found with it in criticism. We object to nothing that is true, be it ever so severe. But we would have had his taste admitted—his perceptions of beauty admitted—his purity and refinement and tenderness admitted. And then—if his peculiar walk in poetry was not to the taste of the critic—if it was too spiritual, too quiet, too exclusively beautiful—I would have him say so, candidly and fairly, and not freeze the unhappy writer with faint praise for qualities he did not possess, and neglect, wholly, the excellencies at which he alone aimed.

We are as much an enemy to the sentimentality of writing as any one. We have been as much annoyed by boarding school poetry, and lack-a-daisical prettyisms. But we dislike equally the morbid depravity of taste, which craves only a constant and unnatural excitement. One of two things must be true:—the reviewers of the day are, as a class, men of impure taste: or reviewing, to be palatable to periodical readers, must be reckless and extravagant. If the former is true, there should be a remedy in public opinion, and if the latter, it is high time that the tone was changed, and the best feelings of our race were secured from outrage. There can be no objection to fair criticism. A manly and respectful disapprobation never awoke resentment in the breast of a sensible writer. It is the injustice, the misapprehension, the malice of criticism that rankles.

But we are dwelling too long upon this. It may be for the health of literature that reviewers should exist, but we cannot but feel while so many instances have come to our knowledge of fine spirits crushed and embittered—while, even in our own time, Keats and Neele have probably died, and Byron and Shelley have been estranged from their best tendencies by insulting and unjust criticism—that there should be, upon so much and so arbitrary power, a restraint sufficient to keep it wholesome and humane.

The work before us is a considerable volume, containing principally those literary remains of Henry Neele, which have not been before

collected in a formal book. 'A brief but interesting biographical sketch is placed at the beginning, of which the following extracted passages will give a hasty outline.

"The late Henry Neele was the second son of a highly respectable map and heraldic engraver in the Strand, where he was born January 29th, 1798; and upon his father's removing to Kentish Town, was there sent to school, as a daily boarder, and continued at the same seminary until his education was completed. At this academy, though he became an excellent French scholar, yet he acquired little Latin, and less Greek; 'and, in fact, displayed no very devoted application to, or even talent for, study of any sort: with the exception of poetry.'

"Having made choice of the profession of law, he was, upon leaving school, articulated to a respectable attorney; and, after the usual period of probationary experience, was admitted to practice, and commenced business as solicitor.

"It was during the progress of his clerkship, in Jan. 1817, that Henry Neele made his first appearance as an author, by publishing a volume of Poems; its contents were principally lyrical, and the ill fated Collins was, avowedly, his chief model.

"In July, 1820, Mr. Neele printed a new edition of his Odes, &c., with considerable additions; and in March, 1823, published a second volume of dramatic and miscellaneous Poetry, dedicated by permission to Miss Joanna Baillie.

"Ardent and enthusiastic in all his undertakings, Mr Neele's literary industry was now amply evinced by his frequent contributions to the Monthly Magazine and other periodicals; as well as to the *Forget-Me-Not*, and several contemporary annuals. Having been long engaged in studying the poets of the olden time, particularly the great masters of the drama of the age of Queen Elizabeth, for all of whom, but more especially for Shakspeare, he felt the most enthusiastic veneration, he was well qualified for the composition of a series of Lectures on English Poetry, from the days of Chaucer down to those of Cowper, which he completed in the winter of 1826; and delivered, first at the Russell, and subsequently at the Western Literary Institution in the spring of 1827. These Lectures were most decidedly successful; and both public and private opinion coincided in describing them as 'displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the Lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of his criticism.'

"In the early part of 1827, Mr. Neele published a new edition of all his Poems, collected into two volumes; and in the course of the same year produced his last and greatest work, the '*Romance of English History*,' which was dedicated, by permission, to his majesty; and though extending to three volumes, and, from its very nature, requiring much antiquarian research, was completed in little more than six months. Flattering as was the general eulogium which attended this publication, yet the voice of praise was mingled with the warnings of approaching evil; and, like the lightning which melts the sword within its scabbard, it is but too certain that the incessant labor and anxiety of mind attending its completion, were the chief sources of that fearful malady which so speedily destroyed him.

"With the mention of a new edition of Shakspeare's Plays, under the superintendence of Mr. Neele as editor, for which his enthusiastic reverence for the poet of 'all time' peculiarly fitted him, but which, for the want of patronage, terminated after the publication of a very few numbers, closes the record of his literary labors, and hastens the narration of that 'last scene of all,' which laid him in an untimely grave. Henry Neele fell by his own hand; the victim of an overwrought imagination. On the morning of Thursday, Feb. 7th, 1828, when he had scarcely passed his thirtieth birth day, he was found dead in his bed, with but too positive evidences of self-destruction. The unhesitating verdict of the coroner's inquest was insanity, as he had exhibited unquestionable symptoms of derangement on the day preceding.

"In person, Mr. Neele was considerably below the middle stature; but his features were singularly expressive, and his brilliant eyes betokened ardent feeling and vivid imagination. Happily, as it has now proved, though his disposition was

in the highest degree kind, sociable, and affectionate, he was not married. His short life passed, indeed, almost without events; it was one of those obscure but humble streams which have scarcely a name in the mass of existence, and which the traveller passes by without inquiring either its source or its direction. His retiring manners kept him comparatively unnoticed and unknown, excepting by those with whom he was most intimate; and from their grateful recollection his memory will never be effaced. He was an excellent son; a tender brother; a sincere friend. He was beloved most by those who knew him best; and at his death, left not one enemy in the world."

Mr. Neele's last and principal work, 'The Romance of History,' has been republished in this country, and generally read and noticed. We will not stop to speak of it at length, for we presume most of our readers have pronounced for themselves upon its excellence. His 'Lectures upon English Poetry,' however, which are published for the first time in the work before us, are less known, and a few extracts (all we have room to give,) may be found interesting.

In his Introductory Analysis he remarks:—

"I am constrained to confess that poetry is a mere superfluity and ornament. As Falstaff said of honor, 'it cannot set a leg, or an arm, or heal the grief of a wound; it has no skill in surgery.' Still within the mind of man there exists a craving after intellectual beauty and sublimity. There is a mental appetite, which it is as necessary to satisfy as the corporeal one. There are maladies of mind, which are even more destructive than those of the body; and which, as the sound of the sweet harp of David drove the demon out of Saul, have been known to yield to the soothing influence of poetry."

After speaking of the earliest English poetry, the Monkish Rhymes, the Troubadour Poems, the Metrical Romances of Thomas the Rhymer, Piers Plowman and others, and giving a more extended criticism of Chaucer and his immediate followers, he makes the following interesting remarks upon the Shaksperian age:—

"The reign of Queen Elizabeth is the most illustrious period in the literary history of modern Europe. Much has been said of the ages of Leo the tenth, of Louis the fourteenth, and of Queen Anne, but we are prepared to shew that the literary trophies of the first mentioned period are more splendid and important, than those of all the other three united. We are not alluding merely to what passed in our own country. The superiority of the literary efforts of that age to all the productions of English genius before or since, is too trite a truism to need our advocacy. But it is not so generally known that during the same period the other nations of Europe produced their master spirits; and that Tasso, Camoens, and Cervantes, were contemporary with Shakspeare. Weigh these four names against those of all who have ever written since the revival of learning, to the present time, and the latter will be found to be but as dust in the balance. But, though we have named only the four master spirits of that period, yet there is a troop behind, more numerous than those which were shewn in Banquo's glass. Spenser, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Marino, these are bright names, which cannot be lost, even in the overwhelming splendor of those which we have already mentioned. In Spain and England, literature, and especially dramatic literature, flourished simultaneously; and a similarity of taste and genius appears to have pervaded both nations. Spain appears to be our more natural ally in literature; and, it is a curious fact, that, after the poetry of both nations had for a long period been sunk in tameness and mediocrity, it should at the same time, suddenly spring into pristine vigor and beauty, both in the Island

and in the Peninsula ; for Melendez, Quintana and Gonzalez are the worthy contemporaries of Byron, Wordsworth, Scott and Moore. Two great authors of each nation, have also exhibited some curious coincidences, both in the structure of their minds, and in the accidents of their lives. Ben Jonson fought in the English army against the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and Lope de Vega accompanied the Spanish Armada for the invasion of England. Shakspeare and Cervantes, the profoundest masters of the human heart which the modern world has produced, were neither of them mere scholars shut up in the seclusion of a study ; both were busily engaged in active life, although one merely trod the mimic stage, and the other acted a part in the world's great theatre ; both were afflicted with a bodily infirmity ; Shakspeare was lame, and Cervantes had lost a hand ; and, still a stranger coincidence remains, for both died upon the same day."

In the second Lecture occur the following remarks, which are a little original, and shew the nice discrimination of the writer :—

"Before I proceed farther, it will be requisite to state the sense in which I shall use two words which will necessarily occur very frequently in the course of these Lectures—namely, Genius and Taste. Genius, I should say, is the power of production ; Taste is the power of appreciation. Genius is creation ; Taste is selection. Horace Walpole was a man of great taste, without an atom of genius. Nathaniel Lee was a man of genius, without taste. Dryden had more genius than Pope. Pope had more taste than Dryden. Many instances may be adduced of obesity of taste in men of genius ; especially with reference to their own works. Milton, who had genius enough to produce '*Paradise Lost*,' had not taste enough to perceive its superiority over '*Paradise Regained*.' Rowe, who produced so many successful tragedies, all of which—although I am no violent admirer of them—possessed a certain degree of merit, valued himself most upon the wretched ribaldry in his comedy of the '*Biter*.' Dr. Johnson was proud of his Dictionary, and looked upon the Rambler as a trifle of which he ought almost to be ashamed. The timidity and hesitation with which many juvenile authors have ventured to lay their works before the public, and their surprise when public opinion has stamped them as works of high merit, have been attributed to humility and bashfulness. The fact, however, is often otherwise ; it is not humility, but want of taste. Genius, or the power of producing such works, is not accompanied by taste or the power of appreciating them. Taste is of a later growth in the mind than genius ; and the reason, I think, is obvious. Genius is innate ; a part and portion of the mind ; born with it ; while taste is the result of observation, and inquiry, and experience. However the folly and vanity of ignorance and presumption may have deluged the public with worthless productions, there can be no doubt that the deficiency of taste in men of genius, has deprived the world of many a work of merit and originality. Genius is often startled at the boldness of her own ideas ; while

'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'"

He pays a beautiful and just tribute to Spenser :—

"When we open the volumes of Spenser, we leave this '*working day world*,' as Rosalind calls it, behind us. We are no longer in it, nor of it. We are introduced to a new creation, new scenes, new manners, new characters. The laws of nature are suspended or revised. The possible, the probable, and the practicable, all these are thrown behind us. The mighty wizard, whose spell is upon us, waves but his wand, and a new world starts into existence, inhabited by nothing but the marvellous and the wild. Spenser is the very antipodes of Shakspeare. The latter is of the earth, earthly. His most ethereal fancies have some touch of mortality about them. His wildest and most visionary characters savor of humanity. Whatever notes he draws forth from his harp, it is the strings of the human heart that he touches. Spenser's hero is always honor, truth, valor, and courtesy, but it is *not* man. His heroine is meekness, chastity, constancy, beauty, but it is *not* woman. His landscapes are fertility, magnificence, verdure, splendor, but they are *not* nature. His pictures have no relief ; they are all light,

or all shadow; they are all wonder, but no truth. Still do I not complain of them; nor would I have them other than what they are. They are delightful and matchless in their way. They are dreams; glorious, soul entrancing dreams. They are audacious, but magnificent falsehoods. They are like the palaces built in the clouds; the domes, the turrets, the towers, the long drawn terraces, the aerial battlements, who does not know that they have no stable existence? But who does not sigh when they pass away?"

His remarks upon Pope are just and somewhat original:—

"Of Pope, it is scarcely too much to say, that there is not a rough or discordant line in all that he has written. His thoughts, so often brilliant and original, sparkle more brightly by reason of the elegant and flowing rhymes in which they are expressed; and even when the idea is feeble or common-place, the music of the versification almost atones for it: the ear is satisfied although the mind is disappointed. Still, it must be confessed, that Pope carries his refinement too far; his sweetness clogs at last; his music wants the introduction of discords to give full effect to the harmony. The unpleasant effect produced upon the ear by the frequently running of the sense of one line with another, and especially of continuing the sentence from the last line of one couplet to the first line of the next, Pope felt and judiciously avoided. Still, for the sense always to find a pause with the couplet, and often with the rhyme, will necessarily produce something like tedium and sameness. Succeeding authors have been conscious of this fault in Pope's versification, and have, in some measure, reverted to the practice of his predecessors. Lord Byron, especially, by pauses in the middle of the line, and by occasionally, but with judgment and caution, running one line into another—enormities at which the poet of whom we are now speaking would have been stricken with horror—has frequently produced effects of which the well tuned, but somewhat fettered lyre of Pope was utterly incapable."

In his notice of Milton we find the following sensible observations on descriptive writing:—

"There are indeed few things by which a writer of real genius is more easily known, than by his descriptions. This is the most difficult, and the most delightful chord of the poet's harp; and there is, perhaps, nothing in the whole range of poetry which gives such unmixed pleasure, as that descriptive of natural objects; while at the same time, in nothing is a depraved taste, or a defect of genius, sooner discovered, or more intolerable. A great fault into which descriptive writers too commonly fall, is the vagueness and indistinctness of their pictures: they have no specific likeness. Everything is described in generals. No new ideas are conveyed to the mind; but a dim and shadowy phantom seems to haunt the brain of the writer. This arises, either from ignorance of the objects described, or from a want of taste to seize and appropriate their characteristic features. Whoever enjoys but faint and imperfect conceptions himself, must fail in presenting any very vivid or striking pictures to others."

His appreciation of Ossian is very characteristic:—

"Ossian's most labored efforts do not strike me as his best. It is in a casual expression, in a single simple incident, that he often startles us by the originality and force of his ideas. What a picture of desolation does he force upon our imagination when describing the ruins of Balclutha by that one unlabored but powerful incident:—'The fox looked out from the window.' The ghost of Crugal, the dim and shadowy visitant from another world is also painted by a single stroke of the pencil:—'The stars dim twinkled through his form:' and the early death of Cormac is prophesied in a simile as original as it is powerful:—'Death stands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its glowing light.' The grand characteristic of Ossian is pathos, as that of Homer is invention, and that of Milton sublimity. Whether he describes scenery, or delineates character, or narrates events, tenderness is the predominating feeling excited in the

mind. His battle pieces impress us more with compassion for the vanquished, than admiration for the victor. We feel more sympathy for the sufferings of his heroines, than we do of delight at their beauty. His heroes, if young, are cut off before their fame is achieved; or if old, have survived their strength and prowess. Even Fingal himself, is at last shewn to us as a feeble ghost, lamenting the loss of his mortal fame and vigor."

We conclude our extracts from these interesting Lectures with the following striking critique upon the most interesting class of Shakspeare's characters.

"How subtle and fine was Shakspeare's knowledge of the human mind! How beautifully has he, in the three characters of Lear, Edgar, and the Fool, discriminated between the real insanity of the first, the assumed madness of the second, and the official buffoonery of the third. Lear's thoughts are ever dwelling on his daughters; his mind is a desert, and that one idea, like the Banana tree, fixes in it its thousand roots, to the exclusion of all others. How different is this from the wild farrago of Mad Tom, who is obliged to talk an unintelligible gibberish, for the purpose of supporting his assumed part; through which his real character is every now and then seen, and discovers itself in a sympathy for the unhappy king. The conversation of the Fool, on the contrary, is composed of scraps of old songs and sayings, which he applies with bitter mirthfulness to the situation of his master. It is also worthy of notice, among those minute beauties which are so often passed over without comment, that, as Lear's misery deepens and increases, the witticisms of the Fool become less frequent; and unable longer to indulge in his jests, he shews his sympathy by his silence. This is finely imagined, and worth all the eloquent sorrow that an ordinary playwright would have indited. In the early part of the tragedy, the Fool is as frequent an interlocutor as Lear himself; but in that powerfully pathetic scene, in which the distracted king imagines, that his daughters are being arranged before him for their crimes, he indulges in only one sorry jest at the beginning, and is afterwards mute; while Edgar also, unable any longer to play the maniac, exclaims,

'My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.'

It is thus that genius effects its noblest triumphs, by identifying its actors with its auditors."

We should like to make farther extracts from this interesting book, but our limits forbid. We think the great fault in them (one which belongs less to the natural powers than the education of the writer) is a want of *sustained* spirit and beauty. He was, evidently, not a man of much mental discipline, and the fine visions floating in his own fancy, are sometimes but dimly shadowed forth to the reader's eye by his irregular pencil. His style is careless, and there is sometimes visible a deficiency of taste in his language, which, for one who had so much taste of perception, is rather surprising; but the evidence throughout his works is that of a beautiful and elevated mind—one that had followed its own bent rather than the direction of schools, and sought out the beauty for which it lived with a caprice and waywardness which after years might have corrected, though perhaps, like the wild grace of a gipsey, it might not be improved by the refinement.

THE DEATH RACE.

Founded on Fact.

THE winds are on the stormy wave,
 With flapping wings and fitful roar :
 Just then they sung a merry stave,
 Now with a shriek they wildly soar,
 Now laugh by turns and rave.
 The yeasty waves in fierce turmoil
 All up along the sounding shore
 Climb faster, faster than before,
 Then back, like baffled ranks, recoil.

Unlike that bright and balmy day,
 When here I stood, in merry June,
 And listened to the lively tune
 Of winds and waves in frolic play,
 I saw the distant mountains tall
 In rich transparent azure roll'd,
 And sunset throwing over all
 His radiant robe of quivering gold.

* * * *

A quicker breath was in the trees,
 The hurrying billows grew more dark,
 When, sudden, on the freshening breeze,
 Burst, like an answer to the seas,
 A stag hound's deep mouth'd bark.
 And loud and clear the deep bay rung
 In that lone place like sound of fear,
 And scarce I trust my startled ear,
 When, suddenly, there sprung,
 With foaming limbs, and reeking side,
 And noble antlers branching wide,
 A dun-deer on the lead ;
 And close upon his haunches came,
 With drooping ears and eye of flame,
 A hound, forespent with speed.

On comes the stag in furious race ;
 Without a moment's breathing space,
 One mighty bound he made, and fell
 Just where the eddying bubbles ride
 On the mid current's rapid tide—
 The staunch hound follow'd well.
 But different now the struggling strife,
 Small chance have stag or hound for life,

The Death Race.

Within thy surge, now wild and black,
Thou broad, bright bosom'd Merrimac.

Dark rolls the river to the main ;
And on its bounding billow down
Go stag and hound ; but ne'er again,
By forest glade or mountain brown,
That hound shall scent the morning air,
Or rouse the dun-deer from his lair ;
Down sinks he in the wave.
Not so the deer. With sinewy limbs,
And noble heart, for life he swims,
Oh, that they might but save !
He hears the land—now, if he gain
That jutting headland—Oh, in vain !
Strong rolls the current—soon he'll be
On the immeasurable sea.

Beyond the wide bay's stedfast strand,
Stretches a heap of shifting sand :
A furlong's length, perchance or more,
It rises from the yellow shore.
Here the swift river in his pride,
Fights loudest with the ocean tide,
When his broad phalanx comes to urge
Backward the long reluctant surge.
To this strong breaker, where he whirls
Up to the skies his howling curls,
Silent, but swift, in full career,
Struggling in vain, that good dun-deer
The blue, deceitful wave doth bear ;
He may not live a moment there !
He gains the sand—see ! in his eye,
Gathers despair's last courage high.
On come old ocean's dogs ; they glare,
New fang'd, as for a thousand slaughters,
When up—how like a thing of air !
Over the whole bright host of waters
Seem'd he to bound !—alas ! no more !
Then burst his heart—his struggle's over,
And the wild rushing waters cover,
And tear him as they laugh and roar.

G. L.

ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

NO. I.

EVER since the discovery of America, by Columbus, in 1492, it has been an inquiry of considerable interest with the learned, "what was the origin of its ancient and first inhabitants?" When that enterprising navigator first visited the islands, which skirt the eastern coast of this continent, between the equator and the northern tropic, he found a race of men, by which, according to their own account, the places where they resided, and the vicinity, had been long inhabited. They were in a rude and uncivilized state, it is true; and their traditions of former and remote events were indistinct and obscure. Yet they had the outlines of a tradition, common to all the native inhabitants of this new world, respecting the deluge, the dispersion of mankind at a very early period, and the emigration of their progenitors from a far distant country to the northwest, to this continent. In his last voyage in 1503, Columbus visited several places on the continent, in the northern parts of South America, where he found the natives more numerous and more civilized. And when the Spaniards, under Cortez, in 1519, '20, landed on this new continent, in the southern part of what is now called North America, penetrated the interior and conquered the city and kingdom of Mexico, they met with a crowded population in most places through which they passed, which, by their buildings, public and private, their gardens and roads, indicated settlements of great antiquity. It is evident from the letters written by Cortez to his royal master in Spain, and from the journals and accounts of others who accompanied him,* that the opulence, the improvements and general condition of the inhabitants were far superior to those of merely savage tribes; such as were found, at a later period, in the more northern and eastern parts of the continent. But, unfortunately, little attention was given to the history of the Americans, by the early visitors and conquerors of the country. The leader was chiefly, if not wholly desirous of wealth. He sought for mines of gold and silver, in the bowels of the earth, or for the rich treasures of the Mexican princes. His attendants were occupied by the same objects. Their journals afford only incidental notices of the customs, or of the antiquities and history of that remarkable people.

When visited by the Spaniards in 1520, the Mexicans and other nations in Anahuac, were not, indeed, acquainted with alphabet

* Bernal Diaz, and the anonymous conqueror; Herrera, Asosta and others who wrote later, but not without great inquiry and research, give a similar account of the country.

writing, or the use of the precious metals as a medium of exchange in the common business of society. But they had the knowledge of fusing metals; for the gold and silver ores which abound in that country, were cast into utensils and vessels, and used in their domestic dwellings and public temples. The people resided in large towns or cities; had permanent cultivations of land and places of fixed abode, which was not the case with all the tribes in the northeast of the continent, nor with mankind, generally, in a rude and savage state. Some of their cities were very extensive and splendid in buildings, and of great population. At the time Mexico was conquered by the Spaniards, it was probably as populous as any city of Asia, excepting Babylon or Nineveh, within 1000 years from the general deluge. The learned Humboldt supposes the population of Anahuac, the name given to the territory now called Mexico, was then much greater than it has been at any period since. The city of Mexico was nine miles in circumference; contained 60,000 buildings, and about 250,000 inhabitants. Some other cities in this quarter were also extensive and populous. The houses were large and elegant, equal to any in old Spain. The country was filled with people, and scarcely a foot of land was uncultivated. The palace in the city of Mexico had twenty doors of entrance, and one hundred rooms; and could conveniently hold 4000 people. These, surely, are proofs of great antiquity and of civilization, as well as of population and wealth.

Among the Mexicans, at this period, were found various hieroglyphic paintings, for perpetuating the knowledge of important events, connected with the history of their race and nation. Nor must these hieroglyphics be confounded with common, rude drawings, which are used by the most savage tribes simply to represent the person or animal which was painted, and which is the earliest and rudest effort to make known an absent object. Some of the Mexican hieroglyphics were used to express general and abstract ideas; and many to record chronological occurrences, which had happened to their ancestors in very remote periods. The learned have to regret, that most of these paintings referred to by the Spaniards who early visited Mexico, are now no more. Some were wantonly destroyed by the military conquerors; some by the bigoted Catholic priests, and some by the natives, to prevent their falling into the hands of their oppressors, and some lost through the carelessness of illiterate persons, into whose hands they fell. Some few indeed were taken from the temples and other public buildings, and sent to Europe, where they were (rudely) copied and published by Purchas, in his collection of voyages, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some were also collected and described by D. Sigüenza, a native Mexican of family and learning, in the seventeenth century;

but from the inattention of his family these have likewise been lost. The MSS. of this very learned Mexican were seen and quoted by Boturini, an Italian, and are probably, still preserved in some library in Italy or Spain, and may be given to the public, through the laborious curiosity of the antiquarian. Irving, in his life of Columbus, says, that there are many such manuscripts in existence. He has availed himself of some of them in preparing that interesting work. Clavigero and others have asserted the same. There is, at present, a particular taste for such researches. The discovery and examination of these MSS. and paintings, would probably, shed further light upon the history of the Mexicans, and their more remote ancestors. It is very possible also, that the attention now given to Egyptian hieroglyphics may lead to results favorable to an explanation of the symbolical paintings and figures of the Mexicans. If the latter people sprang directly from the former, of which we very much doubt, however, or, if indeed, these two people had a common origin, which probably, no one will deny, the knowledge of those of one nation will afford facilities in explaining those of the other. Nothing has yet been discovered to render it certain or probable, that the historical and chronological paintings of these two people were very similar. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians are now known to be partly symbolical, and partly phonetic, or alphabetic: But those of the Mexicans appear to be wholly symbolical.

The forms of civil government in Anahuac, or Mexico, were also, indicative of some advances towards civilization, from the rude condition of mere savages. The government of Mexico is said, indeed, to have been an absolute monarchy. But laws were in force for the maintenance of justice, without resorting to acts of revenge for personal injury. The Emperor was, also, elected; and therefore, could not be entirely independent of the people, though possessed of great power. The Tlascalans, an independent and distinct nation, in the country of Anahuac and vicinity of Mexico, had a government of a republican form and character. Besides, such a population as the country contained could not have been regulated except by a competent power in the rulers and a permanent code of laws; and these are found only among a people who have long been in a settled, social state. The rights of private property were fully acknowledged, and the internal police generally indicated an ancient society. There were different grades and classes of citizens, and the professions were kept wholly distinct; so that they enjoyed the advantages of a division of labor, on which modern political economists so much insist.

The gardens and the houses of the higher classes of people as well as the public buildings, in Mexico and the neighboring countries, were proof, also, of great progress in civilization, and of very considerable antiquity in the settlements. Their religious worship, too,

had assumed a regularity and system, which are never found among mere savages. The latter, indeed, acknowledge a superior power, which they adore and fear. But it is with little system, and still less of show and ceremony. The Mexicans and other nations in Anahuac, had very costly and magnificent places of worship; and these were as numerous as they were splendid. Their temples, consecrated to "the God of Day," and to "the Queen of Heaven," were of uncommon magnitude, and could not have been constructed but by a population nearly equal to that, by whose labors the pyramids of Egypt were erected. And it is to be observed, that those magnificent edifices were raised, not by the real Mexican race, which had inhabited the country for fifteen generations; but by the Toltecs, a much more ancient race or nation, who, according to the most authentic tradition, settled in Anahuac seven hundred years before the Mexican dynasty began.

It is not our design to speak, particularly, of the religion of the Mexicans, or of the American Indians; but, it may be observed, that they are generally considered as idolators and polytheists; and that in their religious rites, they were addicted to cruelty and blood, but less licentious than the ancient Greek and Roman pagans. If polytheists, however, they generally acknowledged and adored one God as superior to all others, though differently described by them. Still, they believed that the devil, or a wicked malignant spirit had great power in this world to produce evil; and to him they made many sacrifices, to avert his fiendish anger.

The largest pyramidal structure near the city of Mexico is 650 feet in length and 170 feet in height. There is another in the vicinity of nearly the same dimensions. There are also, near the city, the ruins of a military intrenchment, as it is generally believed to be, in the form of a truncated pyramid, of five sides, surrounded by fosses, faced with large stones of porphyry, on which are figures of men, sitting in the Asiatic posture. The two large pyramids are surrounded by a thick wall of stone. Whether the intrenchment was made for military purposes or not, is immaterial in the question of the great antiquity and former immense population of the settlements in Mexico. At Cholula, a city at some distance from Mexico, to the northeast, there is a truncated pyramid, nearly as large as the largest near that city. The remote ancestors of the Mexicans resided at this place, when they first came into the valley of Anahuac from a distant country in the northwest. This pyramid formerly supported an altar sacred to the God of the Air, a being of whom their tradition gave different accounts. Some have supposed it had reference to an Asiatic, who came to their settlement many generations after it commenced, and instructed the people in the arts, of which they were before ignorant; while others, with more probability, believe it intended to represent Noah, who was the great progenitor of man-

kind, and who must have communicated what knowledge he acquired in the antediluvian world to his posterity. Obscure as the traditions of the Mexicans and other Americans are, they all refer to Asiatic events and customs. They refer to the general deluge, to the dispersion of mankind at Babel, and to the subsequent migrations and wanderings of their remote ancestors in a distant country, who came to America by a water passage, who first occupied a region or country far to the north and northwest, and thence travelled south to a warmer climate and finally to their present situation.

In the forests of Papatla, also, at some distance from Mexico, there is a pyramid of remarkable symmetry, but not so large as those before mentioned; it is constructed of stones of porphyry, which are covered with hieroglyphic characters. It may be proper, here to observe, that these artificial masses of earth, and of other materials, as stone and brick, although called pyramids by most travellers and writers, are not altogether like the structures in Egypt, which bear the same name. They differ somewhat in form, and still more in another respect. Those in Mexico are solid masses, or mounds. The Egyptian pyramids contain recesses or rooms, and were used, as is well known, for sepulchres for their kings and princes. The mounds on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, within the United States, are not so regular nor so high as those found in Mexico. They may be almost as ancient; for some of the early inhabitants, coming from the northwest, near Behring's Straits, where they probably passed over from Asia to America, and where they first made temporary settlements, no doubt travelled east and southeast, as others did more directly south; and in process of time made settlements on the Mississippi and its tributary streams; and thence also, extended to the eastern and northern parts of what is now the United States, and the British provinces. But although the mounds on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers may be nearly as ancient as those in Mexico, they do not indicate altogether so great a population as the others do; and yet they afford evidence, that in a very remote period, the country was well inhabited and sufficient for great public works.

The traditions, customs and general appearance of the Aborigines of the more northerly and easterly parts of America all go to show, that they were originally of the same race or nation with those in Mexico, in the interior of the country, and who inhabit the territory far west and northwest.

It is of no consequence as to the date of the first settlement of America, or as to the nation or tribe by which it was made, whether these artificial structures or mounds, (be they in Mexico, or on the Mississippi) were fortifications, or places of worship and sacrifice on which altars were reared, or cemeteries for the dead. Their exist-

once serves to prove a great population on this continent in very distant ages. For the uniform tradition is, that they were constructed many centuries ago; and their dilapidated appearance affords evidence to the same point. They might have been designed, some of them, for fortifications, some for cemeteries, and some for places of sacrifice. Altars and temples were erected on some of the most elevated places, dedicated to some national deity, to whom they supposed they were indebted for a signal deliverance or benefit. And in this practice of placing their altars on elevated lands and hills, we may detect an imitation or resemblance to the religious practice of the heathens in Asia, in ancient times, who sacrificed to their false gods "on high places."

In various other parts of Anahuac, as well as in the more central part which composed the kingdom of Mexico, and farther south, in central America and to Peru even, travellers inform us, that there are ruins of large temples, edifices and baths, and remains of extensive public roads. Fragments of hieroglyphic stones are also found in various parts of these countries. At Mexico, there is a colossal statue of a goddess, and a calendar stone of uncommon magnitude, which have been lately dug up from beneath some rubbish or ancient ruins. In the southern part of the Mexican empire, at Mita near Teantapac, on the shore of the Pacific ocean, there are ruins of edifices, which afford presumptive evidence of a great population at a remote period, and of a knowledge, also, of some of the useful arts. The remaining walls of one, called the palace, are ornamented with a Grecian scroll. There are also labyrinths executed in Mosaic work; the designs, according to the learned Humboldt, resembling somewhat those on Etruscan vases, which are the most ancient in Italy, or indeed in any other part of Europe. Humboldt speaks also of six unfinished columns, of imposing magnitude, which have lately been discovered; the only ones of the kind, we believe, ever found in America.

When first visited by the Spaniards in the beginning of the 16th century, the inhabitants of Yucatan, in the northern part of South America, had a rich and splendid costume, houses of stone, vases, instruments and ornaments of gold, some of which were wrought in Mosaic. Here, also, as well as in Mexico, were found books of parchment, and paper, made probably of the aloe or palm leaf, and of the inner bark of trees. On these were painted in hieroglyphics, their sacred rites, and the events of their political history. In this country, also, there were spacious temples and palaces for the nobility, or the higher classes of citizens. The inhabitants, no doubt, were descended from the same common stock with the Mexicans; for in most respects, their customs, traditions, mode of living, and physical character, were like that people.

But the most remarkable fact, as to the knowledge of the Mexicans, (and this they derived from the Toltecs, who preceded them in Anahuac more than seven centuries,) was their method of calculating and reckoning time. They divided the year into eighteen months of twenty days each. To every year, they added five days, thus making three hundred and sixty-five days; and thirteen days at the end of every fifty-two years, (which was a well known period with them) or a day every fourth year. Thus it appears, that their vulgar or common year was the true solar year; and that their computation of time was astronomically correct. Here is proof of an accurate mode of making out the year, among themselves, for a long period of time; and also, as we think, of their descent from a people whose astronomical knowledge was correct and extensive. Whether this fact will conduct us to a satisfactory hypothesis, as to their origin, we are not prepared here to assert. The probability, however, is, that the Mexicans, or their predecessors, the Toltecs, derived the system from the Chaldeans, Indians, Chinese, or other Asiatic nation of which they acquired it, before they migrated to the American continent. Some of the inhabitants of Chaldea and India were early addicted to the study of astronomy. The Chaldeans (and who were they but the posterity of Noah?) made advances in this science, in very remote periods. It is admitted by the learned Brahmins of India, "that the Chaldeans were the most early and correct in the knowledge of astronomy, of all the nations of the earth." For this they were indebted to Noah and his sons, who might have studied it before the deluge. Their immediate descendants were the early inhabitants of that country. Abraham is supposed to have been acquainted with this sublime science. And Job, who probably lived in the early patriarchal age, evidently had some knowledge of astronomy. From Chaldea, it was disseminated to Arabia, Egypt, to India and China; and also to the west of Asia, and to Greece.

The early inhabitants of the earth, for many centuries were cultivators of the ground and keepers of flocks; and they would soon be led to notice the changes of the seasons and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. The knowledge of astronomy and the method of calculating time, would be likely to be preserved with special care. Though the Tartars, the Huns, or the Mongols, were wandering, illiterate tribes, (and by these we shall attempt to show America was first peopled) there were some among them, probably, who had a knowledge of astronomy, and of the correct method of reckoning the year, derived from their progenitors in the more western parts of Asia, in an early age, and which being so useful and important, they would teach their posterity.

It will not, indeed, follow, that the Mexicans must be descendants of the Chinese, Indians, or Tartars in Asia, merely because they

used the same method of calculating time. But the fact affords evidence, that all these nations descended from one common stock, and that a primeval tribe or nation was the parent of each and all, whence they derived their knowledge and their arts of life.

We are aware that the statements which early Spanish writers gave of Mexico, its population, buildings, &c. at the time of the conquest by Cortez, in 1520, have not received full credence from some later historians. They have been charged, sometimes, with credulity, and sometimes with a disposition to exaggerate and to embellish. But their accounts are confirmed, in substance, by the personal narrative of the learned and impartial Humboldt, as well as by several other writers, who are entitled to the most entire credit. Besides, the condition of the people and of the whole country of Anahuac or Mexico, and of other places, both in North and South America, as Florida, the Mississippi, and California in the northern, and Peru, Chili, Paragua, and Yucatan in the southern hemisphere, at the time of the conquests in the beginning of the 16th century, affords ample proof of a great antiquity ; but whether of two, or of three thousand years, it is difficult to determine. The Mexicans, or Aztecs, who inhabited the country of Anahuac, when the Spanish invasion took place, 1520, were the fourth distinct race of people who had occupied that territory ; and according to the uniform tradition of the inhabitants, which was confirmed by their hieroglyphic paintings, the first of these people, the Toltecs, settled there 800 years before the Mexicans. They were a numerous and a partially civilized race ; and many of the large works remaining in the country were constructed by that people.

The different opinions and theories of learned men, as to the first inhabitants of America, may now be more directly noticed. Some have supposed, that this continent was inhabited by antediluvians. During eighteen hundred or two thousand years, the probable age of the old world, the population was, undoubtedly, very great, and extended over the principal part, if not the whole, of the earth. But nothing is gained by this hypothesis, with those who admit the authenticity of the book of Genesis. For we are there informed, that the whole human race, except Noah and his family, was destroyed by the deluge. And the Jewish historian is not only the oldest writer extant ; but his account, although not much in detail of the events of the old world, is allowed to be accurate and true. Nor is there any opposing narrative, worthy of the least respect, to contradict the account given by Moses, or to lessen his credibility. Some theorists have conjectured, indeed, that Noah's flood was confined to the central parts of Asia. But the account of Moses will not fairly admit of any such construction. The proofs of a general deluge are also to be found in every country and region on the globe ; and the fact

of such a catastrophe, is supported by the tradition of all nations. It is to be considered, moreover, that the most authentic ancient history of the early location, the migrations, condition and numbers of mankind in remote ages, as far as any account reaches, tends to confirm the statement of the writer of Genesis, who has recorded the calamitous event of the deluge, and the first settlement of the earth, thereafter.

Assuming the truth of the Mosaic history, as justly we may, we propose to ascertain when and by what people this continent was originally occupied and settled: and we are confident, that it will appear most probable, from various facts and considerations, *that the whole population, at the time of its discovery by Columbus, descended from an Asiatic tribe, or horde, which came from the northeastern part of the old continent, at or near Behring's Straits, several centuries before the Christian era; and probably within seven or eight hundred years after the flood; a period which synchronises very nearly with the exode of the Jews from Egypt, under Moses.* At this time, the human race must have become very numerous, and their occupation of the earth nearly, if not entirely, coextensive with the eastern continent. On a moderate calculation, it will be found, that, in 700 or 800 years, the human species would have so increased and multiplied, as to fill all Asia, Africa, and Europe. And all ancient accounts agree, indeed, in a thing very probable and natural in itself, that some of every succeeding generation travelled to distant places, and sought out new territories for themselves and children. Those of only the second and third generation from Noah, settled Canaan and Egypt, and spread far east and west through the central parts of Asia, and even into some parts of Europe. In the time of Abraham, who was 150 years contemporary with Shem, who lived through the whole of the fourth century after the flood, and was of the tenth generation from Noah, those countries were filled with inhabitants. According to a tradition in the east, Noah, who survived the deluge 350 years, with some of his sons,* or grandsons, probably went eastward soon after the separation of the human family at Babel, and settled in India. The posterity of Noah, of the fourth and fifth generation, removed still farther east; those of the sixth or seventh generation, probably, wandered eastward from the place of their ancestors to the country since called China and Tartary. Some of those of the ninth and tenth generations, and in about 400 years from the deluge, probably reached the shores of the Pacific ocean, as the descendants of Japhet did, through the western parts of Asia and through Europe, to the Atlantic coasts.

* It is highly probable, that Noah had other sons than the three particularly mentioned by Moses, who were born after the flood; or he might take with him one of the sons of Shem.

As already observed, the people of India and China pretend to a very high antiquity. They carry back their claims, indeed, beyond all proof, or reasonable probability ; and yet it is admitted that the western part of Asia was the first residence of the human race ; and that thence early issued the children and grandchildren of Noah to India and other places more easterly in Asia, as well as to Palestine and Egypt, to Asia Minor, and to Europe. It is generally admitted by the learned, that it was from the land of Chaldea the light of knowledge and science first dawned upon the world. Noah and his sons, who survived the deluge, must have possessed and communicated to their descendants a knowledge of all the important and useful discoveries, which had been made by the inhabitants of the old world. From Chaldea this information would be disseminated by their posterity, the founders of new settlements ; and each nation or people would be likely to claim the discovery or invention themselves. We may thus most naturally account for the several pretensions of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Chaldeans, Hebrews, Chinese, and Indians, to have been the oldest nation of the earth, and the first inventors of letters, of astronomy, and of the arts. The sons or grandsons of Noah carried the knowledge they received from their ancestors in Chaldea, to the places where they settled ; and each afterwards boasted of having originally made the discoveries. According to the most authentic accounts, the science of astronomy was first cultivated in Chaldea ; and at a very remote period, when Alexander conquered the Persians and visited India, about 300 years before the Christian era, he found records of eclipses and of other astronomical calculations for 1900 years before that time, which carries back the first date of them to about 150 years after the deluge, and about the time the attempt was made to build the tower or monument of Babel.

The opinion, or conjecture rather, that the continents of Africa and South America were once contiguous, or that there was formerly an extensive Island in the Atlantic, which would facilitate the passage of Africans to this western world, is entitled to very little consideration. The Island or Islands mentioned by the ancients beyond the pillars of Hercules, were probably not far from the entrance of the Mediterranean ; for their vessels, or boats, were not of a construction to induce them to venture far from land. Nor is there any evidence, that a voyage was made across the Atlantic before Columbus, unless we credit the account that some Norwegians, who visited Iceland in the tenth century, extended their voyage to the American continent. But of this there is no sufficient and satisfactory evidence. If a settlement had been then made, it is impossible that the whole or the greater part of the population of this extensive continent could have proceeded from a few adventurers to Greenland, in four or five

hundred years. Neither is it probable, that in so short a period the inhabitants would have lost all knowledge of the customs, opinions, and language of their European ancestors. There is as little in their physical character, to authorize the supposition, that America was settled by emigrants from the north of Europe.*

Similar objections lie against the story of a settlement in America by the Welsh, under Madoc, in the eleventh century. Had the account been well founded, being of such pretended recent date, there would have been some direct and positive evidence on the subject, and some tribes in America would have been able to give full proof of the truth of the story. The account of a settlement of Welsh people, the descendants of the company under Madoc, being found in the interior of this country, was forgotten almost as soon as given. No such people are known.

But the claims in favor of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, are they not better supported? These nations had, indeed, some knowledge of navigation in very early times. The latter, probably visited the western coasts of Africa, for a short distance; and the former, the eastern coasts, probably the Persian gulf, and possibly the western parts of India. But their vessels or boats were not fitted for distant nautical enterprizes, nor is there any evidence of their crossing any extensive sea. So, in the time of Solomon, about 1000 years before our era, the Jews had vessels trading from the Red Sea to Ophir, which some have supposed to be situated on the eastern coasts of Africa, but which a learned modern contends was on the western shores of India. But none of these nations had made such advances in navigation, as to have any other than small open boats. They did not venture far from the land; and Solomon's vessels were three years in completing a voyage; which is proof that they kept near the coasts, or remained in harbors, except in very moderate weather. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries even, the vessels of Europe were open, and in their voyages, generally kept within sight of land, though, shortly after this period, several of the Islands in the Atlantic ocean were visited by them; in the first instances, however, most probably by accident, being carried from the coasts by adverse winds. When the Normans invaded France, in the tenth century, they went in light, open boats, not much larger than the birch canoes of the American Indians; and carried their boats over land from one river to another, in passing from Holland to Paris. There is, then, no probability that the Phœnicians or the Egyptians visited America by design, in the early age of the world; nor, if driven out of their way by storms,

* A writer in the north of Europe has lately announced his purpose to show, from some ancient MSS. not before published, that the Norwegians effected a settlement on the North American continent in about the latitude of 48 or 50. There is no reasoning against facts. But it will be time enough to credit the story when it is well established.

when trading along the coasts of Africa, or the shores of Arabia and the Persian gulf, that they would have ever reached this continent, a distance of 12,000 miles. There must be evidence of history, or monuments, or language, to give support to the opinion, that America was settled by either of these nations, at the remote period supposed.

There is yet another theory, to account for the first occupancy of South America, though not for the population of the whole continent, which is, that Peru was originally settled by Chinese or Malays, as early as the Christian era, or at a more remote period even. In the absence of all direct evidence, or of that which would render it very probable, it is pretended, that some customs of the Peruvians are similar to those of the Chinese. But these are few and vague, and do not afford an argument which can satisfy the most credulous. There is no evidence from monuments, or from any tradition* among the Peruvians; and the language† is equally barren of proof. It is to be considered, also, that the distance from the Malacca Islands, or from China to South America, is very great; that the Chinese have never been an adventurous or roving people; and that, if they had reached the American coasts with their vessels, of whatever size they were, which can hardly be admitted, without a miracle, they would have retained the knowledge and continued the practice of navigation after they settled on this continent.‡

On the other hand, if North America was settled as early as we suppose, there was sufficient time for the occupancy of South America by the descendants of the first inhabitants of Anahuac, who might have passed over the Isthmus of Darien and taken possession, both of the sea coasts and of the interior of South America, long before the Spanish invasion. The Peruvians and the people of Central America were said to resemble the Mexicans, and other nations in Anahuac, when first visited by Europeans, in their physical character, manners, customs, traditions, buildings, &c. It appears to us, that there are fewer difficulties attending this opinion, than that of a separate and original settlement of South America by Chinese or Malays.

* The story of a stranger, by the name of Mango Capac, who visited Peru in a remote period, and taught them some of the arts of life, some have believed refer to a Chinese. But it is equally probable, that he went from some tribe in Anahuac.

† M. Brun and others, admit that there are no analogies between the language of the Peruvians and the people of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, sufficient to justify the conclusion, that the latter were the progenitors of the former.

‡ A late writer contends, that South America was probably originally settled by Chinese or Malays; but adduces no new or satisfactory evidence in support of his opinion. And, as already observed, there are no such resemblances between the languages of the Peruvians and Malays, as to authorize a conclusion favorable to this hypothesis.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion,
Puttest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean—
Hope no more—his course is done !
Dream not, when upon thy pillow
That he slumbers by thy side,
For his corse beneath the billow
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—
Know ye many clouds are throwing
Shadows on your sire's remains ?
Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling,
With a mountain's motion on,
Dream ye that its voice is tolling
For your father—lost and gone ?

When the sun looked on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tinging with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave ;
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant currents roll'd,
Slept thy sire without emotion—
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,
Wavering through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair,
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him ; and to tell thee
Of our sorrow, and thine own,
Of the wo that then befel thee,
Came we weary and alone—
That thine eye is quickly shaded,
That thy heart's blood wildly flows,
That thy cheek's clear blood is faded—
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes inquiring,
 Linger on your mother's face,
 Know ye that she is expiring?—
 That ye are an orphan race?—
 God be with you on the morrow!
 Father—mother—both no more!
 One within a grave of sorrow,
 One upon the ocean's floor!

J. O. R.

LETTERS OF HORACE FRITZ, ESQ.

NO. I.

IMMEDIATELY after writing to you, my dear Tom, I left Albany in search of our old friend, Job Clark. After a tedious ride, in which nothing occurred worthy of occupying your time, I reached the village of ———, where you know he has been, since leaving college, the town schoolmaster. He was overjoyed to see me, and, at first, I thought he was but little changed. His voice and his earnest manner, and the peculiar brightness of his small gray eye were the same as when we parted; but I did not observe, till his extravagant joy had subsided, that his cheek had grown hollow and his eye was sunken. The truth is, he has met with the usual difficulties of his trying and dispiriting occupation, and they have made sad inroads on his health. He coughs frightfully, at times, and there is a consumptive stoop in his shoulders and a flatness in his chest which are, I fear, alarming symptoms. I determined at once to take him with me on my loitering trip to the West, and, after overcoming some obstacles of delicacy, and visiting the school committee, (the village blacksmith and postmaster,) he was persuaded to consent. He began to look better at the mere prospect of a release. It is a sad slavery, Tom. Job has talked his troubles all over to me, and it is melancholy to think how his fine, sensitive nature has been tried and misunderstood, even in his brief experience of the world. He does not complain; but I can see that he has not been appreciated by the coarse people about him, and that his unlucky face and figure, and his utter simplicity, have had their full weight in the common estimate of his character. It was in hard contrast with the indulgence and intellectual respect which his fine scholarship and pure heart won for him in college.

I spent a day or two with the village tailor, trying to give him some idea of a coat; and, really, considering Job's figure, and the fellow's ordinary customers, our success was miraculous. Wheeler might have detected its etymology, perhaps, but there was an

expression about the flap and collar, (I cut them myself,) which was exceedingly imposing.

After getting Job decently dressed, and displacing the straw hat of his habitual wear for his best beaver (the very one you gave him in your tears at his valedictory, Tom—you should have seen the numerous envelopes by which its pristine glossiness has been preserved) we crossed to the canal, and floated on delightfully to Lyons, where we took wagon to Geneva. I had no idea a canal boat was so agreeable. Upon my word, I never travelled more to my mind. There is no dust, no noise, no perceptible motion. You sit in a well furnished parlor with windows looking out for a great part of the way on the exquisite scenery of the Mohawk—writing materials and a quiet table at your elbow, room to promenade either on board or on shore, conveniences for a nap, a good bar room, no smell of steam or the kitchen, and a progress of eighty miles a day! Could anything be more luxurious that is moveable? And then you are passing through the best farms of the country, and have, of course, an excellent table, and, as the lower orders take the freight boats universally, you are seldom annoyed, as in stages and steam boats, by noise or vulgarity. The captains of the packets, too, are exceedingly respectable men, and I never have met more proper treatment than on board these abused conveyances. I recommend them to you unhesitatingly.

I think one of the best situated and most beautiful towns I ever saw is Geneva. The lake stretches down majestically from the south, and terminates in a graceful crescent just below the town. On one side the hills lean over with a gentle declivity to the water, presenting a lifted map of cultivation and woodland as far as the eye can reach, and, on the other, Geneva stands, high and beautiful, a hundred feet above the lake, on a broad ridge, rising almost perpendicularly from the water. The principal street is a broad, level avenue, on the summit of the ridge, commanding a superb view of the opposite country, and ten or fifteen miles of the broad, silver sheet of the Seneca. It is built in rural taste, mostly of white wooden houses, shaded by trees, and has precisely the Arcadian look of New Haven. I was reminded of the similarity at every step, and could almost believe that our old flames were there, sitting behind those Venetian blinds, with that provoking half turn to their moveable slips. (How delightfully perplexing it used to be, Tom, to see an indistinct figure through those green lattices, and model one's bow so that it would do either for the mother or the daughter!)

After a lounge about town, during which we saw the most gorgeous sunset I ever witnessed, (they are said to be singularly fine here, always; probably from local circumstances) we returned to our hotel, a large building on the public square, which I recommend to

you in your next summer's wanderings. We got our supper—a dry crust and tea for Job's dyspepsy, and the requisite provant for the glorious appetite engendered by a day's travel, and the lake air in your humble servant—and then, as it was a delicious moonlight night, I proposed a walk. So

'Taking our hats in our hands, a remarkably requisite practice,'

as Mr. Southey says in *Warreniana*, we went out again, stopping a moment in the hall to insert our names in that usual accompaniment of a tavern in the West—a register of travellers. I like this custom. It is pleasant to know who has gone before you; and, as the destination is inscribed also, you may frequently, by a few hours additional travel, overtake a friend, or lie by to avoid an annoyance. In rainy days, too, or during unpleasant detention, you may kill 'the enemy' delightfully with a musing reverie upon its various hand-writings and characters; not to mention the sympathy with your own feelings, agreeable or otherwise, which is expressed in the small annotations upon the margin.

But what a moonlight walk we had! It was a warm night, and the inhabitants were sitting in their open porches, or idling up and down in the sprinkled shadows of the walk, (the streets are lined with trees as in New Haven,) girls without bonnets, and men without cravats, in a primitive simplicity that would have made even Audrey 'poetical.' We strolled up about half a mile to the end of the street and stopped to look off upon the water. You must get Job's journal and read his description of it. I have no talent that way, and should only mar my own recollection by the attempt. You cannot imagine, without seeing it, how exquisitely soft and dreamy the silvery whiteness of the moonlight is, when seen through the filmy exhalations that float up from a lake in a summer's evening. Such extreme beauty always seems to me unearthly. It gives me a stifling sensation at my heart that I never could analyze.

On our return, we were attracted across the street by the sound of a piano. The house from which it came had that look which the houses of people of taste always have, and which is easier detected than described. It was a low, white house, with a tasteful fence, vines, and shrubbery about it, not by any means the handsomest in the village, but the one in which, at a first glance, one would prefer to take his chance for acquaintance. Job did not propose directly to go over, but I knew by the slight pressure of his arm that he was suffering animal magnetism, and I indulged him. We stood in the shadow of the tree in front of the house an hour. The keys were touched with a quiet taste that pleased me. It was not very great execution, but just such playing as an invalid, or a home loving girl, or any lover of sweet natural melody would like to listen. Job

stood looking at the moon through a break in the tree, wholly lost. He did not stir for the hour. The invisible player went on, pleasing herself apparently, and gliding from one tune to another with little interludes which prevented abruptness, now and then hitting upon a favorite song of mine, but unconscious how much pleasure she was giving, and how long her chance music would be remembered. It is surprising how much one enjoys these relishes of pleasant things—how much sweeter a snatch of a tune heard by the wayside is, than a better song for which one is expected to be grateful! Among all my recollections of music, (we have some together, Tom, and it is not that I have forgotten the silver voice we wot of, that I prefer other music now,) I remember nothing like that hour of eaves-dropping. Job sits astride my travelling trunk at this moment, trying to catch upon his Jews-harp, the air of 'Meet me by moonlight alone,' which he avers is the sweetest song ever warbled, and which our incognita sung with a peculiar grace and feeling.

On reaching the hotel, we found the hall crowded with baggage, and, as I went to my room, a group of ladies stood looking over the register, and I caught a glimpse of a white hand holding the pen with the dainty awkwardness so peculiar to women in the management of that useful instrument. I could not see their faces, and I sent Job for the book when they were gone, in the hope of finding an acquaintance among them. There were no names added, but against my own was drawn a bracket enclosing a single word (I will whisper it in your ear when we meet, Tom,) shewing an acquaintance with my *affaires de cœur* which was not a little surprising. Here was matter for curiosity! Job had got on his Barcelona, but I sent him down to inquire the names of the new arrival. He returned without the intelligence, as no names had been entered, but brought a hand bill announcing that a steam boat would go up the lake on an excursion for pleasure the next morning. I determined instantly to go, and after sending Job once more, without success, to look at the travellers' trunks and pump the servants, I went to bed, allaying my curiosity with the hope that the advertisement would tempt them, and that we should have their company up the lake on the morrow.

At six o'clock we were on board. It was a small boat, and the deck was crowded with people of every description. The majority of them were evidently of the lower class, but two or three small parties of better dressed people were standing in the stern, as much apart as was possible with so little room and so many circumstances of equality. The boat was soon under way, and, leaving Job to ponder the wake of the water wheel, I made the tour of the deck, peeping under the bonnets and looking at the feet of the ladies with the impudence I acquired in your company. My observations were for a long time unsatisfactory. There were some bonnets among

them which might have come from the city, (and, by the way, you will be surprised constantly at the West by the *townish* look of the people. The communication is so easy, that they get the fashions far sooner than places within forty miles of the metropolis.) Then there was here and there a cluster of curls that might not have shocked Manuel, and one or two well fitted bodices; but the shoes! —(Tom! never speak to a woman out of the city till you have seen her shoe! It is an infallible test. A lady who will wear a bad shoe has a bad taste, and that, in dress, implies a rude education.) I was about giving up in despair, after making the circuit two or three times, when a group which had escaped me from the crowd or simplicity of dress, caught my attention. The face of the only person turned to me was concealed by a veil, and I looked down with a natural instinct—there never was but one such foot in the world!—I would have sworn to it if I had seen it in Nova Zembla.

Our greeting would have shocked you. You have no idea how glad people are to see each other at a distance from home. It is a pleasure to see even one's tailor (if his bill is paid,) but to meet a woman like Miss ——! She presented me immediately to the ladies—some friends of hers I did not know, and after getting Job up to be introduced with considerable difficulty, you may imagine how swimmingly we got on.

The lake widens a few miles from Geneva, and loses, of course, some of its beauty. A near shore is necessary to the picturesque. So, indeed, is a near view of everything in scenery. It was always a wonder to me how people could talk so extravagantly of the 'fine views' from mountains and over broad lakes. There is a kind of abstract sublime, it is true, in seeing so much and so far; but you can see nothing distinctly, and if it is water it is not half so beautiful as the sky, and if it is land, it looks like a near view of a brown uncultivated heath. I would rather stand on a hill side and look down into a green hollow that I could throw a stone over, than, (after having been on one,) to look, for the mere beauty of the scene, from all the high mountains in the universe. Whenever you are so distant as to lose the color of the vegetation, the outline of the trees, the lights and shadows of the slopes, and the comparative distance and size of objects, the effect is lost. I shall never forget my disappointment in looking from the Kaatskill. (I was more than compensated by the falls. It is worth while to go to the Cauterskills, if it were only to look down that terrific chasm, and get an idea of a world rent to its centre.) I remember, too, reading in some book of poetry, when I was a boy, of the 'grandeur of the sea;' and though I was bred upon the coast, and had always loved the water, and sailed my boat over the bay half the Saturday afternoons I could remember, I put by the book and went down to look at it as if for the first time—

the thought of its 'grandeur' was so new to me. I confess the idea of the ocean, immense as we know it to be, is grand—awful if you will—but what we see of it is nothing to the unbroken breadth of the sky, or the gathering of the great thunder clouds for a storm. I was always impressed by these with an awe which is among my earliest recollections; but I had spent days, miles out in the ocean, and never, till I was told, did I dream of its sublimity. Apart from its power, and as a mere object of sight, its imposing effect is certainly overrated. Had the poet spoken of the 'beautiful sea,' I should not have wondered; for there is a magnificence in its many changes that is surpassed by nothing but the sunset clouds of summer. It is a fine stroke of nature in the old ballad where the sailor boy pines in captivity for

"The wind's familiar music
And the sight of the pleasant sea."

There are several narrow points running far out into the lake from the west side, which are covered with trees, and add very much to its beauty. We stopped near one of these to take in wood, and I went ashore in the boat with Job, to visit a picturesque cascade, which had worn down its bed till it seemed to pour from the very heart of the mountain. While we were standing and gazing at it, the bell rang for us, and, on hurrying to the shore, we found that the wood boat had gone off. There was a small wherry lying upon the sand, however, and I sent Job to a group of people standing a little way from the beach, to get a man to row us off. I saw by their gestures that they refused, and was about going to his assistance, when, to my utter astonishment, he seized a stout boy in his arms, and plying his long legs with a most amusing celerity, had flung him into the skiff and shoved off, before the natives had recovered from their astonishment. They followed us with stones, but what with my boyish accomplishment of sculling, and Job's industry at the bailing porringer, we reached the boat, and were received with cheers by the amused passengers. A competent *quid pro quo* satisfied our impressed ferryman, and he paddled back, apparently quite reconciled to his adventure.

We were soon out of the little bay, and went rapidly up the lake, keeping close in to the shore, and catching many glimpses, as we glided by, of those spots of chance beauty that so frequently, in an uncultivated wild, surpass the most elaborate cultivation. I was just pointing out to our agreeable friends a green hollow of singular beauty in the very bosom of a wooded crescent, when there was a cry forward of 'a man overboard.' The next moment something dark rushed under the wheel, and Job, with a single bound and the quickness of a thought, sprang into the wake in the very spot where it

must have sunk. There was a rush immediately to the stern, and, for a moment, suspense seemed to have paralyzed every arm on board. I stood myself for a half minute, looking at the gurgling eddy which closed over him, in perfect horror. My first thought was to jump in after him, but recollecting that he was a first rate swimmer, I seized a bench, and shouting an order for the boat, threw it over. Just as it touched the water, he rose some way astern, with his long black hair plastered over his eyes, his face composed with his usual decent gravity, and in his arms—a large pine log! He was too bewildered to discover his mistake immediately, and swam stoutly for a minute with his prize half out of water; but the shout of laughter from the passengers, or his own senses, soon undeceived him, and he quietly loosened his hold, and, laying his face down to the water like a shamed boy, made his way vigorously towards the boat. He was soon on board, and, after equipping himself in a pair of my integuments, and the old calico gown with the red sprig which you remember in college, he made his appearance on deck, and, notwithstanding the ludicrous result of his attempt, was, for the rest of the day, quite a hero. But what a waste of chivalry! I could almost have wished our dainty spirituelle had played Europa to his *bull* (not a pun Tom, on my honor)—he would have been so worthy of the reward. God bless the beautiful creature! she gave him her little hand so warmly after he was dry, that I fear he blessed the accident, awkward as it was. I had a great mind to push off a log and do the desperate thing myself.

We neared the head of the lake about noon. The shore on the east side here is an almost perpendicular cliff of ninety or a hundred feet elevation, with deep water at its very base. From this height, a splendid cascade, called Hector Falls, pours into the lake. We were just getting a fine view of it, when there was a cry that the shaft of one of the wheels was broken, and the boat came to. The nearest village was four or five miles distant, and as a blacksmith must be found, and the delay would probably be one of some hours, we took a boat and went ashore at the fall. You must get Job's journal for a description of this, too. I could not do its singular beauty justice. It is formed by a very considerable creek, which comes winding from the east to the shore of the lake, and pours its waters in over the steep and broken declivity just mentioned, in one long sheet of foam, and with a picturesque violence that is in striking contrast with the quiet summer scenery about it. We reached the brow of the rock, with a little additional color in the brunette cheek of our friend, and (feel for me, Tom—400 miles from Wall street!) the total sacrifice of my newest Bentons!

It was a splendid sight from the summit. One sheet of bright spray flashing from our pedestal to the lake, and the green woods

stretching up from the unstirred edge of the water, on the opposite shore, clear away to the horizon, in one unbroken forest. You have no idea of the extent of a western wilderness. John Neal (who gives better ideas of magnitude than any other man living,) expresses it well when he talks of 'forests in which all the nations of Europe might lose themselves.'

We idled about for an hour or two between shade and sunshine, found one or two rare minerals, and an eagle's feather, which our mischievous friend insisted on putting into Job's hat to his mingled distress and gratification, and were on board again two hours before sunset with appetites which shockingly belied our cockney education. They gave us for supper fried potatoes and something in an abominable gravy which I did not recognize, (if you tell of it, Tom, do not mention my name,) and we all ate some—on my honor! Job says he knows what it was. *Credat Judæus!*

The night was clear, and the lake was perfectly dead with stillness. The broad belt of the moonlight across the water scarcely quivered. We leaned over the forward railing, and watched the silver inlaying on the edge of the wave turned off by the prow, and talked of things which come naturally at such a time—mysteries; and presentiments, and thoughts which are too wild for daylight. How strange it is Tom, that, in some moods of the mind, we cannot look upon the stars without a feeling that the dreamy theories which connect our fate with them are true! I do not dare to doubt astrology by starlight. There is an influence in their 'wild, spiritual shining' which makes my heart sink. It cannot be shaken off by reasoning. I observed, too, that my companions, several of whom were cool, unimaginative people, talked in subdued voices insensibly. Can it be possible that mere beauty has a 'presence'—something which is not the dream of a diseased fancy, but which a sound, healthy, animal heart *feels*—like a fear? Job has a philosophy about it, but he is too visionary. I doubted him when he said he knew what we had for supper.

Geneva shewed finely from the lake as we approached. The moon was setting, and the white buildings and spires crowning the immense black shadow of the ridge, looked as if built in the very sky. I do not know so sweet a village out of New England.

We parted from our fair friends the next morning. I had heard much of the beauty of Cayuga lake and its neighborhood, and with an aversion to a right line which I have had ever since I was called upon to define it, I struck off from the regular route, and took coach fifteen miles to Cayuga bridge, 'whence,' as the placard phrases it, the 'fast sailing steam boat Telemachus takes passengers daily to Ithaca.'

We had the coach to ourselves. Job sat in the corner watching the revolution of the wheel as if it were winding out his very brains, and pondering, I doubt not, every syllable that had melted on his ear for the last forty-eight hours. 'Allicholy is catching,' as somebody says in the play, and, drawing a long sigh from my very heart, and the 'Western Guide' from my coat pocket, I fixed myself down doggedly, to undergo, like a philosopher, three unavoidable hours of jolting and *ennui*.

The 'Telemachus' lay heaving to the indolent swell as we came in sight, and we hurried on board, glad to escape from the dull realities of dry land. How much more like magic it is to travel upon water! It is such an unutterable bore to be reminded so perpetually of one's materiality—to have every fraction of a mile measured in your bones, and marked by the broken threads of reflections, and the fragments of interrupted dreams! I never could conceive of the Cyrenaic philosophy which makes the pleasure of life consist in *motion*. How any one can have a passion for it on land, except upon C springs and a McAdam pavé, exceeds my comprehension. I question whether the greybeard ever suffered on a road of corduroy. He must have been thinking of a see-saw on a bench in the Academus, or a lounge in the Parthenon, after one of Zeno's lectures on continence.

The bell rang for departure, but nobody else came. The steward leaned over the railing with a long face, and a white towel in his hand; the black waiters sat whittling round the fore-castle, and the Hebe of the ladies' cabin stood in the sacred door with her arms folded disconsolately across her yellow waist ribbon. 'Cast off,' grumbled the captain, as if he were giving a signal to an executioner, and away we floated, dull and solitary, on a six hours passage up the Cayuga. The day was excessively hot. The deck was oozing with pitch, fried out by the sun; the shores of the lake were flat and uninteresting, and we were both perfectly bedeviled with hyp. I soon explored the ladies' cabin—Dinah, and 'No admittance for gentlemen' to the contrary notwithstanding—and taking possession of the sofa (where, if the name of the boat is no misnomer, 'Calypso and her nymphs' should have lounged before me) I called for a port wine punch, sent Job to Coventry, and 'sleep,' as Coleridge says beautifully, 'slid into my soul.'

In the midst of a confused dream of women and waterfalls, moon-shine and fried potatoes, I was called up to see 'Aurora'—not the 'fair daughter of the dawn,' as you will probably suppose, if you remember your Reader—but a pretty village on the east shore of the lake, with the usual proportion of red houses and steeples, and the dead look which a country town always has in the noon of a

summer's day. We stopped but a moment to take in a passenger—one of those indefinite looking men whom you meet everywhere, with nothing about them that you could possibly remember a minute—and, as Job was still 'sewed up,' as the western people elegantly say of the silent, I went back to my punch and my pillow, to take up the broken thread of my dream. The gentle influence needed no wooing, and I soon went through all the adventures of Telemachus. Job was my Mentor, and Dinah with her yellow waist ribbon, one of the zoned nymphs, and our beautiful friend grew a little taller, and her French slipper changed into Calypso's sandal, and the steam boat with its black column of smoke into the 'burning galley.' It was a magnificent dream. The remaining three hours 'tripped by to a merry measure,' and I was just asking Calypso to dance the Spanish dance, when the fellow shook me by the shoulder to pay for my punches and go ashore.

But my letter is getting too long; so for the present, my dear Tom, adieu. I shall write you from our next resting place.

Ever yours,

HORACE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE MAN OF TWO LIVES. *Written by himself.* Boston, Wells and Lilly, 1829.

This is certainly one of the most singular books of the day. It professes to be the veritable history of a man who has been permitted to revisit the earth, and, in a vicarious existence, make amends for the misuse and excesses of his first life.

"I died," says he, "at the early age of forty-five, in the city of Frankfort on the Main. I distinctly remember the last expressions that I used, as life was ebbing fast away. After a rapid survey of mispent existence, I suddenly clasped my hands together, and exclaimed with convulsive energy—'O, that I could return again into the womb of my mother, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time, and abused the blessings of my condition! I have suffered much, and deserved to suffer; never having promoted the happiness of others, I of necessity poisoned my own.' At that agonizing moment, did I fancy a voice of more than human sweetness, or did really some immortal spirit speak to my mind, rather than to an ear stiffening into clay, the words which follow?—
UNHAPPY MIND, THY WISH IS GRANTED; THOU SHALT ONCE MORE ANIMATE A HUMAN FORM."

His next consciousness was that of an infant, whose sensations and impressions he gives at some length. Passing over the intervening time, he finds himself, "at the period when he might be called a thinking being," the only son of George Sydenham, Esq., an English gentleman of independent fortune. As he grows up, he is remarkable

for "abstraction of thought, which seemed excited by other than surrounding occurrences;" incoherent expressions would sometimes escape him, relative to places and persons unknown; he gave descriptions of a German university, and of a grand church where the name of "Frederick Werner," (his own formerly,) "was to be seen, cut into the centre beam of chestnut that binds as a girder the opposite walls of the building." In the course of his education he is taught to draw, and astonishes his master by the wonderful accuracy with which he sketches German scenery and architecture. His productions are shewn to West and Fuseli, and the introduction of these names gives the author an opportunity for digressive criticisms upon the arts, shewing him to be a man of accurate and cultivated taste. Our hero is sent to the university, where he becomes a diligent student. We pass over a long episode, which is not at all connected with the main interest of the book, and which takes the place of all description of his mental phenomena during his college life, and come to an incident which occurred while he was "dining at a public house with his bosom friend Herman." They had proposed to go to the theatre, but a storm arises, and they relinquish the idea, and, ordering a second bottle, enter into a conversation on the mysterious subject which occupies their minds. In the midst of it, a gentleman rises from a table which had been concealed by a silk curtain, and begs to be permitted to join their circle. He is a man of singularly imposing presence, and, after a long metaphysical dialogue, he astonishes them by closing with the following words:—

"I not only, gentlemen, believe in the transfer of the sentient principle from one being to another; but that, in some peculiar cases, the memory of the first existence returns upon the second. Berkeley has told us, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind; and I assert, that there are, indeed must be, minds cognizant of such an extraordinary possession as that which I have named. And now, I fear I must strain to the utmost your benevolent construction of me, my understanding and my purposes, when I solemnly declare, that the person who now addresses you is *himself* gifted with the discernment of such natures. I add only, that I knew a man, whose *mind* has transmigrated to another frame, and to the native of even another land; that his name in Germany was Frederick Werner, and I *have told him* that I am acquainted with its present residence."

He takes leave, and all efforts to discover who and what he is, are, for the time, unsuccessful. He, however, replies to a note addressed to him through the public prints by Sydenham, and admonishes him to go on with the object of his life, and "correct his errors." Our hero now resolves to visit Germany, and this should be the most interesting period of the history. The account of his reminiscences is very bare, however, and may all be given in a few words. The scenes are familiar to him of course, and it happens that he takes let-

ters to a banker who occupies the house where he had lived, and who, on his arrival, lodges him in the very room which had formerly been his. The furniture is unchanged, and among other articles, is a cabinet, with a secret drawer, containing the last confession and other private papers of his former self, Frederick Werner. These supply some indefinite recollections and assist him in his work of repentance. He visits his tomb, and finds lingering about it, the lady whose virtuous love he relinquished for a guilty passion, but who cherishes his memory after an interval of forty years. He becomes again acquainted with her, and she is constantly startled by his voice and manner, and unaccountably transfers to him the chastened affection she had borne the dead. He also finds Leonora, the opera singer who had fascinated him, and who is now retired from the stage, and living in virtuous and respectable seclusion. She, also, takes a mysterious interest in the young Englishman, admits him to her confidence, and, for his sake, once more summons her energies, and, to a party of select friends, performs the part of "Medea," in which she had won the hearts of all Germany. There is a third person against whom Frederick Werner had offended, and to whom our hero, of course, was bound to make all the restitution in his power—his cousin, Constantine Werner. This person had awakened the enmity of his relative, by interfering, on account of his libertinism, between him and "Francina," the object of his early and virtuous passion. In the heat of his resentment, Frederick had stooped to dishonorable means to injure the credit and character of his kinsman, and had died unforgiven. The pardon of these three, Leonora, Francina, and Constantine, were now necessary to the complete expiation of his sins. With the aid of the papers, which testify to his dying repentance, he easily secures these testimonies, though the offended parties do not quite understand the connexion between Sydenham and Werner. Our hero now becomes attached to the banker's daughter, who is the intimate friend of the widowed Francina, and the book closes with his marriage, and a letter from the mysterious stranger who had disclosed to him a knowledge of his secret, and who turns out to be MESMER the inventor of *animal magnetism*. The part of his letter which explains the enigma of his information is as follows :—

"Soon after I began the new practice of medicine in Germany, I was called in to a consultation on the extraordinary case of Frederick Werner. He was then in extremity. My enemies, Drs. Hehl and Ingelhouz, were in attendance upon him. They asked me my opinion of his disorder, and smiled in scorn when they heard me pronounce the word *remorse*. But I had been told something of their patient's history, and moreover knew, that, in certain natures, remorse might prove as deadly as the slow fever, which, when it comes on is only one of its symptoms.

"The case strongly interested me, but I shall not here exhibit the progress of the malady—I am merely to record its singular close. I was sitting by his bedside, when, in the agonies of death, with dreadful energy, he uttered the following ejaculation: 'O that I could return again into the womb, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time and abused the blessings of my condition!' I looked earnestly in the face of Werner; the eyes had closed, the pulse was still, the chest ceased to heave, the sufferer was no more—but instead of features writhed with anguish, his countenance now expressed a heavenly composure, as if consolation had arrived at the very moment he expired. Scenes of death bed changes are familiar to the humane physician; his skill suffers no offence in the common dissolution of his kind. I know not that, much earlier in the malady, I could myself have saved poor Werner; but it would not have been by physic I should have attempted his cure.

"When, years after this event, I had succeeded among the scientific of the French nation, and established my theory by *healing multitudes*, I passed over into England, where I was told a fresh inquisition had been embodied to censure or stifle the new science. In London I found my early friend Fuseli, writing and even publishing in English, which we had studied together. He was using at the same time his magic pencil to display on canvass the poetic creations of your country, and the heroes of his own. Among the extraordinary occurrences of his life, he mentioned to me the unaccountable fact of a pupil of his, named Sydenham, who drew with the greatest accuracy and spirit, as if from nature present before him, German scenery and individuals of Germany, though he had never been out of England! My friend treated the subject as deeply mysterious. It excited my curiosity strongly. I asked the parentage and residence of the youth, and resolved, as I should find occasion, to observe this phenomenon. The dying wish of Werner now recurred to me, and it flashed into my mind suddenly that his prayer had been *granted*, and that an *identity* of mind might connect the two persons of Werner and Sydenham.

"In pursuance of my design, I now inquired after your habits, and found, as I expected, that you were much in foreign society. Our interview at the tavern on the night of the hurricane, you well remember, nor would I willingly forget it. I did not then wear the ordinary garb of physicians; there was nothing in common between us. I always trusted much to my exterior, by which I found all descriptions of men greatly impressed; and I knew so much of the secrets of nature, as to allow to time itself little power over my features. I joined your friend and you during a conversation exactly suited to my object, and I soon saw that I had surmised truly as to the identity between yourself and Werner. If I could have doubted my own science, your obvious *alarm* at the name of the deceased, carried conviction home to my reason. I anticipated, naturally, your growing anxiety to know more, or more positively, of the strange intruder, and the motives to his disclosure. As you intended it should, your ingenious advertisement one day caught my eye as I was indolently turning back the file of a public advertiser in Batson's coffee house. As an odd coincidence, the almost inseparable friends, Dr. Schomberg and the illustrious Garrick, were sitting in the next box to me. I wrote an answer to your question where I sat, and as I knew your address, sent it to your residence by a porter. I had reasoned upon your case, as you probably did yourself, and urged you, by foreign travel, to visit the proper scenes for beginning the atonement so essential to your peace.

"Our reconte at Canterbury, however, was on my part quite undesigned. I was then on a visit there to my learned friend the dean; and attended the cathedral service, as you probably did, from the complex feeling of religious duty and admiration of the strains in which music had harmonized our supplications. From one of the stalls in the choir, I easily recognized your person; but I judged that you were on your route, as I wished you to be, and I had really nothing to add of a nature so pressing, as to render it advisable to dissolve the little mystery between us, which I intended should be salutary. Since then, I know that every essential aid has been rendered to your progress. You have been led by an infallible wisdom to an infallible result. May the rest of your life be happy!

"In now taking leave of my young friend, a little may be said without vanity, as to myself. Objects of infinite importance to mankind claim me wholly. In

addition to simplifying the healing art, I design to work a mighty revolution in philosophy. I am destined to unfold unknown principles to the world, leading all to profound and benevolent results. But prejudice assailed the grand discoveries of Newton, and purblind physicians dispute, or deny, the MAGNETIC POWER which I have detected.

"I have already said enough to reveal me to one of your endowments; but while I close this explanation, with the expression of most cordial esteem, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of subjoining the name of MESMER."

We think the main feeling in reading this book, is one of impatience that it is not better. The idea is original, and, without doubt, one of the most capable of interesting speculation which has ever been started. The reader's feelings are constantly excited with the expectation of something more definite—more satisfactory. The author digresses so constantly and with so little apparent connexion, that you get to the end of the book, before you feel that he has entered fully upon the story. If we might speculate upon the author and the circumstances under which the book was written, we should say that he was a mere scholar, with an incidental knowledge of the fine arts, who had taken his scrap book, and, upon this imperfect web, woven all its miscellaneous contents. The story of Miss McEvoy is the most unprovoked intrusion upon a tale which we remember. It has no affinity, no likeness, no bearing upon the matter. It is very evident, too, that the writer has but little knowledge of society and its forms. The dialogues between the hero and his female friends read like a schoolboy's theme. Whenever he departs from philosophy and abstract discussion, he is out of his element, and makes a bow and a speech as awkwardly upon paper as he would (if we have not mistaken his character) in a drawing room. Still, it is worth while to read the book, not only because it contains some amusing and ingenious speculations, but because the author has exhausted the interest of the subject so imperfectly, that one's own fancy supplies the deficit, and finds ample room and material for agreeable reverie.

TALES OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD. New York, J. & J. Harper.

One of the most surprising literary phenomena of this age of bookmaking is the versatility of Mr. Croly. We do not know all that he has done, but we know that he is a clergyman, and of course somewhat of a theologian, that he wrote the "Angel of the World," one of the most exquisite Poems of its time, "Salathiel," a book of acknowledged and gorgeous power, a "New Interpretation of the Apocalypse" which has excited universal attention by its ingenuity and original views, some of the best descriptive and stirring martial poetry of the day, and, last, the delightful book whose

title heads this paragraph. The "Tales of the Great St. Bernard" are not all new. We read "the Married Actress" in one of the *Souvenirs* of last year, the "Woes of Wealth" were published in one of the *Magazines*, and the "Patron Saint," the "Conspirator," and the "Lock'd up Beauty" we have seen, but do not remember where. This is no drawback, however, upon the interest of the book. Mr. Croly's writing bears more than one reading, and, for that matter, the prodigious information it contains of countries and customs fits it for profitable study. The Wallachian's Tale of "Hebe" is entirely new, and told throughout with thrilling interest and power. The storm of the defile of the Balkan, the battle of the Tower of Rudschuck, the bloody scenes of the "Hermitage" at Constantinople, are of the highest order of description. We wish we had room to make extracts, but we must satisfy ourselves with recommending the book itself to our readers. It cannot fail with its keen satire, its fine knowledge of character and its high wrought pictures, to interest deeply. We hardly know how to reconcile the evidences of its various talent and resource with the life of one individual—displaying as the book does, an intimate acquaintance with the detail of society in almost every country in Europe, with the ripe and ready scholarship of a recluse, and an insight into a hundred forms of human vicissitudes, each of which would seem to have required the experience of a life.

POEMS, *By Louisa P. Smith.* Providence, A. S. Beckwith. 1829.

We do not know whether our readers will recognize in the Author before us, the lady who has been a contributor to the *Token and Legendary*, under the name of Louisa P. Hickman. A volume of two hundred and fifty pages lies before us, by this lady, who, though married, and the author of such a book, is, if her rhyme runs truly, but "careless seventeen." Young as she is, however, there is a finish, and an authentic grace in her style which show a singular maturity of judgment and taste. It is a collection of pure, sweet poetry—not powerful, nor betraying any great knowledge of the higher human passions, (how should such knowledge come with "seventeen?") but just such poetry as would seem the natural language of a gentle and high minded girl—such as we should expect to hear if we knew that the daily and unconscious pulses of her heart had become suddenly articulate. It is the expression of casual and pleasant thoughts, or impressions from images of beauty; of delight in a fine sentiment or a sweet passage in a book. It is the flow of unbidden and uncheck'd feelings—the gush of a fountain—the breath of intellectual being. Still, pleasant as it is to read

such poetry, we always regret its publication. It is bringing a plant into the air whose perfume is lost by the exposure. The arena of criticism is too rude a place for the poetry of delicate and simple feeling. It is always roughly handled—often trampled on. The pride of notoriety, too, is a poor exchange for the consciousness of gifts kept as ministers to the affections. Fame is like the cup in the fairy tale, which, when once tasted, left a perpetual thirst, and, with the existing taste, no poetry but the strong and the impassioned wins more than a first draught of its chalice. We would say, therefore, to all who have a mere talent for the beautiful in poetry, ‘keep it for your friends! It will heighten the value of your kind offices, and pass, unquestioned, as a graceful and peculiar ornament; but the sensitive nature inseparable from the gift, unfits it utterly to encounter the chances of promiscuous criticism—in which, though there are a few who may appreciate, there are more who do not remember that they ever were young, and in whose bosoms the delicate sense of beauty was long ago smothered and forgotten.

We have marked several pieces in the volume before us, and would gladly extract them all. We have only room for one, however, which we take, rather because we opened first to it, than because it is superior to the rest. ‘The Gift,’ ‘the Huma,’ ‘a Sketch,’ and ‘Recollections’ are some of those which we unwillingly exclude.

SPRING'S OFFERINGS.

I HAVE soft, still hours for the hearts that mourn,
When a dewy breath on my wing is borne,
When the soothing sound of my waterfalls,
Like the voice of love on the weeper calls;
And the scented breath of the southwind throws
A calm on the heart as it lightly goes.

I have wreaths for the brows that are lighted up
With the promise of bliss from joy's full cup,
With hearts and hopes and wishes high,
That like my own innocent buds must die;
For beauty's hair, when she goes to bloom
In the glittering light of the festal room.

For the scholar's rest, I have many a cell,
In the deep wild-wood, by the sparkling well,
Whose waves can lessen the feverish glow,
Which the midnight-lamp on the brow will throw;
Oh come to my cool and calm retreat,
And the things that are bright and beautiful meet.

I have streams—where the children's tiny boat
On the smooth, small waves may safely float,

With nor rock, nor reef on my flow'ry brink,
 The freight of its infant hopes to sink ;
 And I've pleasant places, where they may play
 Through the joyous hours of my long clear day.

I have gifts for all, if they will but come
 Away from the gloom of a wintry home,
 And gather my flowers, and taste my dew,
 As the fresh young leaves it sparkles through ;
 My shining treasures shall all be theirs,
 If they'll fly to me from life's dull cares.

TOKEAH, OR THE WHITE ROSE. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea.

This book deserves more than the cursory notice to which we are at present limited. It is in the same walk with Mr. Cooper's novels, and will bear a very fair comparison with them. With less originality and power in single characters and scenes, there is a more sustained and uniform beauty throughout, and, in the delineation of female character, a skill to which Mr. Cooper has not approached. We do not know of two more beautiful creations than Canondah and Rosa. The latter, especially, a Spanish captive reared in the hut of the chief Miko of the Occonees, is drawn with exquisite tenderness. The descriptions are evidently the work of a man who has been accustomed to observe, and who has looked on nature with the eye of a poet. It is altogether a most delightful book, and a credit to our literature.

THE HEIR OF THE WORLD, AND LESSER POEMS. By Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, Philadelphia.

The author of this book seems to have made the mistake so common among poets, of pleasing the ear with very little attention to the thought. You may read his volume through, and fancy it all fine poetry, and yet not be able to repeat a line or recall a sentiment. It is a mass of beautiful words and musical expressions—flowers gathered indiscriminately from the Author's imagination, like a child's lapful of roses, without stems. You may extract passages of fine description, and similes exquisitely turned all over the book ; but though this may be very good material for a review, it is not "matter for immortality."

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS.—According to a late statement of the Treasury department, the debt of the United States, at the beginning of the present year, was upwards of *fifty eight millions* of dollars. This will, probably, be all paid off in five or six years. For four years, before the last, ten millions, annually, were paid, of the principal and interest of the public debt: and in 1828, twelve millions were paid. The income of last year was \$24,000,000; and the expenses of government, exclusive of instalment paid of the debt, amounted to \$15,000,000. There was a balance in the Treasury the beginning of the year 1828, it must be remembered, of \$5,000,000. The amount received last year on sale of public lands, was nearly \$800,000. The receipts into the Treasury for four years, 1824—1827, inclusive were \$98,000,000. Expenses of government and instalments and interest of public debt, for same years were \$95,500,000.—Amount of importations into United States during same time \$350,000,000; of exports for same four years \$337,000,000. Of this 223,000,000 were domestic products and manufactures; and 104,000,000 of reexports of foreign goods and products. Amount of importations, since 1824, have increased 15 per cent. The shipping of United States has increased in the same ratio as the importations and revenue. It now is estimated at 1,500,000 tons; and is greater than that of any other nation, except Great Britain.—Congress has passed some laws favorable to commerce, as the giving longer time for a drawback on foreign products being exported: and lessening the duty heretofore required for tonnage.—Some appropriations have been made to assist in internal improvements, but several bills for objects of this nature were rejected, or postponed.—A proposition to make a settlement and establish a post near the mouth of the Columbia or Oregon river, was rejected. So also was a bill providing for an exploring expedition towards the South Pole.—An act was passed extending the benefits of the pension law of 1818, to widows and others, not before included.—The Tariff question was not brought forward, as had been expected.—The session was a short one; and many bills, which were reported, were postponed to the next session.—An important report was made in the Senate and also in the House, on the subject of transporting the mail on the Sabbath. Congress voted not to interfere in the affair.

General Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, has been chosen President of the United States by a great majority of votes. He had

178; and Mr. Adams received only 83. John C. Calhoun has been reelected Vice President by nearly the same majority. There are different opinions expressed as to the policy Gen. Jackson and his cabinet will pursue. Some fear many removals from office; but others anticipate a magnanimous conduct. The President is said to be a man of great energy and decision of character. We hope he will not be wanting in moderation and prudence. His inaugural address has been construed by his opponents as indicative of an exclusive spirit, and as of a radical character. He speaks, indeed, of the importance of economy; and censures the exercise of Executive patronage for party purposes. The composition is wanting in ornament, if not elegance. The speech however, is an explicit avowal of the President's principles, and contains a full declaration of his purposes generally, in administering the government. He must be judged by his measures; and where candor and impartiality are in exercise, he will not be condemned, unless his conduct discovers party feelings or arbitrary principles.

The affairs of the nation are in a prosperous state at present, and the prospect before us is cheering to the heart of the true patriot. If the Tariff question is again moved it will probably be with more candor and good temper than formerly; and the difficulty with England respecting our Eastern boundary, and the trade with her colonies in the West Indies, may be settled, it is hoped, honorably to both nations, if a spirit of firmness united with courtesy be brought to the discussion.

The legislature of Massachusetts had a long session, from the first Wednesday of January to 4th day of March. They refused to pass an act for a State tax, as has been usually done, until the three last years. The State is in debt, and the expenditures exceed the receipts into the public treasury. The Representatives have also been paid from the treasury of the Commonwealth, for several years past, without providing for reimbursement into the treasury, from the respective towns represented, as was always the case, except for these three years. These are great innovations; whether they will be for the welfare of the State, time will discover. The taxing of property and estates belonging to clergymen and instructors of youth is also a novel measure in this State, and it is a departure from the principles of our intelligent and patriotic ancestors. A great portion of the time of the Legislature was occupied on the question of a Rail road from Boston to

Connecticut river, and to the western line of the State. A small majority of votes was finally obtained, as to the probable benefit and expediency for the measure; but the subject was postponed to the next session, and there is little reason to believe that the Court will consent to subscribe largely to the plan, on behalf of the Commonwealth. If the project succeed at all, it will probably be by the enterprise and liberality of individuals. We should suppose that every town, through which it was to pass, would also subscribe freely for the undertaking. The citizens of Boston are particularly interested in the construction of a Rail road into the interior of the State and country. They would thus have an easy conveyance for the transportation of heavy articles to and from the country towns and connect themselves in trade with the people of the great agricultural State of New-York. The effect would be the increase and prosperity of our metropolis. A Rail road is proposed from fort Erie, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, to the Hudson below Albany. If one is constructed from Boston to the western part of the State, it might be easily connected with the one contemplated through Pennsylvania. It would add immensely to the trade of Boston.

A proposition was made in the General Court, at the last session, for establishing Lyceums, or High Schools, in the larger towns, where the inhabitants exceed 2000. These institutions would be somewhat similar to Academies, which have been numerous in the State; but the privileges of which are not confined to the youth of the town, where they are located. Lyceums are intended to be for the benefit of the towns, which support them; and youth of a certain age or of particular literary attainments are to be instructed in them. Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and the physical sciences are the studies proposed to be attended to.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—The question of removing the civil disabilities of the Catholics in Great Britain, is still agitated in England and Ireland with much feeling. The result is still doubtful. The Episcopal influence in the ministry and in Parliament, especially in the House of Lords, many members of which are Bishops of the English established church, is predominant, and is in strong opposition to the emancipation of the Catholics. All liberal statesmen in England, are now, and have long been in favor of removing the disabilities, to which the Catholics are subject. The protestant dissenters are also in favor of such a measure. But the spirit of the majority of British statesmen and Bishops is against it. It is impossible to predict when the question will be decided, and until it is, the Catholics will not cease to complain and protest.

Mexico has lately, again, been the scene of revolutionary excess. The former President

has been deposed by his rival, not by the vote of the people, but by force. Some lives were sacrificed in effecting this change; but the citizens generally, are said to acquiesce. How soon another revolution will take place, it may be difficult and improper to predict; but there is no good reason for believing, that a permanent and stable government can be maintained until the people are more enlightened and better educated.

The Society of Jesuits has been revived in France, and given great alarm to the most intelligent men in the kingdom, men who are sincere, but enlightened Catholics, and true friends to the present government. The influence is feared, because they are secret in their proceedings, are bigoted and exclusive in their views, and wish to establish the authority of the Pope and Priests in civil matters, as it was two or three centuries ago. Those who have written against the order or society appear to have the popular voice in their favor; but the Jesuits are active and zealous in efforts to maintain and to extend their power.

The literary expedition to Egypt, by M. Champollion, Jr. and other eminent French savans excites great expectation among the antiquaries of Europe. The object is to copy and decypher the hieroglyphic writings on the pyramids and monuments in that country. Champollion has before been in Egypt and made some progress in discovering the meaning of the inscriptions. Important results are predicted, from his researches, as to the ancient history and chronology of Egypt. Sacred history may be elucidated by his discoveries, and its connexion with profane or common history more fully pointed out.

A French traveller by the name of Caillé, has actually visited the famed Timbuctoo, a large and populous city, or town, in the interior of Africa. He was disguised as an Arab, professed to be a Mahometan, and went in company with a caravan of traders. He was in very feeble health for some time before he reached the place, and remained there but two weeks; so that only a brief or general account of the city can be expected from him. He is at Paris preparing a narrative of his journey. It is said to be a very large settlement: perhaps as large as Mexico was when visited by the Spaniards in 1520. It is hoped he will be particular and accurate in describing the customs, traditions, manners, occupations and religion of these people, in the interior of Africa.

Montgomery has lately published a volume of poems; the subjects are "The Universal Prayer," "Death," "A Vision of Heaven and of Hell." They are treated in the serious spirit, which is proper for such topics;

and cannot be perused without leaving an impression favorable to sobriety of life and spirituality of mind and affections.

Scott has lately given the public a new series of 'Tales of a Grandfather,' which are founded in historical events that occurred in Scotland and England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They are entertaining and instructive; but are particularly intended for the capacity and the benefit of the young.

A late number of the *Asiatic Journal* contains a long article on the literature of Georgia. This country, it will be recollected, is in the North West of Asia, near the Caucasian mountains, the present population of which exceeds two millions and an half. The name given it by the ancients, was Colchis. The inhabitants have their early traditions up to within a short period of the general deluge. A descendant of Japhet is supposed to have made the first settlement in this country. The literature of the Georgians is evidently founded on and connected with the history of the Bible. They call it "the book of books;" and were favored with a translation of it into their vernacular tongue, in an early age of Christianity. The writings of the early Christian fathers were also translated into the language of that country. Some ancient copies of these still remain in manuscript. Their religion is that of the Greek Church, with some unimportant variations. MSS. are also said to be in existence which would throw much light on the history of ancient times, so far as that country and vicinity was concerned. They were, however, strangers to either politics or theoretic science. They have been more distinguished for poetry and romance, and yet their poetry has little merit except a profusion of images, of which eastern writers generally are so fond.

The American Journal of Science and Arts. Among the numerous and valuable periodical publications in the United States, whether Reviews, Magazines, or other literary Journals, this work, conducted by Professor Silliman, of New Haven, is one of the most valuable. As a *Journal of Science*, it is certainly the first in America. Professor Silliman is a man of much general literature, and his knowledge of the exact Sciences, is probably greater than that of any other individual in the United States. He is also indefatigable and persevering in his researches. For some years, the *Journal of Science* was so limited in its circulation, notwithstanding the ability and learning of the Editor, that the publishers of the work were not reimbursed for their actual expenses. The publication is now more justly appreciated; and it is sincerely hoped, that the learned and able Editor will be encouraged to continue it. The two last

numbers are very valuable. In proof of this remark, we might refer to the articles, "On Mineralogy and Geology of Nova Scotia;" "On Gases, Acids, and Salts, near the Erie Canal," "On Volcanos and Earthquakes," "On the Vitality of Matter," "on Fossil Remains," and particularly "The Report on a Course of Liberal Education." The latter is a very able and elaborate article, and was prepared by a Committee appointed by the President and Fellows of Yale College. This Report is evidently the result of mature consideration. The great question with the Committee seems to have been, whether any material, and what, changes are proper to be made in the present mode of college instruction, study and discipline. The Committee consider classical learning of great importance, and a necessary foundation for a learned education. The guardians and overseers of Colleges in our country will do well to consult this able Report. An article, purporting to be a "History of Sea Serpents;" by the very learned Dr. Mitchell, we are inclined to believe, was prepared in haste, and under the influence of some unreasonable scepticism on the subject. The learned Doctor has not referred to the best evidence in the case, that derived from the depositions of Capt. Little and other respectable persons, who saw the Sea Serpent in 1779 and 1780, in the bay of Penobscot.

The fourth and fifth numbers of the *Southern Review* have been published—the last, in February. They fully sustain the high character acquired by the former numbers. The article in number IV. on the religious opinions and worship of the American Indians, discovers great research. The other articles are written with ability and learning.—In the fifth number the principal subjects are 'The law of Tenures,' 'Chancery,' 'Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind,' 'Butler's Life of Erasmus.'—They who have Jortin will hardly think of purchasing Butler.

The *Western Review*, published in the state of Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Flint, is a work of considerable promise. It does not profess to be equal to the *North American* or *Quarterly*; but it merits the encouragement of all the friends of good learning. Mr. Flint has a good taste, his style is chaste and perspicuous; and he is industrious in collecting whatever is important in the antiquities and natural history of the "Valley of the Mississippi." He is preparing a new novel, with the title of "Shoshonee Valley"—the leading design of which is to show "the influence of the introduction of the white people into or near the settlements of the native Indians."

The ninth number of the *American Quarterly Review* has been lately published by Carey & Lea of Philadelphia. The principal

pal articles are on Egyptian Architecture, The Law of Libel, History, Darby's View of the United States, Greek Revolution, Memoirs of Dr. P. Parr and Irving's Conquest of Grenada. These are important topics, and ably discussed; but not so interesting and popular as those treated in some other numbers.

The long expected Dictionary of Noah Webster, in two large quarto volumes, has been recently published, at New Haven, and in other parts of the country. The work is said to contain *twelve thousand* words more than are to be found in Todd's Johnson; and nearly *thirty thousand* more definitions than any English dictionary before published. "The greatest value of the work consists in a *copious* vocabulary, and in the comprehensiveness and correctness of the definitions."

Professor Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College in Maine, is preparing a *third* edition of his very learned and popular work on mineralogy. The feeble health of the author has hitherto delayed the intended publication.

A new novel writer has appeared in England; and his works rank high among the volumes of romance lately published. He cannot be considered a rival to Scott: But he has studied human nature entirely, and has mixed much with the fashionable society of the world. His remarks are correct and striking; and his design seems to be the moral improvement of his readers. "The Disowned" is the better of the two. In "Pelham," the writer is not sufficiently explicit in his reprobation of the depraved characters, which he has introduced.

Pollok's "Course of Time," we believe, does not continue to receive the very high praise, first bestowed upon it. The poem certainly indicates superior talents in the writer, and the design is excellent.

Books lately published in London. "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," by the Rev. Wm. Croly. "Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy," a familiar explanation of the nature and operation of the human mind. "The Genealogy of Christ Harmonized." "History of Roman Literature from the earliest periods to the Augustine age."

In the Press, "the Book of Jasher," referred to in Joshua. The MS. was brought to England, from the East, in the 13th century; and has lately been discovered among other MSS. belonging to a gentleman's library. Probably it is entitled to no more credit than "the prophecy of Enoch," published a few years ago: and yet it is possible it is a very ancient composition.

The London periodicals for February have appeared, but their contents are not very in-

teresting. It is stated, that the long-expected history of Sir James McIntosh is in great forwardness, and that the first volume will soon be published.—"The Collegians," "My Landlady and her Lodgers," by the author of "Annals of the Parish," have been lately published.—Also, "Tales, descriptive, characteristic and allegorical," by the writer of "Antidotes to the Miseries of Human Life."

Carey and Lea of Philadelphia, have lately published "The Conquest of Granada," by Washington Irving. They will soon publish "The Maid of the Mist," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Wish-ton-Wish," by Cooper; "Travels in America," by Capt. Basil Hall.

The second volume of "Life of Gov. Gerry," by J. T. Austin, Esq. has been published in Boston. Hon. Alden Bradford, is preparing a third volume of the History of Massachusetts, from 1790 to 1825.

JOHN THOMAS, Esq. the late Editor of the Cheltenham Chronicle, England, proposes to publish an "English Newspaper, to be called the Western Examiner," printed in a similar manner to the London Examiner. We have heard Mr. Thomas spoken of in high terms, and have no doubt he will conduct the proposed publication ably.

G. and C. Carvill will soon publish "Knapp's Lectures on Christian Theology," translated from the German by Leonard Woods, Jr. Professor Stuart of Andover, says of the work, "There are few writers, whom I have had the pleasure to peruse, for whose opinion I feel a greater veneration than for that of Dr. Knapp." He adds his assent also to some remarks by the translator which close with the following observation: "Though these Lectures were designed principally for the Student in Theology, the Author never loses sight of the ultimate object of all religious instruction. His remarks on the *practical* importance of the doctrines of Christianity, and his directions as to the *best method of presenting them* in popular discourse, form a very considerable, and by no means the least valuable part of the work. The whole is free from sectarian bitterness, is marked with peculiar candor, and pervaded by a spirit of warm and enlightened piety."

A volume of a "New Collection of ancient MSS." from the Vatican in Rome, lately published, contains the Commentaries of C. M. Victorinus on the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians and Philippians; an Essay in defence of the Christian Religion against the *natural* philosophers, by the same person. A treatise against the Arians from a Cassinese Codex. An ancient Commentary on Luke. The Gospel of Matthew, according to a most ancient MS.



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NO. II.

ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

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CONSIDERING the opinion, that this continent was known either to Africa or Europe or to the western nations of Asia, at a very early period, or that it was first settled by people from those parts of the earth, as destitute of all solid support, there is no other hypothesis remaining, by which we can account for its whole occupancy and great population in 1500, and for many centuries before, according to the tradition of the native Americans, except that above advanced, of an emigration from the northeastern parts of Asia; which, probably, took place in 800 or 900 years after the general deluge, and 1400 or 1500 years before the Christian era. This early period will account for the extensive settlements, and immense number of inhabitants in America, when first visited by the Spaniards in 1500; and which had been such, as the natives reported, for a very long period. This hypothesis is further supported by the consideration of the actual condition of the American Indians, as to their customs and their knowledge, or more properly, perhaps, their ignorance of the arts of civilized life; which, allowing for some few changes made during a long period, was probably such as it was among the Tartar tribes in Asia, at the time of their supposed migration. That they came to this continent by a short water passage; that they came to the country of Anahuac or Mexico, from the north, at a great distance, and at a remote period, after several intermediate settlements, their accounts and traditions shew, with equal constancy and universality. The learned Acosta, a Spaniard, and Boturini, an Italian, who spent several years in Mexico, in the seventeenth century, and devoted their researches, to the history, origin and customs of this remarkable people, adopted the opinion here ad-

vanced. It was also favored by Sir William Jones, one of the most learned men of the eighteenth century. He passed many years in India, and studied the history of most ancient nations, with peculiar zeal and assiduity. He believed the first inhabitants of America emigrated from the northeast of Asia, and at a very remote period; 'probably,' he says, 'within eight hundred years after the deluge.' He founded his opinion upon their complexion, customs and physical character; but principally on the consideration, that if they had left Asia at a much later period, they would have brought with them more knowledge and more of the arts of civilized life; and that the event would have been known through Asia and in Europe.

The same opinion was expressed by the learned Hornius, or Horn, in his remarks on the theory of Hugo Grotius. He supposed that the original inhabitants of America were descended from the Cathayan Tartars, or Huns; and that they came to this continent and made settlements, at a very early age of the world: But he does not undertake to fix the particular period. He excludes the Africans, and the Scandinavians or Norwegians; but thinks it not impossible, that the Malays, at an early period, after traversing the Pacific ocean, might have effected a settlement in South America; and, consequently, that a part of the population of that country descended from them.

We ought, perhaps, to have noticed the conjecture of some writers, who have suggested, that the Japanese were the first settlers of this continent. This opinion may be more plausible than that which accounts for the original occupancy, by Africans, Phenicians or Egyptians. But there is nothing in any existing tradition, nor is there any other evidence to support the hypothesis. Besides, if Japan furnished inhabitants for America originally, it would have been by the aid of navigation, a knowledge of which would have been retained by the Americans in ages subsequent to the first settlement. They would, probably, have kept up an intercourse with the new colony. Their migration, also, we may reasonably suppose, would have been to a latitude not more northern, than the place from which they came; whereas nothing is more certain, than that many of the first people of America, (if not all of them) came to it in a high northern latitude, at or near Behring's Straits. The migration of these Tartar tribes or hordes might, indeed, have been at different times, with short intervals, and the companies not very numerous. The inducement might have been to escape from powerful hostile tribes in Asia; or we may impute their removal to a wandering disposition, which lead men to seek out new places of settlement or hunting.

It is true, that Clavigero, the learned historian of Mexico, and M. Malte Brun, the indefatigable and scientific geographer of the pre-

sent century, rather favor the opinion, that South America was first occupied by some Malays or Chinese ; yet they admit, that it is most probable North America was originally settled by an Asiatic race, who came to this continent at a very remote period, and in a high northern latitude. A few writers also, have supposed, that South America was early settled chiefly by Africans. If the aborigines of South America were very like, either the Africans, or the Chinese, in physical character, color, or customs, there would be some plausibility in these theories. But there were no negroes in America, when first visited by the Spaniards ; and there is nothing yet detected in the traditions or customs of the Peruvians (as before observed) to render it probable even that they sprung from the Chinese or Malays. M. Brun expressly acknowledges, that the people of South America and those of the Islands in the Pacific ocean are dissimilar in their language and their physiological attributes. It seems to us, after much consideration of the subject, that a passage from Asia to America, at Behring's Straits, is the only one, which a rude and wandering people, as the Tartar and Mongol tribes were in the eighth or tenth century from the deluge, with little knowledge of navigation, could reasonably be supposed to make. No objections have ever been offered, to render it improbable that this was the channel of the emigrations from the old to the new continent ; or that these were made at a very remote period, as above suggested : and as to resemblances, it is conceded by all writers on the subject, that far greater likenesses are to be found between the inhabitants of this continent and the ancient, wandering, illiterate tribes in the north-east of Asia, than between the American Indians, and any other nation.

It is well known, that the ancient Huns and Tartars were a wandering people. It is a fact, also, that in very early periods, as well as in later times, there were wars and revolutions, in the central and northern parts of Asia. This was the case, with the inhabitants of those regions, in the fourth and fifth century from the deluge. Ambition or wants produced invasions, and these produced migrations to distant places. Thus, some families and tribes removed west, some south, and some east, from the central parts of Asia, the early residence of the fathers of our species. Within four hundred years from the deluge, all Asia was probably settled, (except the extreme northern part) even as far as the shores of the Pacific ocean, and the Islands contiguous to the coasts. There is nothing to render it improbable, that soon after settling on or near the shores of the Pacific, even with little knowledge of navigation, some adventurous and wandering hordes would pass to the Islands in the vicinity, and thus proceed to the American coast ; especially, as the arm of the sea is very narrow, at the place before mentioned, and that at which

they most probably passed, and several Islands intervene to facilitate the passage. They might, indeed, have made the passage a little south of Behring's straits, by the Aleutian Islands. The individuals who emigrated belonged to a roving, and partially civilized tribe, desirous of finding new places of abode, where they might have more extensive possessions, as well as be safe from the robberies and depredations of a more powerful people.

This was the opinion and theory of some learned men more than a century ago, respecting the first and early settlement of the American continent. And since it has been ascertained, that the distance between Asia and America at Behring's straits, is not many leagues, this hypothesis has had numerous advocates.*

Now, if this passage to America, by a few persons even, was as early as above suggested, within 800 or 900 years after the flood, we may repeat, that there has been ample time for the settlement and occupancy of this whole continent by their descendants, according to the ratio of increase and multiplication of the human race, in other parts of the earth.

After passing over to America, these people would naturally as they increased, extend their settlements, both on the coasts and into the interior of the country. It is not probable, however, that they travelled north, to colder regions; but east, southeast, and especially south, to a milder climate and country. As they became numerous, and found fertile tracts of land, they would build towns or villages, establish sites of permanent abode, and cultivate the ground. Thus, from mere wandering tribes, they sometimes became more stationary and somewhat civilized. When the population of any place was numerous, their wants would increase, and some arts of social life, probably were invented and introduced among them. Such, according to the most ancient histories, was the progress of society in the old world, in early times. The traditions and hieroglyphic paintings of the Mexicans, so far as the latter have been explained, shew that the ancestors of the Aztecs or Mexicans, had proceeded in this manner. Several settlements were made, and compact towns built, by the ancestors of this people, between the valley of Anahuac and Nootka sound, in the north. From these towns or settlements in the north, their children and the more enterprising of the ancient race of the Toltecs and Aztecs, occasionally sallied forth in search of other regions, where they could have greater possessions, or a more fertile soil, or more convenient places for hunting : and in 2800,

* It is hardly necessary to mention an ancient tradition, that formerly the two continents were united at this place ; but were severed by an earthquake. It may be better founded, indeed, than that of the sinking of land between Africa and South America, which some supposed were once contiguous. But the passage at Behring's Straits is short, and there is no difficulty in believing it might be crossed in small boats.

or 3000 years, (including fourteen or fifteen centuries before, and the same number after the Christian era) the whole continent of America became filled with inhabitants. From their first settlements, they probably soon removed east, into the interior of the country, to the north of the great lakes, to Hudson's bay and to Canada ; southeast, along the southern shores of the lakes, to the Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio rivers ; thence to Florida, the Carolinas, to the Potomac, Susquehanna, Delaware, Hudson, Connecticut rivers, and to the Atlantic coasts, within the present territory of New England.

If we should suppose, that any people who came to America in a remote age were accustomed to navigate the ocean, there would be no difficulty in admitting, that they passed over from Asia in a more southern latitude, even from Japan or some part of China. In the opinion of some writers, as we have noticed, this is necessary to account for the settlement of Chili and Peru. But this hypothesis supposes a greater knowledge of navigation than can be justly admitted, for the reasons before stated. It is far more reasonable to suppose, that the Toltecs, or their predecessors in Anahuac, who possessed the country in a very remote period, migrated to Chili and Peru, and settled the whole territory between. The ruins of ancient buildings, the temples, the traditions, customs and dress of the latter are similar to the former nation, or people ; and strongly indicate a common origin, if not the descent of one from the other.

The probability, then, is far greater in favor of the hypothesis, which accounts for the early settlement and population of the American continent, by referring solely to a passage at Behring's straits, many centuries before our era, and as early, perhaps, as the exode of the Jews from Egypt. The principal objection to this theory, (for there is no evidence furnished, by physical character, language, or customs, of the descent of the Americans from any particular nation in Europe, Africa, or from the Chinese) is, that the whole continent would not have been filled with inhabitants, if we were to suppose they all sprang from a few wandering Asiatics. But we know not how numerous was the company or horde, which came early to America. There might have been fifty only ; and there might have been two or three hundred. But 3000 or 2500 years, the period from the ninth or tenth century after the deluge, to the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, would be sufficient for the settlement of the whole continent, as it was in 1500, when first visited by the Spaniards.

It may now be proper to notice the opinions of those who contend for a theory altogether different from that here advanced, and whose arguments are entirely unlike those used by the writers before mentioned ; and who suppose, that a *distinct* race, or races of people are found in America, whose origin must necessarily be traced to

different nations of the globe, if they are not, indeed, of a species wholly different from those of any other people on the earth. These arguments are founded in their various forms and features, and in their difference of language : for neither their color nor their traditions, nor their arts of life are such as to render very probable the opinion of originally *distinct* races of mankind. It is granted, however, even by those writers who have advanced or advocated this hypothesis, that difference of climate, long and remote separation, variety of occupation, of diet, and of social condition, will account for considerable shades of difference, in color, and for diversity in the arts of life ; since these must depend, in a great measure, upon the relative numbers, the occupations, compactness, and fixed location of mankind. As to the traditions of the several nations and tribes of American Indians, they were substantially, the same, with reference to the deluge, the early dispersion and consequent migrations from a distant country to the west and northwest, and to the removals of their ancestors from their first settlements on this continent, to the places they themselves occupied.

What, then, are the facts and arguments derived from the physiology of man, which militate with the hypothesis we have advanced ? It is pretended, by some philosophers, that there are several distinct races of men, even in the old world ; and the people of America form another race entirely different from any of those. Blumenbach supposes there are five distinct races or families of men, whose physiological characters are essentially different ; Malte Brun pretends there are three distinct races in Africa only ; and a fanciful modern writer asserts that there are sixteen distinct races of people on the globe. But the opinion of most learned men is, that the varieties, which exist, in the physical character of different nations, have been discovered only in later times, after mankind had been separated for many generations and centuries ; and their condition diversified, by climate, diet, occupation, and modes of living, whether in large societies, or in a more isolated and wandering manner. M. Brun himself seems to be of this opinion. Their theory, then, does not, in reality, militate with the hypothesis, which supposes one primitive race or family as the origin of all. In entering upon this part of the discussion, it becomes us perhaps to confess, that the limited knowledge we possess of physiological facts relating to man will not justify a very decided and positive opinion on the subject. Much attention, however, has been given to the question ; so that we feel somewhat confident of the correctness of the remarks here submitted. We observe, then, in the first place, that great doubt is entertained as to the propriety of resting any hypothesis, as to distinct races of mankind, or an essential difference between the people of America and all other nations, on such a foundation. Nothing satisfactory

has been ascertained or written on this subject. The most erudite physiologists are not agreed among themselves. Every one has a peculiar theory of his own. It has already been stated, that some writers suppose five distinct races ; and some, sixteen. Some have pretended there were three in America.

Such speculations and theories are certainly not entitled to much credit or consideration, unless supported by clear and direct proof. For they militate with the account given by Moses, the Jewish historian, of the general deluge, and of the early occupancy and settlement of the earth after that great calamity. And he has never yet been detected in any erroneous statement, or in substituting fanciful theories for truth. If it be intended, merely, as it seems to be by some writers, that, at a very early and now remote period, within one hundred and fifty or two hundred years of the deluge, the children and descendants of Noah, of the third and fourth generations, separated from one another, in Chaldea, and settled in different and distant parts of the earth ; some in Canaan and Palestine, some in Egypt and Ethiopia, and in the western parts of Africa, some in the eastern parts of Europe, and some in the northern and eastern parts of Asia ; and, that long separation, difference of climate, of labor, occupation and diet, of more or less exposure to the sun and air, of variety in their social state, some living in towns, others wandering into new and wild countries, exposed to excessive heat and cold, to diseases and want, would produce a variety in the color, stature, form, features, and strength of different nations.—If this only be intended by distinct races of men, it will be admitted, as well with regard to the new continent as to the old.

There is, indeed, one fact in the physiology of our species, (difference of shape and stature do not present a very formidable difficulty) which has not been satisfactorily explained, on the supposition of the *unity* of the human race. This respects the negroes of Africa : But it is not a difficulty to embarrass, particularly, the hypothesis which we have here advanced, as to the entire, original settlement of America by a horde or company of the Tartar race, from the northeast of Asia. On this continent, none of the indigenous inhabitants were like the negroes of Africa ; but a strong general likeness is observable among all the Indian nations in America ; and they, also, most resemble the Huns, or Cathayan Tartars, who inhabited the north of Asia in a very remote period.

The color and features of the Africans are so peculiar, that some philosophers have doubted their descent from Noah ; but others, equally learned, are of opinion, that a long residence in the burning climate and sandy soil of Africa is sufficient to account for the dark color of its population. The antediluvians were probably tawny or copper-colored ; for it is supposed they lived chiefly in the fields

and open air. The early descendants of Noah, after the flood, in Canaan, Chaldea, Persia, Arabia, and India, lived after the same manner, and were of a similar complexion. The white color of the European was probably acquired by living in high northern latitudes, and residing in houses and caves of the earth.

There is, indeed, another hypothesis, as is well known, respecting the very dark complexion of the sons of Ham, who first settled Africa; which is, that this color was inflicted by God, as a signal punishment and reproach for the wickedness of this unnatural son. It is sufficient to have referred to this opinion, in this connexion. The cause of the peculiar color of Ham's descendants, we attempt not to account for. It is generally believed, however, that the early race of Egyptians and others who settled in the north of Africa, on the shores of the Mediterranean, were not so black as the negroes of the interior and farther south, who lived almost wholly without shelter or covering; and thus, in process of time, became of the deep dark color, which we now witness.

But we return from this digression: and, without intending to repeat, we beg concisely to state, that the arguments and facts furnished by physiology, and the opinion of learned men, go to support rather than to weaken the theory we advocate. Some writers have pretended, it is true, that the Peruvians resembled the Malays; but this has never been insisted on. It has been more seriously urged, that the Esquimaux Indians, in the northeast parts of this continent, were like the Scandinavians and Norwegians, in their features and stature. But it is also positively asserted, on the other hand, that there are no very striking resemblances between them; and that the Esquimaux resemble much more, the Samoides, a Tartar tribe in the northeast of Asia; some of whom might have passed to America, at the same time, or soon after, the company of Mongol Tartars did, and directed their course eastward across the country towards the territory, which they have since occupied.

Governor Cass, who has had much intercourse with many of the Indian tribes, and has visited several of their settlements, in different parts of the interior of the country, is decidedly of opinion that they were all, originally of one nation. He says, "that, in stature, form, high cheek bone, thinness of beard, and general appearance, there is a strong resemblance among all the American tribes; and that their traditions, customs, manners, and religious sentiments are essentially the same." The same opinion is expressed by Malte Brun. He also says, "That it is not an insuperable objection to the theory of the *unity* of the human species, that a great variety now exists, in the stature, color and features of mankind; for that these may be accounted for, by long and distant separation, difference of climate, of occupation, of modes of living, and of the early treatment of

children." Blumenbach asserts, that a variety in stature, as well as in strength, is owing, in some measure, to diet ; in color, to climate ; and that both are affected by particular diseases. Two important points are thus established ; viz. that all the early inhabitants of America came from one nation, and not partly from Egypt, partly from China, partly from Malacca, partly from Africa, and partly from the north of Europe. And second, that the theory of the Unity of the human species, which admits all nations and tribes on the earth to have descended from one primeval stock, is quite consistent with the varieties to be met with, in different countries, as to shape, stature, and other physical attributes. The American Indians have, generally, the same color and facial features, and nearly the same form and stature of the Cathayan and Mongol Tartars. Their erect stature and quick step are owing to the posture in which they are placed, when infants, and to being much addicted to hunting. In some parts of the interior of North America, there are tribes called flat heads, and round heads ; but this is owing to the artificial efforts of parents, upon their infant offspring ; and is no evidence of a distinct race. A similar custom, or practice, with regard to children, prevails in other parts of the earth ; as Sumatra, the Sandwich Islands, and in some parts of Africa.

Where many resemblances and analogies can be traced, we may justly conclude, that nations are more nearly connected, than where such analogies are few and indistinct. The inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands, the Mongols, and other tribes in the eastern parts of Asia have beards like the American Indians : and this fact affords a probability of the ancient descent of the latter from the former people ; though not altogether satisfactory or decisive proof. The Esquimaux and Algonquins in the northeastern and central parts of this continent, resemble, in stature and physiognomy, the Samoides and the Ostiaks, ancient tribes in the north and northeast of Asia. Other analogies have been detected, by writers on the physiological character of the human species, between the American Indians and the Tartar race or tribes in Asia.

There are, not only two or three strongly marked varieties in the human species, but there are several intermediate differences, which approach more or less nearly to one another. Besides the black African, the clear and white European, and the tawny Malay or Chinese, there are many shades of difference which must be attributed to different climates, diet, and employments, and to exposure to cold and heat, to the air and sun, in a great measure. If this be true, and most writers acknowledge it, and undisputed facts confirm the opinion, we may justly admit, that the whole human race is derived originally from a single family, according to the common belief ; and also, that the progenitors of all the Indian tribes in America were of the same race or nation. There is certainly no evidence, from any

physical peculiarity of character in the aborigines of America, which militates with the opinion, that the whole population of this continent sprung from a horde of the Tartar race, which came here from the northeast of Asia, at a place where the water passage is short and easily accomplished. Nor is there any reason to doubt, that this event took place in a very remote age, and probably within 800, or 900 years of the deluge; which allows a period of nearly 3000 years for the settlement of this continent, at the time it was discovered by Columbus. It is a fact, fully established, that, in 1500, when America was first visited by the Spaniards, and long before even, most parts of the country had a dense population; and that there were works of human labor and art, for which we cannot reasonably account, but on the supposition of a very high antiquity. Artificial works, in various places, give indications of immense numbers of people, many centuries ago.

There are other considerations, suggested by the condition (and history so far as known) of the American Indians, which render it most probable, that the first inhabitants, and those from whom all the others, in successive ages, descended, emigrated from Asia, at a very remote period, and as early even as we have above supposed. Had they left the old continent, at a much later period; say, the north of Europe in the tenth or eleventh century, of our era, when great advances had been made in civilization and the arts, they would have brought such knowledge with them and transmitted it to successive generations. Alphabetic writing was unknown to the Americans in the year 1500 of the Christian era. But had their ancestors, the first people of this country, emigrated from Europe in the 11th century; had they come from the western or central, or even the eastern parts of Asia, about the same period, or as early even as the beginning of our era; or had they descended from the Jews, who were carried away into the interior of Asia, 600 years before our era, as some have supposed: in either of these cases, they would have retained a knowledge of the alphabet, and a distinct recollection of the customs, arts and history of the nation from which they sprung. But the Indians of America were ignorant not only of alphabetic writing, but of some of the most useful discoveries, as of oil, and tallow, for the purpose of artificial light, which were used in Europe and Asia, in comparatively early times. Most of them, however, were acquainted with hieroglyphic writing, by which they preserved a recollection of past events. The Mexicans made great use of this art. And it is the opinion of Clavigero, Gemelli, Humboldt, Bullock and others, that the tribes far in the north and northwest had long been in the practice of this kind of writing.

It is well known, that hieroglyphic writing was used in Egypt, Chaldea, and the more eastern parts of Asia, at a very early period. It is probable the original American tribes were acquainted

with the art before they came to this continent. The argument, that the Americans descended from the Egyptians, merely because the former like the latter were in the use of hieroglyphics, deserves little consideration. For they must have had a *common* origin, having descended from the same nation or family, in the western parts of Asia, at a very early period, and emigrated in different directions, to far distant regions.

There has never been a thorough comparison of the Egyptian and Mexican hieroglyphics : But from what is known they are not considered so similar, as that we must conclude one nation descended from the other. As all people, even those who are very little civilized, are in the use of symbolic paintings of some sort, it is difficult to draw any conclusion, which will satisfy the judgment, unless the resemblances are very numerous.

The researches of Champollion, the celebrated French savan, now on a visit to Egypt, to decypher the hieroglyphics on the monuments and pyramids of that country, may afford facilities to decide this question. It is already known from the discoveries of this industrious and erudite antiquary, that the Egyptian hieroglyphics of the earliest dates, about the time of Joseph and Moses, are partly phonetic or alphabetic, and partly symbolical.

It has already been stated, that Sir William Jones favored the theory of the early settlement of America, by a Tartar tribe or company, from the northeast of Asia. And this migration and settlement he supposed were within 800, or 900 years of the deluge. Acosta, a learned Spaniard, and Clavigero, the diligent modern historian of Mexico, were inclined to the same opinion (although the latter suggests, that South America might have been first peopled by Malays or Chinese.) The celebrated traveller, Humboldt, a writer of great learning, and credit, favors the opinion of Sir William Jones. To these may be added the eminent geographer, Malte Brun ; who says, "that the supposition of a very early occupancy of America, by an Asiatic Tartar tribe, is necessary to account for the condition and population of the territory of Anahuac and other parts of the continent, for the monuments found, and the traditions there prevailing in 1500.

Huet, Kircher, and Siguenza, a learned native Mexican of the seventeenth, century, have considered it possible (they were all far from being confident) that the Egyptians early planted a colony on some part of the western coast of America. But this opinion, or conjecture rather, was founded on the circumstance, that the American Indians, like the Egyptians, had the knowledge and were in the use of hieroglyphic writing, or painting ; and erected buildings or mounds of the pyramidal form. To the first of these points, we have already referred. We consider the argument of very little force. As little weight is there in the other suggestion, as to pyramids.

What then, it may be asked, does a reference to the various languages of the nations, in the old continent, serve to prove, as to the origin of the American Indians. Nothing—positively and decisively, *nothing*. For the languages and idioms of the latter, are not so radically diverse from all those known in Asia or Europe as to justify one, on this account, to assert, that they were originally a distinct race : Nor has it yet been made to appear, that the analogies between the most extensive dialect in America and that of any particular nation, on the eastern continent, are so numerous and striking, as to authorize the conclusion, that the first inhabitants of this country descended from any such nation. So far, however, as any analogies of language have been found to exist, they support the theory of an Asiatic origin. Some affinities have been detected between the languages of the central and northern tribes of this continent, and that of the Mongols, a Tartar race in the north of Asia. Vater mentions several strong analogies between the Esquimaux and Algonquins of America, and the Tchouktchese, in the eastern part of Asia, who are only a tribe of the Tartar race. It may be more difficult to discover analogies between the languages of the Esquimaux and the Mexicans ; but some resemblances have been pointed out between the former and the tribes once inhabiting the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Delaware and the more northeastern parts of Canada and the United States.

In a discourse on the ancient languages of America, Vater points out many analogies and resemblances between them and the languages of some tribes of the old continent, particularly of the Japanese, the Sanscrit, and the Caucasian : and he insists that there are resemblances also of the Esquimaux, in the northeast of North America, to the Tchouktchese in the east of Tartary. M. Brun says affinities exist between the Mexican languages and those of the Ostiaks, and Calmucs, in northeast of Asia. And yet, strange to relate, this learned writer asserts that there are *twenty* different languages ! Surely, these can be only different dialects, like those of the separate states of ancient Greece. We cannot but observe, that such an extravagant opinion goes to shew, that no satisfactory theory can be deduced, as to the descent of one nation from another, merely on account of some *supposed* resemblances of language.

Additional remarks on this subject might be made ; but the article must not be extended. It is a satisfaction to learn, that some learned philologists, both in Europe and America, are directing their inquiries as to the connexion between written languages in the old continent, and those spoken by the Aborigines of America. If, as has been assumed, and as the most ancient and authentic history authorizes us to believe, the human race was early dispersed (nearly 4000 years ago) and settled in places far distant from the location of the prime-

val family, we cannot suppose that much improvement had been made in language, or in the common arts of life ; excepting such as necessity led them to invent, before the time of their dispersion. Those who thus wandered from the primitive family might lose something of the knowledge, which their early ancestors possessed ; and would also gradually adopt new phrases and forms of speech ; and thus, eventually, introduce various dialects and idioms in different parts of the earth. The languages of the Americans do not differ more, perhaps, from those of the eastern continent, than do those of distant and unconnected parts of Europe or Asia ; especially, if the differences occasioned by civilization and a savage life be taken into the account.

The learned Vater says, "there are 3000 languages in the world ; 1200 in America, 1000 in Asia, 600 in Europe, and 200 in Africa." He does not pretend, however, that these languages are *radically* different ; nor that those usually called *primitive* are *totally* distinct in their rudiments or elements. We may justly conclude, then, that the hypothesis, which supposes *originally* distinct races of men, and assumes that the Americans are strictly an *indigenous* people, is not supported by any facts furnished by the numerous dialects or idioms which exist, nor by the anomalies which have been discovered in the different languages of mankind.

B.

SKETCH OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

He sat by me at school. His face is now
Vividly in my mind, as if he went
From me but yesterday—its pleasant smile
And the rich, joyous laughter of his eye,
And the free play of his unhaughty lip,
So redolent of his heart ! He was not fair,
Nor singular, nor over-fond of books,
And never melancholy when alone.
He was the heartiest in the ring, the last
Home from the summer's wanderings, and the first
Over the threshold when the school was done.
All of us loved him. We shall speak his name
In the far years to come, and think of him
When we have lost life's simplest passages,
And pray for him—forgetting he is dead—
Life was in him so passing beautiful !

His childhood had been wasted in the close
And airless city. He had never thought
That the blue sky was ample, or the stars

Sketch of a Schoolfellow.

Many in heaven, or the chainless wind
 Of a medicinal freshness. He had learn'd
 Perilous tricks of manhood, and his hand
 Was ready, and his confidence in himself
 Bold as a quarreler's. Then he came away
 To the unshelter'd hills, and brought an eye
 New as a babe's to nature, and an ear
 As ignorant of its music. He was sad.
 The broad hill sides seem'd desolate, and the woods
 Gloomy and dim, and the perpetual sound
 Of wind and waters and unquiet leaves
 Like the monotony of a dirge. He pined
 For the familiar things until his heart
 Sicken'd for home!—and so he stole away
 To the most silent places, and lay down
 To weep upon the mosses of the slopes,
 And follow'd listlessly the silver streams
 Till he found out the unsunn'd shadowings,
 And the green openings to the sky, and grew
 Fond of them all insensibly. He found
 Sweet company in the brooks, and loved to sit
 And bathe his fingers wantonly, and feel
 The wind upon his forehead; and the leaves
 Took a beguiling whisper to his ear,
 And the bird-voices music, and the blast
 Swept like an instrument the sounding trees.
 His heart went back to its simplicity
 As the stir'd waters in the night grow pure—
 Sadness and silence and the dim-lit woods
 Won on his love so well—and he forgot
 His pride, and his assumingness, and lost
 The mimicry of the man, and so unlearn'd
 His very character till he became
 As diffident as a girl.

"Tis very strange

How nature sometimes wins upon a child
 Th' experience of the world is not on him,
 And poetry has not upon his brain
 Left a mock thirst for solitude, nor love
 Writ on his forehead the effeminate shame
 Which hideth from men's eyes. He has a full,
 Shadowless heart, and it is always toned
 More merrily than the chastened voice of winds
 And waters—yet he often, in his mirth,
 Stops by the running brooks, and suddenly
 Loiters, he knows not why, and at the sight
 Of the spread meadows and the lifted hills
 Feels an unquiet pleasure, and forgets
 To listen for his fellows. He will grow

Fond of the early star, and lie awake
Gazing with many thoughts upon the moon,
And lose himself in the deep chamber'd sky
With his untaught philosophies. It breeds
Sadness in older hearts, but not in his ;
And he goes merrier to his play, and shouts
Louder the joyous call—but it will sink
Into his memory like his mother's prayer,
For after years to brood on.

Cheerful thoughts
Came to the homesick boy as he became
Wakeful to beauty in the summer's change,
And he came oftener to our noisy play,
Cheering us on with his delightful shout
Over the hills, and giving interest
With his keen spirit to the boyish game.
We loved him for his carelessness of himself,
And his perpetual mirth, and tho' he stole
Sometimes away into the woods alone,
And wandered unaccompanied when the night
Was beautiful, he was our idol still,
And we have not forgotten him, tho' time
Has blotted many a pleasant memory
Of boyhood out, and we are wearing old
With the unplayfulness of this grown up world.

THE FANCY BALL.

"Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine, lady mine!
Ere the noon upon it glow, lady mine!
But the noon must have its ray,
And the snow wreaths melt away,
And hearts—why should not they?
Why not thine?"

"WHAT shall be my character, coz?" said Gerald Grey, lifting up his eyes from a book of costumes he had been turning over for some time, and addressing a dark eyed, Cleopatra looking girl, who sat on the opposite side of the round table; "shall it be Turk or Christian, ~~Man~~ or Gentleman, Richard or Saladin, Peasant or Peer, King or Cobbler, Sailor or Saint, Peter the Great or Peter the Hermit? Shall I wear kilt or trowsers? shall I wear turban or helmet? shall I carry a sword or a show box? shall I go *en attendant* to yourself and be the envy of the rooms, or play Shadow to Silence in the corner there, and be overlooked by the whole world?"

The lady last alluded to sat apart from the circle, netting a silk purse with the persevering industry which apologizes so prettily for

abstraction when one wishes to dream in company. She was a fair, delicate girl, with a blue eye shaded heavily with dark lashes, and a mouth of exquisite refinement. Her figure was slenderer, and her whole air in strong contrast with the imposing and queenly beauty of her sister.

"Tell, me Cecile," continued the young man, moving his chair up to the side of the silent girl, and lowering his tone to a half-audible murmur, which we have not the effrontery to ascribe to a mere cousinly regard, "may I take a character, my dear cousin, which will give me an apology to be near you?"

The answer was probably an unexpected one, for he rose with a flushed cheek, and, bidding a confused adieu, left the room.

Gerald Grey, (a pretty name for a hero—is it not, lady?) had intruded on one of those veriest eras in these times of illumination, a domestic evening. The round table stood in the centre of the room; the suspended lamp shed a soft, well tempered light on the fair faces beneath, and the Lehigh coal—we cannot conceive of a more expressive eulogy—burned! I should love dearly to tell you, now, after the manner of story-tellers of distinction, how the "mother had the remains of beauty in her noble countenance," and how tall, and how charitable to the poor, and what sweet singers, the daughters were; and I should like, if I thought you would not know it was a lie, to tell you how the gentleman sitting there with his cravat tied so transcendantly happened to come by as they were both drowning in some river, and gallantly got them out of the water and in love, and what colored eyes he had, and how there was a secret mystery about his birth, and a mark on his left arm, and how beautifully he had taught Whimsiculo, their aunt Tabitha's lap dog, to stand on his hind legs and ask for muffins, thereby winning forever and ever the heart of that immortal spinster, who hated every body else and was as rich as the bank. It goes to my heart to tell a story right on like a newspaper. The days of romance are gone, however, and the poetry that used to be trolled to the tinkle of a guitar under my lady's window, is now written with a slate and pencil, and the teller of a tale is positively expected to be intelligible and preserve some faint resemblance to nature. Without ghost, and in good grammar therefore, I am compelled to state simply that Gerald Grey was an intimate visitor in the family; that, by the intermarriage of some relatives of indefinite removal, he had a sufficient right to the precious appellation of "cousin;" that he had never seen the fair sisters till some few months before, when he returned from a long foreign residence, and that, being handsome and talented, and above all, remarkably well skilled in the *manège des amants*, and the mysteries of etiquette and Dr. Kitchener, he had made himself especially agreeable to every member of the circle.

It was predicted by those who can see such things before they happen, that Mr. Gerald Grey would fall directly in love with Miss Helen ——— (excuse the surname, dear reader! a lady never has one in a story,) and the same good observers were confirmed in their opinion by the infallible test of appearances. It could not be denied that Helen was a magnificent creature. Her figure was large and full, without excess, and her motion had that indolent and floating grace with which women pass in dreams, and which is so particularly indescribable. She was a noble hearted and sincere girl, without either genius or susceptibility, but she smiled like a goddess, and had that beautiful gift of modest, lady-like self-possession which becomes a woman so infinitely. She was the most fascinating creature in the world. Every body was in love with her but our hero. He waited on her constantly, and interrupted every body else's attentions to her, and seemed to all eyes to live only for her favor; but it was because she was the most admired woman in society, and because he had seen enough of fashion to know that the safest and most distinguishing thing a man can do, is to get himself reported the lover of the finest woman he knows. There was a perfect understanding between them, and as "falling in love" was an accident to which no belle is liable, there was no possible danger in the intimacy, and a great deal of positive convenience. She could call upon him for all those little services which it is such a condescension to allow, and which, of course, one hates to have indifferent people do. She could give him her fan to hold without the danger of receiving back a red hot sonnet in its folds; and she could faint away in his arms without troubling herself to be elegant in the disposition of her person; and then he decoyed away all her dull admirers, and she had a standing engagement to dance with him, to avoid stupid partners; and she could call him when she was tired of talking, to stand by and be agreeable while she was silent. He called her carriage, and tied her slipper, and flirted her fan, and told her all the scandal, and was her dictionary to all the strange people, and her interpreter to all the foreign lions, and her confidential secretary in all etiquettical correspondence. He was the most delightful of cousins. She was sure he would never fall in love with her, and as for herself, the tenderest thought she had, was to wish, sometimes, in the rainy mornings, when she wanted to be amused, that he was her brother.

Had Gerald seen less of the world, he would, to the best of our knowledge, have done just what every body expected him to do. To those who know too little of women and to those who know too much, a belle is irresistible. The unsettled taste of the one is bewildered by the same splendor that is necessary to the morbid taste of the other. But he had been in love with a hundred such women as Helen. They are universal. He had met them in every country

he had seen, and had paid so often the general tribute, that he knew its value. He remembered enough of his metaphysics, too, to be aware that admiration leaves a perpetual thirst, and though he had the highest respect for Helen, and believed that she had all the proper feelings of a woman, he knew that the incense of fashion had unstrung, as it must ever, the delicate fibres of affection which constitute susceptibility, and that the quiet pulse of matrimony must be the veriest languor to a mind of such habitual excitement. He admired and respected the glorious creature—but he did not love her.

He *did* love Cecile. Not at first, and not all at once, as people do in story books. He began with talking to her about poetry; and from that, (for she was, like all enthusiastic girls, a superb visionary) to discoursing of influences, and dreams, and wild theories of the stars; and then, by the most natural gradation possible, they came to the philosophy of feeling; and then—and then—it is difficult to say *what* then! He lent her his books with the passages all marked, and sent her his portfolio of drawings, and his scrap books, and his foreign album, and even, (a desperate unprincipled thing is love!) showed her a package tied with a blue ribbon, and marked "to be burned in case of my death," containing all the billets-doux and watch papers, and bad poetry that had been sent to him in his thousand by-gone flirtations. And then there was such delicate flattery in his gifts of flowers! He was the pest of the flower pots for miles round. In the barrenest of seasons the heads of the sisters were decked with the freshest and most fragrant, bought and begged and stolen from hot houses and old maids, and his sister's plant closet, and always presented with a distinctive appropriateness worthy of a prime minister of Flora. Without looking at the label, Helen knew the large, magnificent bunch, with red and crimson and yellow cups, was for her, and the other—a simple white Japonica perhaps, or a lily of the valley half hid in its own leaf, or a rose bud, or a lemon blossom—Agnes put in her bosom by instinct, without looking once, (till she got to her chamber) at the French note which lay *perdue* among the stems, like a Love among the roses.

Gerald had seen a great deal of women. He had been, (we fear it must be confessed) a desperate flirt. He had sworn fidelity to eyes of every color and characters of every cast. He had been on the brink of fifty engagements, and mercy knows how many pretty tombstones with half blown roses on them should come out of his pocket money. But in all his experience he had never found so pure hearted and lovely a being as his fair haired and gentle cousin. She was a very spirit in comparison with other girls. Her thoughts were all beautiful and pure, and with her thin, graceful figure, and the almost perfect transparency of color in her lip and

cheek, what is the wonder if her lover sometimes thought her an angel? I have known lovers as extravagant upon lighter evidence.

It goes to my heart to say a word against a hero : but it would not be becoming in a voracious historian to hold up false models of perfection. It discourages posterity. With many good and some indifferent qualities then, Gerald had one fault—a morbid sensitiveness upon matters of feeling, which gave him much unnecessary trouble. To be sure, it was an excellence overgrown. Nothing half so much increases the value of life as a sensibility to its moral delicacies. If well governed it is an invaluable gift in a lover, being, as it is, the basis of all refinements, and the only thing that can preserve the freshness and first beauty of an affection. But in our hero's wandering and many colored attachments, his sensibility had become diseased from over exercise, and a chance word that would not have occasioned a thought to him once was now matter for serious uneasiness. Philosopher as he was upon most subjects, he never gave himself time to reason upon feeling, and followed his first impulse with the headlong precipitation of a boy. Even in his comparatively brief acquaintance with Cecile, this quality had been the cause of much misunderstanding. Like all men of this temperament he was fervent to romance in his attachments, and every word he uttered to the woman he loved was breathed into her ear with the delicacy and earnest tenderness of a first avowal. At home and abroad, his slight but flattering assiduities were ever unremitted. His high breeding and extreme tact enabled him to do this without attracting notice, and it was his unreasonableness that he expected from Cecile the same constant evidences of affection. He was by education a man of universal self-command and accomplishment. Without any apparent effort or absence of mind, he never lost sight of the woman he admired in company. He was gay and general in his attentions, and was too well bred to engross her beyond the most impalpable limit of propriety ; but, in the midst of a conversation in which his apparent interest was flattering in the most delicate manner the person to whom it was addressed, his careless but rapid glances caught every smile upon the face he loved, and laid up for his dreams every grace of gesture and motion. He possessed, too, that kind of ventriloquism which men of gallantry always acquire, and by which, in the midst of a crowd, and without the appearance of a whisper, the voice is thrown into the ear for which it is intended, and is entirely inaudible to every other. He could thus talk of the subject nearest his heart in the gayest company, and, with his habitual command of countenance, could make a declaration in a dance, without betraying to the most scrutinizing eye more than the superficial interest of a flirtation. He thus made every party the scene of a *teté-a-teté* and advanced his suit in situations where most men would not trust them-

selves with a look. With these facilities, and the consciousness of security, every word and look for Cecile had a meaning in it, and he expected as constant a reciprocation, without once reflecting that the power was confined to himself, and that a young and timid girl could not possibly possess that subtle faculty of exclusiveness which is attained only by the most liberal and elevated intercourse with society. Of course he was liable to be checked and hurt by any or all of the thousand barriers that surround a woman under the present scrupulous regime of society, and a look of indifference where its opposite would have excited comment, or a careless word where earnestness would have been deemed strange and unmaidenly, were things that broke him of his rest, and shook his trust in her fidelity.

On the evening to which we have alluded, he had called to make arrangements for attending his cousins to a Fancy Ball, to be given by one of the most fashionable families in the city. The rose-colored note, with its emphatic N. B. "Mrs. A. would be happy to see her friends in fancy dresses," stuck in the joint of the bronze standish, and around it upon the table lay the heaps of prints and books of costumes it had conjured up, in endless confusion. It was a type of the whole city. The world was in an uproar about it—those who had invitations harassing the milliners into impossible promises, and those who had not, predicting it would be a stupid affair, and wondering how people could encourage amusements of such immoral tendency. The theatres made splendid speculations on their tarnished wardrobes. The beaux walked the streets with the pearl powder puckered all out of their foreheads with the intensity of their invention. The ladies forgot their languor, and pattered their little feet along the *pavé* from shop to shop, regardless of every precept of Callisthenes, and the men-servants, who should have been putting the *chateau margot* into the coolers for their masters' dinner, were running between their mistresses and the milliner, with unuttered curses upon bandboxes legible in their very honest faces. Nothing else was talked of. The first question was, "Do you go to Mrs. A.'s?" and the second, "What is your character?" And then the pretty mystery the ladies made of their costumes, and the complimentary guesses that they were to be "sylphs" or "sultanas," and the telling the secret as a particular favor, and the promises to go in a character to correspond!—Oh it was a sweet excitement—quite equal to an invasion! It was worth while, if it were only to remind one that the world revolved on its axle.

If you have not forgotten the beginning of my story, lady, you will remember that the characters of our fair friends, (for the Ball, of course,) were not yet settled. Cecile had left it to Helen, and Helen, as she did all other matters of taste, had left it to Gerald,

and Gerald had gone off angry, and given the whole matter, in his heart, to the —— (“oh no! we never mention him!”)

It was 10 o'clock the next morning, and Gerald, having finished his breakfast, sat gazing into his empty coffee cup, as if the departed Mocha had left an oracle in its dregs. Though it grows in the dominions of the Prophet, however, coffee is innocent of the supernatural, and our hero saw only what he would have seen just as well in a tin dipper—the face of the lady Cecile, as distinctly as if it had been enamelled in the porcelain. There were also some two or three red-hot words in the back ground, which our familiar could not decypher, but which he shrewdly guessed were the combustibles that had fired him off so like a rocket the preceding evening. Poor Gerald!—if he only would not expect so much from human nature!

Well! he had settled it all in his mind—Cecile did not love him, or she never would have answered him in so cold a tone when he spoke to her so tenderly—and he began to balance his spoon on the edge of the cup, to decide by the preponderance of either extremity whether to shoot himself or to make love to Helen. Before it was decided, a note came from Helen, beginning “My dear coz,” and ending with “Yours ever,” informing him that she had fixed upon the character of “Mary, Queen of Scots,” for herself, and “Catherine Seyton” for Cecile, and he might choose between devoting himself to her, as “Earl Douglas,” or to Cecile, as “Roland Græme.” Gerald sat a moment, and a smile, a very unusual smile, passed over his face. He crumpled the pretty Italian note all up in his hand, and rose to ring the bell with his head set proudly back like an improvisatore. Alfonse saw that something more than usual was the matter with his master, and, like a discreet valet, brought him what coat he pleased without troubling him with questions, and then brushed his hat, and opened the door for him to go out, wondering in his simple French heart what that desperate look about his lip could possibly mean.

The evening came at last, and Gerald, who had not been to the house since he left it so abruptly, stopped at the door for his cousins. They were waiting for him, and aunt Tabitha and papa had a settled wager on his choice of the two characters. Cecile, too, had a silent, but evident interest in the question, and she colored to the temples when the bell rang, and was as pale as death, the moment after, when the door opened, and the servant announced “Earl Douglas.” They all drew up, expecting that he would make his entrée, in character, with unusual dignity. *Au contraire.* He danced into the room in the most violent spirits, made two apologies in a breath, tossed Whimsiculo up to the ceiling, kissed aunt Tabitha, shook hands with papa, and, making a gay bow to Helen, turned and met the fixed look of Cecile, and stood, with a quivering lip, as

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motionless as if he was frozen to the floor. Fortunately, Whimsiculo's revolutions in mid air had thrown him into a convulsion, and before the confusion was over, he had recovered his composure, unobserved, and it was time to go.

Cecile sat back silent in the corner of the carriage, and Helen wondered what there could be in pulling a glove off and on, to absorb the whole attention of a man who had kissed the perfumed fingers of half the women in Europe. She had just come to the conclusion that he was studying his character, when they stopped at some distance from Mrs. A.'s, in the rear of a line of a hundred carriages. Gerald bore the delay very uneasily. They advanced step by step, and, as they drew nearer, they observed that a crowd was gathered about the door, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle. As one grotesque figure after another passed through them to the steps, they expressed their surprise or approbation with the boisterous freedom of "independent voters," and, as Gerald alighted in his impatience, to reconnoitre the passage, a shout of laughter rose from the crowd, and there was every indication of a scuffle. It occurred to him instantly that the populace might be forcing their way in, and pushing up the steps, he seized a sailor who was insisting on admission, and, with a single effort, pitched him to the bottom. He was about helping another to the same level, when the tarpaulin hat fell off, and the elegant Brutus head of Mr. Adolphus O'Lavender presented itself.

"I say, Grey!" said an affected voice from the crowd below, "very shabby of you to treat a friend this way! If you don't come to my assistance, I shall be annihilated instantly, upon my honor!"

Another boisterous laugh from the "sovereign people" announced their amusement at the mistake, and Gerald, apologizing to his two friends, requested their assistance in getting Queen Mary and her Maid of Honor safely from the carriage.

The rooms were already full when they entered. They were announced in character, and after being presented to the lady of the house, mingled with the motley multitude. For the first hour or two it was a mere spectacle of grotesque. The guests promenaded the rooms with all the gravity of well bred people in the nineteenth century, a little increased by the awkwardness of their hasty and ill-adjusted gear. The Spanish cavalier fingered frequently his uncertain moustache, as his lip became irritated, and found the grace of a short cloak a matter of apocrypha. The Mussulman lost his slipper, and the Shepherd's crook was in the way, and the scroll of the Sybil was crushed by the box of the Pedlar. Every one felt made of glass, and every one was crowded. The tinsel and the gauds that a touch would break and tarnish, were ruffled by countless shoul-

ders, and the faces of the "simple," who came "undressed," were the only ones brightened by enjoyment.

By the time supper was announced, the company felt more at home in their stiff costumes, and the prospect for pleasure looked brighter. The rooms were splendidly lighted, and the gay and gaudy figures moving round the tables made a splendid show of picturesque. The stiffness of etiquette melted as it always does in wine, and the guests began to support, or what is better, travestie their characters. The "Queen of Night" laid down her leaden sceptre, and drank champagne with "Sir Peter Teazle." The "Jew" was detected with a ham-sandwich. "Queen Mary" and "Doctor Syntax" grew intimate over blanc-mange; and the "Lady of Lochleven", tired of her keys, committed them to "Figaro the Barber." A "Flower Girl" flirted with an "Earl" in the corner, and a "Swiss Peasant" lisped an opinion upon ices, and His Holiness "the Pope" giggled with "Lady Racket" over the tender couplets of the confectionary. The "Novice" looked out mischievously from her white veil, and flirted by turns with admirers from every country under the sun. The "Monk" laid back his cowl from a head of the most approved perfume and curl, and swore on his veracity that "Anne Page" was divine. The "Turk" talked faster than any Christian, and the "French Marquis" was a model of gravity, and "King Lear" stood with his white wig askew, and forgot in pickled oysters the ingratitude of his daughters.

I wish I could tell the whole story as gaily. It is a thousand pities the world goes so by contrast—that a merry tale must have sad passages, and a bright picture be shaded, and a minor key be necessary to music. If I had my own way, now, I would marry Gerald and Cecile outright. Something should turn up to explain the whole matter, and they should be reconciled and go to church in a coach drawn by six horses, and I would describe the bride's dress, and the bridegroom's, and the ten bridesmaids', and the rebuses at the wedding visit, and the serenade under the bride's window, and wind off with the epithalamium found under the bride's plate the next morning at breakfast, and some suitable remarks tending to encourage true lovers and promote matrimony. There are two unfortunate reasons, however, why this cannot be such a model of a story. In the first place, because it is true, and that is not the way the gods chose it should happen, and in the second place, because, if it had happened so, I should not have dared to tell it, it being well ascertained that it is a mortal offence to the upper benches of boarding schools to permit lovers to be happy before the end of the last chapter.

It was getting late as Gerald turned from the circle formed round the waltzers, and, passing his hand over his eyes to recover from his

dizziness, threw himself upon a sofa. The other end was occupied by a lady, but he was busy with his own thoughts and did not perceive immediately that it was Cecile. He rose at the discovery, and seating himself at her side, asked some indifferent question, and became instantly absorbed in watching a pastille lamp that was sending up the odor of its burnt spices in a pale, thin smoke, from a small altar of alabaster. There is no knowing how long so deep a reverie might have lasted, had not the music suddenly changed to a particular waltz which was played under Cecile's pillow every night of her sweet life by the divinest little French musical box, presented to her, (as the note she read every time she wound it up, expressed it) "by her very affectionate cousin, Gerald Grey." It is surprising how a very little circumstance will overturn a very magnanimous resolution. Gerald had come to the ball with a desperate vow in his heart, to be as excessively civil to Cecile as if love was a mere matter of poetry. He had locked the door upon Alfonse, to that worthy person's mingled grief and indignation, before his toilet was half completed, and after practising a cold look before the glass for an hour, had really wrought himself up to the hallucination that he was capable of such a precious piece of martyrdom. Well—the waltz went on, and as the second bar stole out from Bennett's eloquent Cremona, the fascination of the pastille lamp began to waver. The eye of our hero wandered about the pedestal of the altar, and from that to the square toe of his pump, and then, with a sudden calmness, he twirled his glove once round his forefinger and looked up :—

"Cecile !"

But Cecile was proud, (there is no pride, lady, like that of a *timid* girl,) and it was not a mere word that was to allay the fever of her indignant heart, or remove from her beautiful lip the calm scorn that concealed every trace of emotion. Not that she cared for atonement ; but she felt that her sincere affection had been trifled with, carelessly, and without reason, and she could not forgive him till he was sensible of it. His petulant and hasty departure on his last evening visit had first surprised her. She was low spirited and sick that night, and she had answered him, she knew not what, except that it was not meant unkindly. It was evident, from his manner and his unusually long absence, that he was offended, but she believed him generous, though hasty, and after the request he had made to attend her particularly at the Ball, and the time he had since had for reflection, she was sure he would not fail to embrace the opportunity, offered him by the choice of characters, for a reconciliation. His appearance as Helen's attendant in the costume of the Earl, had disappointed her, but still she was rather pained than offended, and it was not till he added to all this a frivolous in-

difference, and a well-bred neglect little short of insult, that her indignation was roused, and she permitted herself to feel resentment.

She did not start when she heard her name, but drawing up her graceful neck and bending her head slightly, the least in the world, towards him, she waited with a coolness that looked mightily like earnest, for him to proceed. For once in his life, Gerald was embarrassed. There was something in the look of the hitherto gentle and timid girl for which he was not prepared, and between the contending feelings of love and pride, and a vague fear that after all he might be wrong, he bit his lip till the blood came and was silent. An intimate acquaintance now approached, and asked Cecile to waltz. Gerald started.

“You will not waltz *now*, Cecile?”

She hesitated a moment, and the refusal trembled on her lip, but her pride rallied instantly, and giving her hand to her partner with a deliberate grace, she left him.

It was now Gerald's turn to be heroic. He called for a repetition of Cecile's favorite waltz, and dashed across the room to a beautiful widow who was surrounded with claimants for her hand, and insisted so violently that she was engaged to waltz next with him, that she was persuaded, in spite of her memory, and the positive asseveration of nine veracious beaux to the contrary. He had learned to waltz abroad, and was always remarkable for his elegance, but he never danced so gracefully as now. His whole soul seemed to be in his motion, and as the gay lady entered into it with as much spirit as himself, they soon attracted the undivided attention of the company, and were left alone upon the floor. His partner was a woman of splendid figure, admirably adapted for display, and it was really a beautiful show as they floated about in the graceful and voluptuous circles of the waltz.

What a short-sighted villain for a demi-god was Comus, to wish that there was a window in men's bosoms! How then would it have been possible for Gerald Grey to be so beautifully dramatic, as to conceal the very bitterness of his heart under a mask of gaiety? and, then, besides, would not the fashionable world have lost the report of a new engagement, a circumstance as necessary to the happiness of the next morning as the punctuality of the ever-to-be paid Manuel to his appointed hour. There was not a lady in the room who looked on Gerald's bright face as he rose and fell to the graceful impulse of the music, who would not have staked “honor bright and shining” on his being past recovery in love with the ‘six thousand a year’ that was now getting dizzy on his arm, and looking up into his eyes from her half drooped and shadowy lashes like a creature in a dream—the expression was so exultingly happy! Never was there a more complacent smile than his on the face of a human being. It was, indeed, far too happy for the leader of the élite; and

if he had not looked particularly miserable, and cut his bosom friend the next day in Broadway, his decision upon the next "tie" would have had no more weight than a Congress member's.

The music stopped, and Gerald led away his partner to her place, and leaning over to her ear, talked to her with an air of utter devotion, till her score of admirers gathered again around her. When her attention was no longer exclusively his, his object was accomplished, and, strolling off with an air of carelessness, he went in search of Helen.

She was sitting on a *chaise longue*, playing with an ice, and speaking occasionally to one and another of a crowd of fashionable men gathered in a circle around. She made room for Gerald beside her, and he sat down and listened with the proper resignation to compliments upon his brilliant display in the waltz, and the usual agreeable pleasantries upon his favor with the belle widow.

"Helen," said he, as she laid the least divisible fraction of ice upon her exquisite lip, "I think I have heard you say that a Ball is the place of all others for an offer."

"Positively, Gerald! and the widow no doubt accepted you?" added the gay girl, with her musical laugh, and a mischievous glance at his face as if she had anticipated a confession.

"But do you really think it the best place?" he asked again, so earnestly that she suspected for a moment that it was true.

"Far—far—my dear Cœlebs! for if the offer is an agreeable one, a monosyllable is enough, and if it is not, one can get away, you know, and there is no chance for Despair to be pathetic and blow out his brains and frighten one. No place like it, Gerald!" and she played "*c'est l'amour*" with her spoon upon the glass, and patted her foot as if it was a subject of the least interest in the world to her.

"It is a pretty cameo!" said Gerald, taking up the ungloved hand, as it fell after giving her glass to a gentleman; and under pretence of examining it more minutely, he leaned forward, and pressing the white fingers with a nervous violence, said something in a low earnest tone which engrossed her whole attention instantly.

"But Cecile"—said she, at last, as he stopped, with the blood glowing in his temples, and his lips set firmly together:—

"No—Helen—no! I *have* loved Cecile—and that sincerely. I could again—worship her if you will—for she is all that is fair and noble. But she is fickle—very fickle—and too young to love—and does not—nay, do not interrupt me—I *know* she does not, love me! I dare not commit my happiness to her. She would become weary of me in a day—I am sure she would—and I have struggled against my affection for her—and it is yours—all and forever, Helen—if you will have it!"

Helen sunk back on her seat, and pressed her hand upon her eyes. A thunderbolt could not have astonished her more. Gerald rose and stood before her a moment, to screen her from observation, and then, whispering a caution in her ear to conceal her agitation, he left her.

I fear I must advance a new theory of love. I do not see how I can get my hero out of difficulty on the old one. It is manifestly against every established principle of romance for a gentleman to love one lady and make love to another, and I fear, if I attempt to account for it on a natural principle, notwithstanding the enlightened spirit of the age, I shall be shut up like Galileo "for a profane person." Like other martyrs, however, I will keep my eye on the reward, and, as I doubt not to be enrolled among the illuminati, in after ages, with Copernicus and Captain Symmes, I state my belief in defiance of death and the Inquisition, that, under certain influences not laid down in philosophy, a man *may* love one lady and make love to another. It has been too long the fashion among song-singers and tale-tellers to represent the hero, through all difficulties, and under all misunderstandings, faithful and true. Human nature, as they show it, must be either stone or angelic. The lover is slighted, (or thinks so, which is the same thing in love as well as law,) and they permit him to feel no resentment. He is convinced that he is not loved, and, though no jury would go out upon the evidence, and he is barbarously misused by his mistress, he pines on, in the teeth of depravity and the doctors. She may neglect him, and abuse him, curl her hair even with his sonnets, and she is still the adorable Blousabella;—nay—she may marry and forget him, and he is no theme for poetry if he does not live a bachelor and leave his money to her children! Now however this might have done in the days of Barbara Allen and Chevalier Bayard, such principles in our time are manifestly false and pernicious. The age has altered essentially. The sometime fashion of love has gone out. Constancy is a worm-eaten tradition, "laid up in lavender," with high heels and petticoats of brocade. The "Lions" of the nineteenth century would never fall at the feet of Una, and Penelope, if she did not incontinently cut Ulysses, would be the most neglected of "wall-flowers." Flirtation is the chief end of woman, and "tit-for-tat" the motto of lovers' quarrels. A rejected beau compasses heaven and earth to marry for spite somebody richer or prettier, and humility and heroism are (alas!) but country cousins in the fashionable family of the Virtues.

Gerald had no doubt in his own mind that he loved Cecile far better than Helen. He knew perfectly well that if he was sure of winning and retaining her affection, there would be no comparison between that and his present chance for happiness. But he was not

hero enough to forswear all good because he could not secure the greatest, and his first thought after his supposed discovery of Cecile's indifference—one that did more credit to the common sense than the romance of his character—was to see how much of the wreck of his hopes could be saved, and what, next to the possession of his first object was attainable. He knew that Helen would never marry "for love," merely; that her affections would follow her duty, if the object were worthy, and that respect and the indulgent assiduities of good breeding would come fully up to her expectations of matrimonial felicity. He did not dream therefore that he was acting ungenerously by his gay cousin, and as there was not another woman in the world, except Cecile, whom he would have preferred, and her extreme dignity and knowledge of the elegant refinements of life were qualities not to be impaired by time, he was certain that his affection for her, however doubtful at first, would increase daily. He did not more than half suspect, that, with all his philosophy, his principal reason for addressing her was to be Cecile's brother. In all his reveries upon the subject, Cecile's image as an inmate under his roof, had been the prominent feature. The developement of her beautiful mind had been a study of exceeding interest to him, and his imagination dwelt more than he was aware on the delightful confidence she would have in him as her sister's husband, and the privileges it would bring of familiar and daily intercourse. Instead of dreaming of domestic tete-a-tetes with Helen, he was imagining Cecile in all the varieties of her new relation. He fancied her sitting by him in the twilight, and riding with him in the summer days, and speculating with him by the winter's fire on the fine topics of knowledge. It is, doubtless, one of the most delightful relations in the world, and all its possible circumstances came up successively in his mind till he believed it was better, after all, as it was, and that the happiness of both would be more certainly secured by the result. A slight feeling of pride, too, mingled with these anticipations. He felt that he had not been fully appreciated by Cecile, and he looked forward to a fuller developement of his character with something very like exultation. He believed that the occasional indifference upon which he had relied for testimony, arose from weariness of his society, but he remembered that he had seldom seen her alone, and that the conversation had always been of that forced and negative character which the presence of others renders necessary. This difficulty would now be removed, and, as the whole course of his education had tended to accomplish him in those minute delicacies of manner and feeling which are so invaluable at the fireside, it was perhaps an allowable vanity in him to calculate on an increase of respect and affection with a more intimate acquaintance. It was altogether a very tolerable picture, and though every thought of Helen

vanished from his mind in the presence of Cecile, he was, at other times, passably content, and contrived to bear his loss without regarding the devil who waits on disappointed lovers with pistols and laudanum.

The morning after the ball, Gerald received a note from Helen, sealed without any of her usual quaint and expressive devices, and containing two pages written in a close, plain, matter-of-fact looking character. I should be delighted to tell you all about it, lady, but you must be aware that it would fall under the observation of other eyes than yours, and as it involves a new theory of love, and I know not how it will be received by the world, I am bound by an imperative policy, to defer it. If, however, you are anxious to know whether Helen accepted him or not, or if you are interested that he should, after all, marry Cecile, the slightest token from your fair hand intimating your wishes will be gallantly attended to.

THE RED ROVER.

A BATTLE-GUN on the mighty sea—
A tone to shake the main !
Slow rolls it on to the sleeping sky,
And thunders back again !
The bannery blaze that lightened from
The cannon's mouth is o'er,
And the smoke, like incense, goes away
To slumber on the shore.

The setting sun looks goldenly,
Upon the ocean's breast,
And the waters leap like living things
To meet their burning guest ;
But where the melancholy North
Uprises, blue and steep,
A snow-white sail is coming forth,
And dancing o'er the deep.

And ever as a moving surge
Its form before her flings,
She stoops and rises gracefully,
As one of living wings ;
But as she clears that shadowy isle,
And sails toward the sun,
That crimson belt that girdles her
Is seen—the fearful one !

And now each sailor's eye is bent
 Toward that threatening form
 Which neareth to them as a pent
 And sudden-coming storm.
 And every cannon teems with death,
 And every flag unfurl'd,
 As they would waste in but a breath
 The strength of half the world !

* * * *

The hungry waves are climbing up
 The ship's o'er leaning deck,
 And for the hardy seaman's form
 They seem to look and beck.
 The sun is gone ; the twilight sky
 Is prodigal of cloud,
 And the war star glimmers fitfully
 Beyond its misty shroud.

But where was he—the Rover,
 Who had had such fearful reign ?
 When the thunder's tone was over,
 He was travelling on the main ;
 And the moon came out—the stars were bright,
 And gemmed the whole blue sky—
 And he went upon his way that night,
 As 'one not born to die.'

J. O. B. J. C. W. S. I

REVIEW.

THE DISOWNED. *By the Author of Pelham.* J. & J. Harper, New York : 1829. pp. 505.

THE popularity of *Pelham* has caused the *Disowned* to be sought after by the public with so much avidity, that it is quite too late for us to attempt to discharge the office of anticipating public curiosity, by a sketch of the story and character of the Book. But the publication of these two novels helps to give so much importance to what may be called a new school of romance writers, that it can hardly be passed unnoticed, as such, by any Magazine, which takes upon itself the office of a Literary Register. We say a new school of novel writers ; but most of the authors who compose it, are so strongly infected with the manner of the literary artists, if we may so call them, of London, and the very fact of their writing, is so much more to be attributed to the state of the trade, than to the turn of their own genius, that perhaps they may, with more accuracy, be said to belong to a *department* of a much larger literary school.

Fashions in literature arise either from the genius of the most distinguished authors, by the effect of example and imitation ; or from the influence of public

taste, the character of the reading public, the greater or less diffusion of literature, and indeed from the general state of the literary market, by the demand which these circumstances give rise to, for certain kinds and styles of composition. In proportion as knowledge becomes diffused, the writer becomes more of an artisan; the first of the above causes loses, the second gains in influence. While genius is supported by royal munificence or private taste, the splendor of the material is more regarded than the demand. The workmen of kings manufacture only tapestry, lace and porcelain, but those who labor for the public and for themselves, find that there is more profit on calicoes, ginghams, and sheetings. As the number of readers increases, the business of writing becomes more of a trade. The certainty of obtaining a livelihood by it becomes greater; as great indeed as by any profession which is an essential part of the productive machinery of society; but the effect of it is to make the author consider rather what he can be best paid for than what he can write best; and though everything in a practical way will be done in a more workmanlike manner, yet it will be less contemplative, original, and tasteful; and though ordinary jobs will be done better, yet there will be fewer (they cannot be entirely suppressed,) of those productions which are elaborated by the taste, reflection, and dignified contemplation of years. Every body now-a-days dwells in a good house, but no one undertakes to rival those masses of Grecian simplicity, or luxuriant Gothic tracery, which arose among the huts of the Roman republic and of the feudal vassals.

It would be very difficult, (indeed it is quite astonishing how much it is the case, considering the difficulty,) for a novelist at this day, of any judgment of his own, to adopt so entirely the manner of any particular school, as not to copy each some particular part of the many excellent and much admired models which have hitherto obtained; yet in spite of this difficulty the influence of fashion has produced such a similarity in Almack, Vivian Grey, Cyril Thornton, and several other novels lately published in England, that we think they may be fairly classed together as the members of a certain school. They are the novels of high life; as much as the eternal old Romances of Scudari, Marivaux, and Mademoiselle de La Fayette, belonged to the courts in which they were composed. And as those derived their interest from some highly romantic sentiments of chivalry and love, peculiar to the court and its train, so these derive theirs, from the peculiar spirit, amusements and customs of fashionable life. In this respect the two schools resemble each other, and differ from all others that we remember, that they have their origin in the taste of the society they were composed for, and not in the invention and fancy of the author; while those of the schools of Richardson, (which first displaced the romantic school) of Fielding and Smollett, of Walpole, of Sterne, of McKenzie, of Scott, and of Edgeworth, have originated in the genius of their founders. They wrote novels at the suggestion of their own genius, and they obeyed its humor in the writing; the school of Almack, Pelham and Vivian Grey wrote to supply the public demand merely, and they have consulted its humors only. The rule of criticism, which teaches that they should have a dignity of rank as well as of character, has ever secured to the *dramatis personæ* of romances a respectable sufficiency of titles and wealth, but we do not know that any other than the novelists above mentioned, have attempted to describe the *beau monde* as such, to breathe its spirit, and to be punctiliously familiar with all its observan-

ces, and proprieties ; which they sometimes do with an affectation which is the most odious and suspicious of all pedantries.

As a school we think, that, take them in mass, they are if any thing superior in style, scholarship, and studied acquaintance with character to the innumerable imitators of the great masters who have preceded them ; but that, with the exception of Vivian Grey, they are all immeasurably inferior to Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Miss Edgeworth, and perhaps the author of the "*Inheritance*."

The *Disowned* seems to us to be the production of one of the journeymen contributors to the London Reviews and Magazines, trained to writing, a tolerable but not a thorough bred scholar, well acquainted with English Literature, an observer of life, but rather upon the surface ; a moralist but after his own peculiar fashion, and of that accommodating school called men of the world, who do not descend beneath the stratum of the first principles, and who regard the easy operation of a part of social life, rather than the good of all mankind ; and an assiduous and accurate observer of men and manners, but without any of that intuitive conception of it, which constitutes a dramatic genius—that sort of genius, for which Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott are of all men the most remarkable. We cannot help thinking when we read the works of Fielding and Smollett that they must have had their minds full of characters and adventures, not the hoarded result of industrious observations, but the product which their imagination had worked up, from materials which it had, unknown to its possessor, furtively snatched from the objects which passed before it ; and that even if they had not inwoven them into the thread of a connected story, they would nevertheless have existed in their minds, unused, in the same richness and profusion, and containing all the elements of life and scene, whenever the fiat of the inspiring fancy should be issued to call them forth into an imaginative world. But when we set ourselves to imagine the process of the manufacture of *Pelham* and the *Disowned*, we think we see first a precedent determination to write the book : secondly, we imagine the author going forth like the bee, gathering from every object his story and descriptions, sketching a character or a scene to-day, fitting it to its place to-morrow, and so gradually compiling together a magazine of adventure and character.

Pelham and the *Disowned* are certainly, with all their faults, very clever books ; but we cannot think they have the least degree of claim to be ranked with the great masterpieces of the art. They belong to a literary community of a much higher standard of education than our own, and of a country in which scholarship and wealth have made the most of their materials, and where the leaven of a few splendid geniuses in every period has given as high a tone, and as brilliant a vein, as could be well diffused through a whole class of scribblers. They are just such books as we are the least likely to write in this country. They are the exact counterparts for instance to the writings of our Cooper. We are never delighted in them with those bursts of genius which seem to purge away (if we may so speak,) the impurities of the uncultivated soil, and, inspired by which, our countryman sometimes pours forth from an imagination overflowing with his subject, a profusion of rapid and grand sketches, in the most liquidly flowing colors ; they contain too, particularly the *Disowned*, quite as frequent offences against good taste in writing ; nevertheless, a more classical and brilliant style of thinking and writing, though often ill executed, on the whole makes the read-

ing of them the more agreeable amusement. It is a common peculiarity of genius, not of the highest order, and when untrained, to be ordinary on ordinary occasions, and to consist chiefly in the faculty of being supernaturally inspired by the grandeur of an uncommon subject. Cooper's faults are the rudenesses of an untutored genius, those of the *Disowned* the affected brilliancy and overstrained efforts of the trained and practised writer. The imperfections of the first are those of a fine but unpolished material, while those of the latter are the failures of a naturally less delicate grain which breaks in the polishing.

In his knowledge of character our author is rather a man of the world than a poet or novelist; and therefore succeeds where he draws from observation, and fails where he draws from conception. In the study of human nature, there is one kind of mind, which, like Bacon's, considers character to find out the motives of action, by which to calculate on the conduct of men, and to comprehend their designs; there is another, like that of Shakspeare, which regards the feelings of men as parts of a picture which he wishes to represent. The chief object of the former is the result only, and of the latter the manner more particularly. The former studies our propensities and passions as mere algebraical quantities, or as the material and efficient parts of the machinery of life; and therefore he considers them to estimate their relative force, direction, and inward connexion; the latter views them with the eye of a painter, and studies all those external circumstances of passion and language by which they become visible to the eye of others, and by which his readers are affected by the same emotions. Both would have made Clarence shoot at the robber in Talbot's house, but Shakspeare would hardly have allowed him to stop and congratulate himself and his friend that he had come in time. We can very well conceive that Lord Bacon with all his knowledge of human nature would have been a bad dramatist, and we dare say that honest Will Shakspeare would have been much more easily imposed upon than the Lord Chancellor in the affairs of the world. A man that can write a very good essay on manners, or general characters may be a very indifferent novelist or dramatist.

That knowledge of character which enables an author to make his characters act naturally in a given situation, and with a given motive, we think our author has displayed in a very considerable degree, particularly in Pelham; (but then the question arises concerning the naturalness of the motive.) Neither do we deny that he has described some of his characters with considerable truth to nature (or rather art) and great spirit as far as they go; but they give us a knowledge of the manners merely, and do not let us into their internal feelings and character.

Besides those general characteristics of human nature which are susceptible of definition, every person has in his character a quality like the 'indefinable *nâre*,' by which the Duke of Johannisburger, and the Peers of the Wine palace of the Rhine, distinguished, not only the different species but even the different vintages of their wines. There is about the character of every person an essential aroma which gives to it its individuality; and to detect and imitate this is the highest talent of the novelist. It is to steal a second and more subtle Promethian fire; it is an approximation to the most inward mystery of the divine art; which gives the life to life, which stamps the mere animal with its seal of immortality which cannot be effaced, and which makes the mind an imperishable unit among existing things. This effect cannot be produced by taking some universal passion,

and making it the "*primum mobile*" of a system of other inferior and subordinate passions, equally common, as is done by the author of Pelham; for, to apply to the drawing, an observation of Lord Bacon on the formation, of character, "We must not proceed as the sculptor does in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on the limbs, and sometimes on the folds of the drapery; but, we must proceed (and it certainly is in our power,) as Nature does in forming a flower, or any other of her productions; she throws out at once the whole system of being, and the rudiments of all the parts." The drawing of characters cannot be effected by combination and compilation; but it must be by instantaneous conception, and wherever it is not so done, it must be inconsistent and unsatisfactory. This accounts for the inconsistencies of most of our author's characters; what for instance can be more inconsistent than Mordaunt's?

In the drawing of characters, as in the kindred art of painting, there are two degrees of genius. The first is like that of the landscape or portrait painter, who has the faculty of taking down with spirit and accuracy the forms and expressions which he sets himself to copy; the other is like that of the fancy, (or as he is termed in art) the historical painter, who extracts from the ever-varying pictures of life, the essential ideas of beautiful forms, fine colors, and highly wrought passions, and who, with a magic like that of nature, (and which is indeed nature working through the instrumentality of his conceptions,) can recombine all the elements which he thus prefers, into new varieties. And this selection of materials is not made by the labored analysis of chemistry, but by an intuitive conception like that by which the philosophical historian detects at a glance the spirit of the events of several centuries, which to another's mind are a mere chaos. Neither do we mean to say that a novelist has any thing to do with metaphysics, or, in the language of the worthy 'Mr. Trollolop,' with the nature of the human mind. The metaphysician descends one degree lower in the subdivision of elements than the dramatist; one takes his material in one stage and the other in another. The novelist is to the metaphysician, what the naturalist is to the chemist.

The last of the two faculties above described, the author of the Disowned certainly has not; and it is on this account that he succeeds better in these characters in which he appears to draw from some original, as in that of Mr. Brown for instance, than in those romantic and more elevated ones (for instance Mordaunt and Clarence Linden,) for which an author must depend upon his own invention. Neither do we think that he has, in a very high degree, the humbler talent which we have compared to the art of the portrait painter; for it is in the drawing of characters as in the drawing of faces, that they who possess the higher gift of creative genius, succeed best in imitation; since it is very possible to catch the features with a most provoking facility and faithfulness, and yet to fail altogether in giving the character and spirit.

We fancy we can perceive the same sort of difference between Scott and his competitors, as that which has been pointed out as to their drawing of character, in the whole manner of the scenes and descriptions. There are very few of the materials which real life furnishes to the novelist, which will bear to be transferred to his pages without much elaboration by his fancy and taste. It is the faculty of taking a picturesque view of every object, the manner of the conception, the degree of the transforming power which constitute the merit of the narrative and descriptive parts of the production. And to do this well, a novelist must ex-

ercise the same power over the elements of nature and life, as we have before described him to have over those of character. It is indeed an inferior degree, or a less thorough exertion of the transforming power of the poet; and, to this extent, the novelist must be a poet. Since men have ceased to write poetry they have very naturally devised various new and ingenious theories to prove what it is or might be, but, if we may judge from ancient practice and examples, this is the faculty which constituted the ancient *ποιητής* of the Greeks; and it is this which constitutes the delightful charm of the simple Homer; whose scenes are not so high wrought as those of many of our novels. Not to enter into the distinction of the *φαντασία* and the *imaginatio*, it seems to me to be as true in the mental as in the physical world, that we can create nothing new. The highest prerogative of genius is but to recombine and rearrange; and to distil from the substantial affairs of real life, the volatilized essence of poetry and romance. The great art of description then depends upon the happiness of the view which the mind of the author takes of the scenes or parts of scenes, which he makes the subject of his imitation; for that is true of the models of nature which Quintilian says of imitation in writing:—‘turpe etiam illud est, contentum esse id consequi, quod imiteris.’

The man of genius does not copy immediately upon canvass from those things which he observes, but he copies rather, from the picture, or conception, which his mind draws, by an involuntary and instinctive magic like that of the camera obscura. Of this faculty we imagine our author possesses little. His descriptions are either general, dimly colored, and indistinct, or so stiff and precise, that one cannot help imagining that he can detect, through all the coatings of paint and varnish, the chalk of the first sketch, and the points and lines of the perspective projections.

So much for our author's genius. The peculiar genius of a novelist, he certainly can make no pretensions to, either on behalf of Pelham, or the Disowned. But besides the talents we have before mentioned, we think he has a peculiar and very happy turn for the ludicrous, although it turns too often on those minute peculiarities of manner and expression, which would be appropriate enough, in the mouth of a clown, to make the pit roar, but which are rather poor tricks for one whose object should not be merely to create a laugh, but mainly to draw character.

To pass from a general consideration of the genius of the author, to the merits of the execution of the Disowned. In the first place we must say that we think it in every respect inferior to Pelham—in story, character, style, interest, and, we do not know but we may add, in moral effect.

The plot of the Disowned is the most inartificial and clumsy, that we remember ever to have seen; to such a degree indeed, as to make from a compilation of several tolerably interesting stories, one of the dulllest and most tedious books in the world. There are three entirely distinct and independent stories, (we might perhaps safely say five,) besides two episodes. And the only way to read the book with any degree of comfort, is to read, as most persons find themselves compelled to do, each part by itself. The whole amount of the connexion between them is that the hero of the principal story is acquainted with those of the two others, that he has some conversations with, and is present at the death of one, and that he fortifies the resolution and sympathises in the misfortunes of the other. Upon the same principle, if Richardson could only have contrived to in-

introduce Sir Charles Grandison to Clarissa and Pamela, he might have combined the three into a comfortable romance of some twenty odd volumes, which would have rivalled in size the gilt magnificence of the "vast French Romances," with which the hero of the Rape of the Lock built his altar to the god of Love. The story of Talbot is a specimen of the legitimate episode, and goes as far out of the line of direct narration as the rules of the art, and good policy will admit. Such episodes are often necessary. They borrow a reflected interest at least, from their relation to the main story, on which we are often content to pause, to become acquainted with the history of some character, who plays an essential part in it. In such a case, our interest is agreeably suspended, without our associations being entirely broken up, while the author is preparing to shed some fuller light upon the main subject of the story. It is often allowable too, to introduce personages and events, which have no necessary connexion with the conclusion, into that species of novels, which, like *Gil Blas*, *Cyril Thornton* and *Pelham*, contain the adventures of the life of a single individual, but never unless they are instrumental to the action in some part. But for such an entirely gratuitous and impertinent offence against the rule of dramatic writing, as is the plot of the *Disowned*, we remember no precedent. We are not inclined to be sticklers for the strict rules and peremptory unities of criticism. But they are nevertheless parts of the beau ideal of beauty in narration, not always to be implicitly required, but to be always borne in mind. We can very well conceive of a story in every respect worthy to be the subject of a Romance, which necessarily offends against many of them. But they are not the less deserving of consideration, and we can see no wisdom in offending against them without any reason or object. Even if this would be allowable in *Roderick Random* it would be inadmissible in the common novel, which takes as its subject, only a portion of a man's life; and it cannot be indulged in the defects of another species of composition, which are there counterbalanced by advantages equally peculiar to that style. But in the *Disowned* none of the characters, in either of the stories, have the least to do, either with the conduct, or result of the other, and the only perceivable connexion between them is that the heroes of each meet each other in scenes, for the most part entirely unconnected with what makes to the reader their principal story, and that a certain Mr. Brown, a pedlar, either sells little articles, or offers to sell them to them all. It is no excuse to say, as the author does in his preface, that a novel is a picture of life, and not of a single event like a Drama, and that all the characters one meets with in his life by no means conduce to his good or ill success. For in the first place as we have before remarked, our author's book does not come under this exception, and in the second place, we do not expect to have in a novel an exact copy from nature. It is the duty and the art of the novelist, to select from real life the most interesting vicissitudes, to concentrate the scattered incidents which fill up its pages into a short but crowded period; to strike out all the superfluities which incumber it, and to prepare, by all the transforming powers of genius, and all the devices of art, the most exciting and pleasing narration which he possibly can. Suppose the author should have written a book full of trifling and uninteresting incidents, and in defence, should make Henry Pelham say with a happy irony in the preface, in italics, 'you should have written a novel in which all the events should have possessed some degree of interest, because a novel is the delineation of life, and

every body will allow that nothing remarkable ever happened to any man, whose whole life was not composed of events equally remarkable and interesting.'

The principal story of the *Disowned* is that of the *Disowned* himself;—who is no less a person than the second but once the favorite son of the Duke of Ulswater, '*disowned*' by his father, after the elopement of his mother with a gentleman who had been her lover before her marriage, and whom the Duke of Ulswater suspects to be the father of our hero. These circumstances become known to us only towards the end of the history. The hero is introduced to us as simple Clarence Linden, an adventurer, young, handsome, ambitious, and amiable, (like all other heroes,) and furnished with a good education, good manners, the consciousness of high birth, £1000, and a due supply of all other bodily and mental furniture. The interest of his story consists firstly, in his raising himself, or rather in his being raised, we know not how, (except that the author tells us that he had the above mentioned qualities, and a talent at playing on the flute,) from this situation, to be in the first place, in the pompous description of his valet, 'Clarence Talbot Linden, Esq. of Scarsdale Park, M. P. and one of his Majesty's under secretaries of state; and afterwards, by the death of an elder brother, Duke of Ulswater;' and, secondly, of course, in a series of love adventures, in which, first, an interference of parental authority to prevent an explanation, prepares the way for the kind and considerate misrepresentation of friends, which brings on a jealousy and a lover's quarrel, and all the symptoms of insanity thereto appertaining. And finally, after four years of martyrdom, in which each believes the other to be the most angelic creature in the world, except in an unaccountable baseness to themselves, and in which each suffers, after the fashion of true lovers, a whimsical pride, which none but true lovers can understand, to feed upon the heart's core rather than sacrifice one jot of it to the being they love best in the world, they discover that they have been the most faithful lovers imaginable. The story ends by Lady Flora Ardenne's consenting to become the Duchess of Ulswater. The whole story and character of Clarence Linden, is as indistinct and insipid as it could conveniently be. The author first places him in London, a mere adventurer without acquaintance, means, or employment, but does not give us the least idea of his plans of life, occupations, or thoughts, except the general and very vague determination to do something very great and surprising. Now we certainly do not expect to have a very minute detail either of the daily employments, or personal economy of a hero of a romance. We do not wish to be presented with his journal, or his account book, or his 'course of study;' but it helps one amazingly to another's character, to know, in the common phrase, what he is about, or that he is about nothing, or that he intends to do something. But there is a grand uncertainty about the début of Clarence, which we think rather exceeds the license of vagueness even in a romance.

We have said that if we may believe the Author, as well as the friends of Clarence, he was certainly a very remarkable personage. We have always considered it one of the strongest marks of imbecility of talent in novel writing, to make one character describe another. This is a very common device with our author. It is essential to a good delineation, that each individual should be presented bodily to the reader for his own observation. The character should unfold itself, and to be constantly reminding one of the effect which it ought to produce, is about on a par with the device of children in drawing, who, in order that

we may not mistake their pictures, take the precaution to write underneath what they are intended for.

With all its episodes, the story of Clarence is rather a dull one. The plot itself is simple; the characters few and uninteresting; the dialogue neither brilliant nor entertaining; the vicissitudes of fortune neither ingenious nor complicated, and brought about rather by the gradual approximation of time, than the immediate and forcible operation of a long train of skilfully prepared causes. Condensed and rapid action is essential to a good story, and where the events are few a great length of time becomes a great fault. In general a story will always be the more interesting in proportion as the catastrophe and events are more the effect of sudden incidents than of gradual vicissitudes. The magic of the conjurer Fortune, is the more wonderful in proportion to the rapidity of her execution.

Our author applauds himself very much in his preface, for the more moral tone of the *Disowned*—more moral we mean than *Pelham*. He certainly deserves the praise of having attempted it. He has at least paid virtue some very pretty compliments. Deference is sometimes commendable where sympathy cannot be felt; and we have often thought that there was something better than hypocrisy, in the religious professions of those men, who are conscious that their impiety is too well known, to allow any body to be imposed upon by them. We cannot say that we think much of the author's purity of thought, and feeling, at least judging it by our standard. He has certainly taken a great deal of trouble, and gone very far into the principles of social happiness, and the good of mankind, to bring us back some notions of morals and conduct, as lofty as they are deeply rooted; but in the mean time, there have been springing up under our feet, some under shrubs of a less wholesome quality, which are much more apt to be tasted by the generality of his readers. There is one morality of conception, and another of feeling. There is one which is secreted in some retired department of the mind into which the possessor must retire from the business of life to enjoy it selfishly by himself and where he always leaves it behind him; and another which is diffused through all the sentiments and feelings of the heart, and qualifies all its impulses. We do not mean by this to commend those virtues which arise from mere amiability of disposition, and instinctively kind impulses. That is a very miserable, weak, milk-and-water sort of virtue; but we mean that which is tempered and braced up by a strength of principle, but which becomes matter of instinct rather than reflection.

This we do not think that the author of the *Disowned* has, but that in spite of an occasional display of moral pomp—there is a constitutional viciousness in his temperament, which is constantly breaking out, and indeed what may be called an easy vein of immorality running through the whole book. Few men are vicious for want of the perception of the right, but for the want of a taste for it. Vice is not generally a mistake, but a weakness. Every body has good enough abstract conceptions of virtue, and they go wrong in practice because they love too much the grosser gratifications of the passions, and too little the more exquisite gratification of virtuous sentiments. It is not the studied moral reflections, it is not even the success or the calamities of virtue or vice, which decide the moral character of a story, but it is the secret, impalpable, flavor of moral or immoral feeling, which is exhaled from the book, and which imperceptibly instils itself into

the reader's habits of thinking and feeling ; and if he has not the penetration to detect the poison, he is so much the more exposed to its deleterious effect, from its being covered under a show of morality. The air that breathes a refreshing coolness, and is redolent to the senses with the odorous perfumes of 'cassia, nard and balm,' is the more dangerous, if, at the same time, it is loaded with the imperceptible poison of a pestilential disease. Therefore the lofty morality, and mysterious religious sensibility of Mordaunt is no remedy for a licentious turn of thought on ordinary subjects ; or, for instance, the introduction of such scenes, as those in which La Meronville is the heroine, without a comment, and as matters of course.

We are perfectly aware that such things must, and do exist at all times. But a great portion of the readers of novels is among the female part of society, and we cannot but think that it is an entirely unnecessary, useless, and wanton offence against delicacy and good taste, not to say decency, to introduce into their presence the whole system of the private amours of men in high life. If we would not quarrel with the world, we must accustom ourselves to expect, and to pardon a disregard for the truth very frequently ; but it is not therefore common for a novelist to put falsehood into the mouths of those for whom he challenges any degree of respect, without any mark of censure or surprise. It is true that the author makes the person sufficiently ridiculous and disgusting ; she could not well be made to appear otherwise. He nevertheless leaves her the capacity for a romantic attachment, and, moreover, the faculty of blushing when her paramour discovers it. At any rate, it is bad taste to introduce such characters and scenes as matters of course, in the most good humored way, and without the least expression of surprise, or disapprobation, or anything but a playful ridicule, which would equally apply to conduct the most innocent ; it is bad taste to familiarize the mind to such things at all ; it is worse to domiciliate, and to associate with such a person one like the Duke of Haversfield, whom the author presents as an object of regard, and whom he afterwards marries to an amiable and virtuous woman. It is wrong to represent a person of any degree of manly honor or good feelings like Lord Borodale, at the same time that he is paying his addresses to one whom he desires to make his wife, returning from her boudoir at all hours to the chamber of his mistress. Of what use is all the exaggerated, romantic, unattainable, abstract, mad philosophy of Mordaunt, if the same person who describes it with a glow of enthusiasm leads us the next moment with the utmost familiarity and good humor, and without the least symptom of being out of his element, into the haunts of Epicurean sensuality, where, if any where, vice may possibly seem to have lost 'half its evil, by losing all its grossness.' Of what use would be the instructions of a parent, if with the same lips with which he had harangued upon the loftiest speculations of scholastic morality, he should narrate to his children, not with commendation indeed, but without censure, instances of any of the thousand vices which the passions of mankind have made so common, that the whole frame of society is so rotten with them, that it returns no echo to the voice which expresses its indignation against them ?

If a novel is to do any good, it must be by teaching us propriety of conduct in those situations where the feelings of ourselves and others are to be the motives of action, rather than utility ; and in introducing the minds of youth where they may breathe a moral atmosphere, from which a delicate sense has purged away all the impurities with which the passions, the expediency, the pride

and interest of mankind, have infected the moral tone of all societies. We think they may be made a very important instrument in this respect, and we therefore think that the moral spirit of every novelist should be severely criticised. There are some evil effects resulting from the too great use of novels, particularly to young people; but they are transient, while the writings of such authors as Scott generally, and Miss Edgeworth always, we cannot doubt, have the effect of permanently elevating the tone of morality in society.

The bad effects of novel reading arise first, from their enervation of the faculty of hard study, and intense thinking; and, secondly, from the circumstance of our conceptions of moral, not being so definite and precise as those of physical things. The mischief does not arise from our acquiring romantic ideas of the perfectibility of human nature. These are the beau ideals of moral beauty which all ought to study, but which should be considered rather as the models by which to form our own taste, than the standard by which to measure other men. The study of the Apollo and the Venus does not make us the less ready to be enamoured where we cannot find the majestic grace of the one, or the exquisite symmetry of the other; and it is because our perceptions of physical beauty are so accurately and early formed, that we know how much to expect, and our expectations are graduated to the scale of nature. We have not always either the sagacity or the opportunity to make an equally right estimate of the standard of *moral* perfection. The first opening of manhood is the period when, if at all, the acetous fermentation succeeds to the sweets of the romantic visions of our youth. But we soon learn that all women are not angels and all clever youths are not heroes. We are long discover that that amiability which once seemed so unmingled, is sometimes mingled with a paramount kindness to its possessors themselves; that all profusion is not generosity; that although human nature is the highest and most elaborate and delicate specimen of the fitness and goodness which everything of our Maker's creating possesses, we must be content to pass it current with its full portion of alloy. A little commerce with the world necessarily and forcibly, though often painfully expels the delusion into which we are led with respect to others, while our own minds have grown up under a moulding conception of noble principles, which may be encrusted and polished over by our intercourse with the world, but which can seldom be inwardly changed.

The story of Mordaunt is in rather bad taste. It requires great discretion to select well the circumstances of distress. A story which addresses itself to our pity and sympathy, while it tortures, should likewise excite. The heavy, passive, unredeemable oppression of poverty, must always be a bad subject for a story, because it contains all the bitterness of the bitter cup, without any of its life and vivacity. The distress which gives pleasure is the agony of the passions; it is not the oppression of weight but the torture of sharpness, not the motionless, lifeless suffering of the night-mare, but the thrilling agony of struggling life and motion.

Another fault of the story of Mordaunt is that his situation is the consequence of his own folly, we might almost say crime, and that it leaves him no choice but to do exactly as he did, and consequently no merit. In fact we can consider Mordaunt as nothing else, either than a madman, or an overwrought picture of romantic morality for the purpose of making morality ridiculous. A man who had searched all Europe to find the objects of a carefully concealed charity; who had followed the loftiest flights of the ancient sages, to obtain the noblest conceptions of the sublimest virtues; and the most deeply penetrating researches of modern

philosophers into the fundamental principles of society, to become acquainted with the rules of utility and social happiness ; and who had, at the same time, so matured these abstract studies as to be able to give practical lessons to one brought up in the courts of princes, leads away from her natural guardians an inexperienced young woman, who trusted entirely to him, to inevitable poverty. In this situation he supports himself only by making profitable his ancient studies ; and he has the brutality to aggravate the distress of this devoted woman by peevishness, glossed over by a romantic rhodomontade of morality, and a deal of fustian upon the delights of science and philanthropy.

The story of Isabel's eloping with Mordaunt without exactly perceiving the nature of her trust in him, and 'insisting upon making the sacrifice she designed,' while she opposed her marriage to him, is extremely improbable. Such a notion would be natural enough to a whimsical, learned, and philosophical woman like Heloise, of strong and romantic passions, in a romantic age, and one which had not very precise notions of morality ; but, that a woman of any common sense and in the eighteenth century, should desire to make such a sacrifice, without any motive and in entire innocence of heart, is extremely improbable. To draw a distinction between the real delicacy of the act, and the appearance it would have in the eyes of the world, tends to unsettle the foundation and truth of moral perceptions.

The conversations of Mordaunt are very overstrained, unnatural, and bombastic. They are such rhapsodies as few men of sense would dream of in their wildest, and most fantastic moments, much less utter. His conversations with Clarence are a great bore on both sides. They are neither good essays, nor natural conversations, and moreover in the same bad style which characterizes some of the rhapsodies which the author has appropriated to himself. We tried very hard to read some of them, but without success, although they contain a great many brilliant, and a great many sensible remarks, and much knowledge of character and of the world.

The scenes in which Crawford plays a principal part, we think the most powerful parts of the book, though not at all true to nature. The formation of his character and morals is described with great force and ingenuity. But his has the same faults with the rest of the author's imagined characters, a want of keeping in spite of strong proofs of accurate observation, and an entire failure in the description of particular passions and situations. The character too is very much overdrawn, and there is the same fault of indistinctness in his story, of which we have before complained.

The character of Wolfe shows considerable power, but is a very disagreeable one. We confess we do not see the least probability in any part of it. His story, occupation and plans too, are not at all related. This is certainly a great fault. It destroys very much the feeling of reality, which it is a great part of the art to sustain. This character too is exceedingly exaggerated.

The same may be said of that of the painter in the first volume, whose story is entirely distinct from all the others. It is an extremely painful and unnatural one. It has all the faults of the others, which we are now tired of repeating, and is redeemed by few of their excellencies.

Mr. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Copperas can hardly be said to be characters, but they are described with a great deal of humor, and although rather caricatured, they bear it very well.

The *Disowned* on the whole contains more fine thoughts, and deeper reflections, and in some parts displays more power than *Pelham*. It is just such a book as an author is apt to pride himself upon, and a reader to disagree with him about. But it is composed with much less spirit and vivacity, is very much inferior in action, story, and, as we think, character, and contains a great deal more bad writing. The author's assuming the bold, careless, indifferent character of *Pelham*, saved him in a great degree from the false taste, affected brilliancy, and exaggerated style of the *Disowned*. The highest style of fine writing in English is one extremely dangerous to be imitated by men of inferior talent, and much more apt to become ridiculous and tawdry in their hands than any other model we know of. The peculiarity of it as shown in Milton, Burke, Bacon, and Jeremy Taylor, consists of a thick inweaving of massive embroidery of images and illustrations, drawn from every part of the widely extended domain which the imagination has appropriated to itself. The consequence is that with those whose imagination and study have not supplied them with the material, and who have neither the taste, nor the skill to inweave it harmoniously and neatly, it is very apt to become the robe of frieze trimmed with the copper lace:—

‘*Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter assinitur pannus.*’

The style of which we speak is more peculiarly the English style, as distinguished from that of the French and of the ancients. It began with the rich quaintness of Chaucer and Spenser. It was brought to perfection by the splendid imagination and exquisite wit of the age of Bacon and Shakspeare, the latter of whom contrived to make the natural shape of his characters visible through all its rich drapery. The style of Milton, stiff with gorgeous embroidery as it has been well described, is a rich specimen of it. It was more closely shorn by the fastidious and nicely tutored wits, as they called themselves, of Queen Anne's time, and worn with more richness and taste by the writers of the school of Goldsmith and Johnson. The splendid genius of Burke again introduced it in its gaudiest manner. Still, whether more or less in vogue, its greater richness and splendor of coloring has always been more or less the characteristic of the English style. Of foreign writers, some of the Latins have approached more nearly to it, particularly Cicero, and his imitators, as for instance Quintilian. It is not the language of passion but of imagination; not of that part of our nature which fills with fury, wraps, inspires, but of that faculty which combines, compares, illustrates and adorns whatever we think or feel. It does not therefore belong to a passionate, so much as to a reflective people. It is a mistake to suppose imagination to be more proper to southern climates. It is a good saying of Coleridge that the French ‘are too volatile and passionate a people to have much imagination.’ Their passion expends itself in starts, and exclamations. That of the English secretes itself within the mind's own thoughts, and diffuses itself by a ‘*musings contemplation*’ through all its pleasant places, and loves to give its tone to, and see everything affected by the color of its own feelings. The passion of the French is like the insanity of Lear, which frets itself away in violent ravings and gesticulations; that of the English like the beautiful madness of Ophelia which adorns itself with flowers.

The style of the Greeks is like their whole genius, character, and history, a perfect phenomenon—inimitable—unaccountable. It is much more contemplative, severe, regular, and magical, I must call it, in its effects. The elaborate

splendor and ambitious profusion of the English writers, particularly the oldest, resembles the luxuriant tracery, and delicately poised height of their own Gothic architecture; that of the Greek has all the polished and substantial simplicity, the dignified repose and the quiet grandeur of their majestic temples. The texture of the latter is beautiful for its fine material and delicate but plain finish—that of the former, for an ingeniously and richly wrought embroidery of all colors and all materials. And therefore the latter is the more dangerous to the inferior artist. For, in imitating the former, all his labor can hardly do any thing worse than make smooth a coarse fabric; in the latter he makes himself ridiculous by a flutter of purple rays, entangles his style in all the mazes of bad grammar, and produces a confusion of figures and colors, which can be compared to nothing better than those notable screens of satin and silk, which, by the kindness of our grandmothers, adorn so many corners of our front drawing rooms.

The splendor of this English style which is now in fashion, has even frequently led astray Sir Walter Scott, who is too rich in genuine jewels to set any value on such paste and beads as he sometimes condescends to wear. There are some lamentable instances of this, particularly considering the dignity of the subject, in his *Life of Napoleon*—and even when his figures are good enough their beauty is often rather unchastely and immodestly exposed, instead of being woven into the tissue of his style; an art which Mr. Burke possessed more highly than any one else. The effect of imagination is often greater when its light shines through the thought, than when it appears nakedly to the eye of the reader.

Such sentences as the following, are intolerable altogether, not only in one who has attained the age of discretion; but even at the age of swearing allegiance, such murder of the King's English ought to be considered high treason against the commonwealth of letters.

In volume first, we have this brilliant period:—

“For the after century it was reserved to restore what may be permitted to call the spirit of our national literature, to forsake the clinquant of the French mimickers of classic gold, to exchange a thrice adulterated Hippocrène for the pure well of Shakespeare, and of nature,” &c.

And again in the same page, “Thought run over its set and stationary banks, and watered even the common flowers of literature.” And again,

“As faith clings the more to the cross of life, while the wastes deepen round her steps, and the adders creep forth upon her path, so love clasps,” &c.

In the same volume, page 195, he talks about “Forgetfulness throwing the broken strings (of a broken tie) into her panniers, where all the loves, hatred, hopes and fears of our ancestors, lie with the things before the flood.”

In the 34th page of the second volume, we have the following passage which has neither sense nor grammar:—

“The untimely death of Isabel, whom we have said he loved with that love which is the vent of hoarded and passionate musings, long nourished upon Romance, and lavishing the wealth of a soul that overflows with secreted tenderness upon the first object that can bring reality to fiction, that event had not only darkened melancholy into gloom, but had made loneliness still more dear to his habits, by all the ties of memory, and all the consecrations of regret.”

These specimens are extreme cases, but it would be well if the viciousness of this disease of the author's style was concentrated into these sentences, instead of infecting, as they do, not only all the essay parts, but even the conversations of all those characters whom he represents as talkers in a grand style.

There is a great want, in the *Disowned*, of that ease and smoothness of style, which is so remarkable in Scott, and which is very necessary to a novelist, because the want of it has the same effect in the hurry of excited interest, as a rough road to a hasty traveller. Our author, too, has a great many of the peculiarities which are fashionable at present both among the prose writers and the poets in England at the present day. Such for instance as those comparisons with one dimension of resemblance, so common in the Wordsworth school of poets, and which to us seem to have neither the merit of beauty or illustration. Take for example, in the *Disowned*;—‘Self-love sat upon his forehead as upon a throne.’ And again, ‘His lip seemed to wear scorn as a garment.’

Among other cants, the author has a good deal of cant in describing persons. He seems to be haunted with a certain beau ideal of character, which obtrudes itself into all his portraits, and reminds one of the picture of Mathews’ French Diligence, in which all the figures, from the coachman to the old lady, have the omnipresent visage of Mr. Mathews. So the “chiselled and classic features,” and the “quiet aristocratic mien and simplicity of dress” are indispensable attributes of all his respectable personages, from Pelham and Mordaunt to Crawford. His manner of describing characters is very foppish, and among certain persons very much calculated to produce an affectation, of which they have not the discrimination and taste to perceive its folly. He enters too, rather too much into the details and minutiae of dress, address, and behavior, which, though very well, thought of and attended to as they should be by all, are the private decencies of a man’s own thoughts, and no more to be spoken of in relation to ourselves or others, than any other of a man’s personal mysteries.

There are a great many other minor offences against good taste and a just sense of dignity, which it might, perhaps, appear to be hypercriticism in us to censure. Such for instance, as the author’s rhapsodies upon his own love affairs, and several things of the same sort. But we have been thus hard upon faults of this kind, as well as upon the author’s morality, because both Pelham and the *Disowned* have been very much admired, and indeed may be said to have produced considerable effect in this country; and because it is these deficiencies in his style of writing, dignity, and morality, which have produced in our minds something, which, considering that he has been compared to the greatest masters in his art, approaches very near to contempt. The office of a novelist, we consider to be a very responsible and a very elevated one. It requires not only a great justness of moral principle and an exact degree of feeling and enthusiasm, but moreover a nice sense of delicacy and dignity; and we must confess that we have no patience that a book which is deficient in all these qualities, and, in spite of all the literary littlenesses with which it is filled, should be advanced, with a sort of profanity of public taste, to an equality with Scott and Edgeworth, and passing uncensured, even by the fair and the reverend.

L.

MOSES ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT PISGAH.

I SEE the land before me lie,
To which my wandering feet have turned ;
The vision swells upon my eye,
That ever in my soul hath burned.
The wilderness behind me lies—
Egypt's proud splendors are forgot—
I stand beneath my country's skies,
My feet have reached a glorious spot.
It is no dream—no false mirage—
I view the promis'd heritage.

I see the Paradise on earth,
Where Israel's tribes shall dwell at ease ;
All fresh as at creation's birth,
With nature's earliest melodies.
A fragrance meets me on the breeze,
From its sweet flowers and spicy groves—
I see the palmy, tufted trees,
Whose shade the desert pilgrim loves—
And thousand sunny fountains gleam,
With many a deep, broad sheeted stream.

Fresh fields, in dewy greenness drest,
How like the spots in Eden trod !
There shall the tabernacle rest,
Of Jacob's everlasting God.
The glorious landscape swells around !
Its blue, far distant hills are seen—
Its mountains high and cedar-crown'd
With blessed vales spread out between.
This is the bright land promis'd long,
In cloud, and fire, and sacred song.

Rich hues untold, flung wild and free,
Far o'er the gorgeous region shine—
But what is all the scene to me !
Its glories never can be mine.
E'en now they fade upon my sight ;
My aching sense already fails ;
No more I taste, with rich delight,
The fragrance of its spicy gales.
Oh ! what is all its bliss to me !
Grove, fount, or flowing melody.

The land which my tired spirit loves,
Proves like my thousand desert dreams ;
I may not wander through its groves,
Nor bathe me in its crystal streams ;
I may not join the song of praise,

Nor sacrifice, at morn or even,
Nor with assembled Israel raise
The fervent voice of prayer to heaven.
Nor, leader of the wanderers, stand,
Their priest, amidat the blessed land.

Ere Jacob's tents o'er Canaan shine,
I must be numbered with the dead ;
And shall I hear the voice divine,
With mournful and reluctant dread,
That calls my wearied spirit on
To scenes a thousand times more fair—
Where patriarchal sires have gone,
Where Abraham, Isaac, Jacob are ?
That leads where heaven itself shall be
The eternal paradise to me ?

I may not lead the sacred rites
Of sacrifice on Jordan's banks—
But from the glorious, heavenly heights,
Amidst the wing'd angelic ranks,
And where life's holy stream flows pure,
Through verdure that can never fade,
No sin to blight, no cloud to obscure,
My rapturous homage shall be paid.
My jaaper harp shall thrill to strains
Unheard on Canaan's earthly plains.

I may not walk with those I love,
O'er Israel's heritage on earth—
But oh ! I shall forever rove
With spirits of celestial birth.
There my unshackled soul shall soar
From world to world, with souls as free ;
Who, chain'd to time and sense no more,
Have put on immortality.
All, who before me gain'd the prize,
Shall greet me in those upper skies.

I shall commune, and face to face, [theme,
With those, whose lives have been my
In whose bright characters I trace
The impress of the eternal beam.
With these how will my soul rejoice
To worship round the Almighty's throne—
Redeemed, to raise my trembling voice
In halleluias here unknown !
Through all his infinite abode,
Blest with the vision of my God.

Not as on Sinai's dreadful mount,
 In cloud and threatening fire concealed—
 Not as at Horeb's gushing fount,
 In angry thunderings revealed—
 But, terror laid forever by,
 His blissful glories shall be seen,
 And all undimmed, my sinless eye
 Shall drink the eternal splendor in!—
 Death wears no frown: he comes to be
 A welcome messenger to me!

E'en now he wings the silent air,
 I feel his hand upon my brow!
 He whispers that his hour is near—
 I feel my frame dissolving now!
 I see the unclouded eye of God!
 He beckons my departure hence;
 My soul springs forth from her abode;
 What visions rush upon my sense!
 I see the white robed crowd—they come!
 They wait me to my endless home.

G. B. C.

SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS IN THE UNITED STATES.

"They formed their own conceptions, and with toil,
 Long, earnest toil, they brought their laboring minds
 To the high level of the fame they loved,
 And then went boldly on. They were alone
 In their endeavor."

THE Fine Arts are said by one whom artists have justly deemed a high priest of the fraternity, to "belong to an age of luxury." To us, hard-delving, hand-to-mouth generation of Yankees the word '*luxury*,' is anti-republican, and not so reputable an epithet as it is in some other ears. Instead of imparting to a common man a downy idea of comfort, and causing him to wish the arrival of that day, ten chances to one that he wiped his brow in pious solemnity, and looked awfully republican at the sound. His thoughts might, perhaps, settle on some soft handed Moslem, sitting cross-legged in his big turban and trowsers, with pipe and opium, hot coffee, hot baths and harem, but on nothing better. A state of licentiousness and enervating excess however, is not meant as the fit soil of the Fine Arts. Hard-delving and hard favored as we are, it behoves *us* to look to their cultivation; and to foster those who have embarked their genius and ambition in rendering them worthy of our regard—and us worthy of regarding them. 'The useful and the beautiful are never apart,' said Periander:—and 'it is a blind man's question to ask, why those things should be loved, which are beautiful.'

An 'age of luxury,' in this connexion, is that stage of society, when a nation, snugly ensconced behind its walls of political security, has become so thrifty in the pursuits of peace that it can spare a portion of its wealth, leisure, and talents, to something more than the 'daily bread,' and homely necessities of life—that stage when it is fain to consult ease as well as convenience, and study how to unite beauty with utility—when society has toiled up from homely want to refined plenty—and 'the three-legged stool,' as Cowper

has playfully portrayed it, by slow transitions has reached "the accomplish'd sofa,"—

"Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
And luxury th' accomplish'd Sofa last."

Have we reached such a stage? If, after the fashion of some, an answer were to be gathered from the disposition practically manifested in starving the Arts and their disciples out of the land, verily, their day and generation has not yet arrived. But there is in this answer a slur upon the taste of our countrymen, though artists will insist upon having it thus, which has in it a spice of spleen and petulance. It is a fact—accounted for in the history of our political extract and growth—that we possess the ingredients of such an age, in an unequal proportion: in taste, genius and refinement we are in the advance of wealth and leisure. The fellows of every profession, craft and mystery, here, which is not reared directly on the wants of life, are constrained to keep each other in countenance by relieving their spleen in similar complaints, with the more bitterness in artists, doubtless, from their discovering in the intellectual culture of society a refinement above its means, an ability to appreciate what we cannot buy; a yankee struggle, in short, to 'live above our cloth.' The inconsistency, instead of being the object of invidious stigma, is, as was remarked, naturally and historically accounted for in the story of our political birth. We did not, either in laws, religion, or taste, *come up* as nations are wont to be matured; but present the novel spectacle of a nation 'brought up,' or rather, struck out, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter.

The consequence is, we have taken leave of our political parent, as is the case of most wilful children, better educated than endowed. Our British inheritance is that of an English younger brother—proud, but poor—well taught, but ill treated—blood enough, with none of the heraldry—pretensions in abundance, but little of the patrimony. In behalf of our inheritance, too, we are reputed to have improved unequally upon the old ancestral stock. In pride, which ran high enough in the veins of our Father Bull, and has been mounting fast enough for all practical purposes ever since, we are said to have won the race; have the credit of arrogating more, even, than is esteemed good manners in the old world. This foible, seconded by no better an endorser than poverty, could not fail of exposing us to merited stigma and the spleen of disappointment. Those however who have cast off their bile, should not persist in reproaching the taste and genius of the land with its poverty and pride. Nor should they miscale the latter. It is poverty, and not parsimony; nor is much of its pride vanity. Pride can scarcely vaunt itself into vanity while scanning the immunities, great and good,

which have rendered our clime the bulwark of freedom, be it ever so windy and grandiloquent—though there are features in the caprices and elegant indulgencies of life which betray a national homage to the meaner branch of the sentiment, revealing an ambitious ostentation of those points which make out the reputation of being large and liberal. As to parsimony, the prodigality of our countrymen of their little wealth is the standing paradox of travellers. We are written down and printed, by each and every one of them, as spending money faster, wearing finer cloth, wasting more at dinner and the like, than they do even at the old homestead.

The inquiries, why the Elegant Arts have not found here a fostering hand, nor the talent and ambition of our countrymen been embarked with more confidence and success in them, are plainly correlative; and the last is answered by having answered the first. If so, the bitterness of speech and professional pique with which they have sometimes been put, is worse than idle; not to speak of the hazard of running under the retort courteous, of a writer in the *North American Review*, who, by changing ends with the alternative, makes the latter account for the first. ‘Prithee, friend,’ quoth he, with an *argumentum ad hominem* henceforth hermetically sealing the lips of every pining artist, ‘show us that thing of thine worthy of our money which we have not bought!’ It is some relief, even, to find oneself speaking with unprofessional lips:—albeit, the above felonious sealing was rendered somewhat abortive and untenable by the prompt humanity of Mr. S. F. B. M., “P. N. A.” [?]* in the day and time of it. The issue there joined was upon painting principally, and held, too, in so close equipoise between them as to be in no danger of being jostled by our steps, if we proceed to account for the national supineness in another way. Poverty, beyond dispute, is the ultimate cause. Depending on the absence of amassed wealth, or the certainty, rather, of its being soon scattered by our Lycurgan rule of distribution, we have not been often enough, nor long enough, presented with specimens in the arts on which to educate a taste, and from which to catch enthusiasm. From want of familiarity, our countrymen have not been convinced of their intimate bearing on the success of the useful arts; nor been able sufficiently to taste of the pleasure, enduring, exalted and rational which they are capable of imparting.

Particularly is this true of Sculpture. Situated as we are, far from the land in which the Art had its ‘ancient abode and burial,’ as well as from the modern schools in which it has been revived—the treasures of each, therefore, too remote for success, by the breadth of an ocean; and we too poor to ‘raise the wind’ that should waft them nearer—it is a matter of course that they should

* P. N. A. President of the National Academy. [Ed.]

be, comparatively, strangers to us. It follows no less of course that we should remain, in a degree, strangers, to the pleasure and profit to be derived from them. To set the deficit out in its proper magnitude, let him who has paid his twenty five cents for an hour's saunter amid a collection of some two or three dozen casts, compare notes with one who has come from the magnificent and numerous galleries of Europe. Let him who has thought it a privilege, twice or thrice in his life, to steal behind a screen and admire these few dead and alive representatives of the 'living marble,' compare notes with one who has been where he might, at pleasure, stroll through the princely depositories of their originals—fancying, if he had a willing fancy, that buried Greece and Rome had met a resurrection—'their corruption having put on incorruption, and their mortal immortality;'—meeting in gallery, garden and grotto, the inhabitants of other and classic centuries, raised into life, as it were, by the triumphant trump of the sculptor, 'till he is constrained—if he came there a scholar, and with a scholar's enthusiasm had done funeral obsequies to their downfall—to cry out in admiration of the Art that thus mocks at Time.

The same injustice, of building reproaches on such facts as are unavoidable, is apparent from such a comparison of our facilities for cultivation with those of other countries. Plaster casts, beautiful as they are, are but sorry, cadaverous representatives of the pure, *more* beautiful marble. Their opaque, rayless hue detracts very much from the charm which the purity of the material imparts to the original. An *artist*, who has eyes to probe through to the centre and soul of a statue—be it plaster, or marble—tough as porphyry, or black as bronze—might deem the criticism hypercritical. But it enters more than he imagines into the emotion of the beholder, and has much to do in winning a popular enthusiasm in behalf of the art—the enthusiasm, that is, of such admirers (and all common admirers are such) as catch their admiration from external as well as intrinsic beauties:—all of us not possessing the artist's

"Optics sharp, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

One who has detected the insidious influence of external types to tinge and sway the humor of his thoughts, can guess, if he has not felt, what part the purity of the material may have in the power of sculpture. There is in a fair specimen of statuary a translucency—a species of illumination among its particles, which is by no means a bad emblem of 'the light that is within us;' and which renders it a very fit tabernacle for so much of intellect, or heart, as may take up its abode therein. Indeed, it does more. It exerts a sort of vestal rule in chastening and hallowing whatever of life the artist is

fain to commit to it. The statue's spotless whiteness and mellow light become 'part and parcel,' of the attribute or virtue lodged there. Mind borrows from it dignity; and passion purity. Nay, every representation of the gross or common-place is incongruous and unpleasant. Michael Angelo, with the fidelity of an artist's fancy, thought, too, that the sinless marble was a better resting place for *morals*; as may be seen in the following beautiful epigram and reply, written upon a production of his chisel. The epigram was the compliment of an unknown hand, inscribed on the famous figure of Night, in his monument of Duke Lorenzo De Medici.

"Night, whom you see so sweetly sleeping in this stone, was by an ANGEL carved, and, though sleeping, lives: if you believe me not, awake her with a sudden shake, and she will speak."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S Reply. *"It were well to sleep, but better to be a stone, while shame is shameless, and while crimes bear sway: not to be sensible is my good fortune; therefore rouse me not, but speak low."*

All that we lack in the facilities for cultivating a taste and arousing enthusiasm in the Arts, is certainly an apology for our short-comings in that behalf, but in what plea in the meantime shall we take refuge, for neglecting to cherish, so far as we can, those who have embarked against such odds to supply the deficit. The artist has, indeed 'a hard row to hoe,' of it, who takes up the chisel in the face of such obstacles: and must set out with the ardor that can make a 'substance of things hoped for.' But such spirits there are. Others doubtless there have been, who have put their hand to the emprise and looked back.—'An' what for no?' (Mistress Margaret Dods would say,) when there was naught to look forward to save penury and praises, which, as the proverb has it, 'will scarcely fill a purse, and make but scanty pottage.' One we have known:—saw the very witching attitude and grace by which he was smitten:—followed him as he stept aside from the bustle of the throng, content to let the sordid tide go by, and join himself to the band of

*"Brothers, conjunctive all
T' embellish life."*

We have loved occasionally, since, to crumble the marble chips upon the floor of his *sanctum sanctorum*, and whip the Italian dust from a chair, or marble block hard-by—in whose obdurate embrace doubtless sylph, seraph, or virgin, is waiting patiently, the day of her release.

With little of that support, which even misery gathers, from the reflection that she has fellows at her side, and few means for that comparison which establishes confidence in our undertakings, to step aside from the common current, and espouse, alone, a bold emprise,

argues a devotion of purpose that promises well, and merits, at least from congenial minds, a word of approval and a whisper of cheer—*more*, if they can spare it. The want of this consolation our artists would be content to abide, if they might be delivered from the ‘tender mercies’ of another class:—the class who have no sympathies with any of the poetry of life, other than that of making money:—whose fellowship with the Fine Arts is bounded by the relieve of a milled dollar, and the vignette of a bank-note. In the Lycurgan simplicity of their hearts, they deem it a duty, ever and anon, to ferret out the dreamer in his solitude, inflict upon him their compassion and pity, and sincerely wish him in better business. Such vexations wait on the path of the pioneer of every art and mystery. But to one in whose very success a ready sensibility is so radical an element, they often amount to a bitter rack:—and a rack which has wrung from one and another of them the avowal, that he is even ready to live apart, passed over like a thing in a parenthesis, if so be he might be left alone,—peopling his solitude, for lack of better,

“with shapes
Hewn from the living rock.”

Of the few who have refined their hearts and tastes from such prose to better ordered measures, who is there, that does not own himself drawn towards the cell of one thus devotedly determined ‘to embellish life’? While watching the ‘still witchery’ of the artist’s brush, or the steady, assiduous clinking of his chisel,

“In fashioning the elements of things
To loftier images than have on earth
Their home,”—

amid such a dearth of fuel, still fostering the flame—without straw, still struggling to furnish ‘the tale of bricks’—one is forced to believe, that we are ruder Pharaohs than we really intend to be; and to wonder that more of us have not discovered it.

‘Save me from my friends and I will take care of my enemies,’ is a motto which an artist has often to take to himself. There is scarcely any one thing which he has more need of holding in dread than vulgar rumor and newspaper puffs. *Authors* have generally so free access behind the scenes of the puffing corps, as to see to that matter for themselves, or, at worst, are prepared to puff back again. Between the good will and the ignorance of an editor, he sometimes finds himself *emparagraped*, without leave or license, in a style to make him well nigh envy a birth in the neighboring column—amid its obituaries. He will meet himself, perchance, with horror, seated cheek by jowl by the side of some one far his superior; from a comparison with whom he would have recoiled in dismay, or avoided by a pilgrimage to Mecca. By an undue elevation he is

compelled to feel the severe censure of unmerited praise ; or, perhaps, made to be unwittingly a thorn of jealousy and detraction in the side of his fellows ; or, by being overlooked, the thorn may be in his own side. It were an easy matter to produce curious specimens in this behalf, by filching scraps from the folio of some one of them—meant beyond a doubt, for anything but a torture ; often falling harmless everywhere but on the sensitive pride of the individual. A fair sample is before us in a notice, from one of the most respectable Boston prints, of Mr. H. Augur, a sculptor already known to the public as having lately given flattering promise of excellence in the art, and now indefatigably devoted to it at New Haven, Conn.*—a specimen no less of the usual good intentions of such notices, than of their incorrectness. The principal fault to be imputed to such things is, that an editor *will select* such themes for a fore-breakfast paragraph ; and in his endeavor to gratify, *currente calamo*, a careless reader, allow himself to take so little thought of the feelings of the one concerned :—lifting a man to public view by the hair, for no better reason than that he had not leisure to get a better hold.

Whether an artist's productions are to be pronounced 'specimens of industry,' or 'of genius,' it is very plain is the sole question which he puts at issue with the public in their exhibition. Mr. A. has had whispered in his ear such testimony on this point, as to put him above carping at such decisions upon his merit. The objection here is, to the tendency of such a method of publicly proving his title to it. To convince those who are at all read in the history of wonder working empiricism, that anything can come out of the materials here enumerated ; that an 'untaught mechanic,' who 'knew nothing of classical literature,' to whom 'Phidias and Praxiteles and their names were Greek,' &c. &c., would make a sculptor, were to persuade them that 'a flageolet had been made of a pig's tail.' It is due to decorum to dismiss this with a brief answer ; and it is done by saying truly, that the description (of which the passages above quoted are a part) would have been a good one, had it closed with the remark, that to all this Mr. Augur is a worthy and singular exception. The rule of courtesy on which this class of compliments seems to be built is, that the sinews of a man's genius are best strengthened by depressing the level from which he started.

Mr. Augur has been a 'carver.' He came to that undertaking with no other apprenticeship in mechanics than there may be in having been last the proprietor of a reading room, and before a merchant. As a comment upon the taste and skill which he may have

* Mr. Augur is as yet but in the outset of his pursuit, and in such distinction as he has attained to, cannot be said to be alone. Mr. Frazer, so far as he has gone, is respected as an artist ; and Mr. Greenough has, even thus early given high promise of successful talent. The latter gentleman is now in Italy.

brought to the art, the reputation of his carving procured him in a short time extensive orders from abroad ; and had swollen his small undertaking to an extensive and profitable establishment at the time of its abandonment for a bolder enterprise.

Next to a miniature bust of Franklin, never completed, Mr. Augur's 'first attempt' in marble was the copy of the bust of Apollo. In some stages of its progress it must have been rude enough to be sure, but, from the day of its completion has been spoken of with commendation. His other efforts are, in their order, a bust of Sappho, in the possession of D. Wadsworth, Esq. of Hartford, Conn. ; a bust of Professor Alexander Fisher, done at the order of his classmates ; and a statue of Sappho, in the possession of Col. T. Perkins of Boston. He is now engaged upon a group, already somewhat advanced, of Jephthah and his Daughter. The intrinsic interest of this incident of holy writ, no less than the doubt in which the fate of the Hebrew damsel has been enveloped by the fancies of poets and the heads of critics, has long since singled it out for the study of artists. Mr. A. has, for his subject, arrested the action of the scene at its highest point of interest ; and if he is as fortunate in embodying his conception as he has been in conceiving it, will produce a work creditable to himself and the art.

z.

DEATH.

Pour not the voice of grief
 Above the sable bier !
 The weary spirit finds relief
 In some more hallowed sphere.
 What reck's it that the lip
 Hath lost its thrilling hue—
 Untainted was their fellowship
 As blushing rose and dew.
 And now—too soon a creeping thing,
 Will, like a leech, there feed and cling !

Yet weep not for the dead
 Who early pass away,
 Ere hope and joy and youth have fled,
 Ere woe has wrought decay !
 Better to die in youth
 When life is green and bright,
 Than when the heart has lost its truth
 In age and sorrow's night—
 Then woes and years around us throng,
 And death's chill grasp is on us long.

The uses of Rings.

Life is a rifled flower
 When love's pure visions fade—
 A broken spell—a faded hour—
 An echo—and a shade !
 The poet's thirst for fame,
 And syren beauty's kiss,
 Ambition's height, and honour's name
 But yield a phantom bliss—
 And man turns back from every goal
 Thirsting for some high bliss of soul !

Would I had died when young !
 How many burning tears,
 And wasted hopes and sever'd ties
 Had spared my after years !
 And she on whose pale brow,
 The damp and cold earth lies,
 Whose pure heart in its virgin glow
 Was mirror'd in dark eyes !
 Would I had faded soon with her,
 My boyhood's earliest worshipper !

Pour not the voice of wo !
 Shed not the burning tear
 When spirits from the cold earth go
 Too bright to linger here !
 Unsullied let them pass
 Into oblivion's tomb—
 Like snow flakes melting in the sea
 When rife with vestal bloom.
 Then strew fresh flowers above the grave
 And let the tall grass o'er it wave !

Philadelphia.

R. M.

THE USES OF RINGS.

' Un escudo de oro es de grande defensa.'

I HAVE always been fond of *bijouterie*. I had a pleasure in such articles, before any associations could possibly arise as to their value. My steps were sooner stayed by a jeweller's exhibition, than by the frost and net work of the confectioner. Since I have sent the wings of my mind abroad, the desire and love for these familiar treasures has increased. I am, more especially, attached to rings. They lead my thoughts homeward. I also fancy I can trace the character of a na-

tion, and the foibles and pursuits of an individual, from the fashioning and tracery of the baubles. The broad seal-hoop of the Norman Baron and British Knight, upon which may be carved a quaint emblem encircled by a quainter legend, causes me to draw out the *gonfalonier*, with all the panoply of 'holy' warfare. I see the ring pressed firmly against the garniture of the sword of a Noble, as he shouts his battle-cry and puts the Paynim on his best defence. I enter the oracle of his tent; observe him tie the ribband round a letter, directed to 'the right noble and most sweete ladye Eleanour;' and, I scent the perfume of the wax as it takes the impress of the ring. The broad band with a squared ruby, carries me to the Sultan of the spicy land. Unshorn of nature's gifts, enchained in pearls, and cooled by the waving of the plume of the peacock, the monarch rests upon his throne. Men of larger mould and finer form, bow their foreheads to the earth; as if he were ready to cut off their very being. Phalanx upon phalanx, in all the blazonry of eastern attire, girdle in the olympus of the chief. The maid of the soul-beaming-eye peeps from the tracery of the silken curtains; while colors are so blended, that one can fancy rainbows to have rested upon the group. A Satrap receives the ruby from the enthroned one. He mounts the beautiful Arabian, which mocks the eagle's pinions. He is the herald to an ally. The standard is to be unfurled against the uncircumcised; and then must flow a hue much brighter than the ruby! Who cannot call up the groan of the table before the repast and the merriment which sets it in a roar afterwards, when he remembers an alderman's thumb ring? Every guest, save one, is a Falstaff; and that one must be a Yorick. But I need not go round the world to pick up rings. I have several in my cabinet, and the question at this moment is, whether the wearing of a ring be right and politic?

I, first of all, deny any effeminacy in the matter. If I am to be at issue, as to this, I will leave my declaration in the hands of Henry Pelham. Well then; in my richer days—not my better days, gentle reader—I wore rings. In my present time of weary bones, I display a hoop of gold.

A jewelled ring is of value to a monied man, when he is travelling. The landlord of the hotel, like a herring which looks at the red-cloth and passes over the hook, is caught in his memory. He 'recollects; yes, he is *sure* there is one saddle of venison left;' and the landlady (her act of marrying proves her respect for the circle of rich metal) 'is *positive*, the best chamber is untenanted.' They do not, it is true, forget to make out a bill:—go to: the man could afford to pay. And is it not a triumph over human nature, when a little finger has accomplished what disposition might not have performed? Suppose the good easy man to be ugly. Look at him in a party. I confess he reverses the situation of Moore's Irish lady; but then he comes off with equal advantage.

*Her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems;*

while *his* bright gold ring is his only '*charmme*.' We sing of the smile which lighted *her* safely ; and we observe, how the carbuncle is protected by the blaze of *his* diamond. The fair ones, the next day, cannot, for the life of them, remember Mr. Z's countenance : but, ' what a beautiful ring he wore !'

I carry a ring now I am woe-begone. We pay more taxes than we think for ; and it is a question yet to be asked, how far the poor man who garnishes his finger, does not take something from his porridge. The other day, my hair carried a little of the fretful porcupine. I stopped before the door of the *perruquier*. The shop had a two-tailed appearance. I could not determine whether I should have to pay one shilling or two. I determined to keep my ring out of sight. The forceps had walked round my organ of destructiveness ; spoken to my ears ; and were within a hair of my forelock. This tress, as I do not carry so much on my head as ' Dobbin my thill horse ' has on his tail, I am jealous of having touched. I reserve it for Time. In an instant, my arm was up to protect my frontlet. The knight of the cologne bottle caught a glimpse of my sword-hand. A profound *salam* was the accompaniment to a *sotto-voce* cry of, ' two shillings, if you please, sir.' But this ornament, my ring, once saved my life. A boat, in which my person had the misfortune to count one, upset where the depth of water would have satisfied a pearl diver of Naples. If a drowning man will cling to a straw, he will, of course, embrace the keel of a vessel. All hands, to use a vulgarism, held on. Assistance came. ' Here, take this *gentleman* out, first ; *him*, with a ring on his hand.' I had to pay : but, if my ornament had not been a letter of credit, I must have satisfied a heavier debt.

There is, of course, a style to be thought of in a golden hoop. A mulatto wears a something, nothing ; and my umbrella carries a ring. 'Tis idle to draw comparisons. The French go beyond poetry in such matters. Think of what you would give to your friend : wear such a ring yourself. And, after all, this is the most beautiful gift which can be presented to a valued acquaintance. A book, even a *Souvenir*, must be sometimes put aside. Flowers are only fitted for a ball-night's knowledge ; while pictures say too boldly, ' remember me.' The rings in my possession are powerful monitors. I want not Banquo's glass. I ask not for a gallery and the touch beyond the reach of art. The thread of light upon the circles, conjures up more figures and scenes than my brain can bear or mine eyes can weep over ; and the very givers of the ornaments seem to fill the chairs which are, at this moment, scarcely shadowed forth in my quiet room.

I have a ring with heavy tracery around it. A friend, a worldly friend, presented it. Some years after I had received the gift, I did him an act for which he ought to have called me a brother. I ran the risk of harassing his feelings, by explaining to his father the brink of ruin upon which the son stood. I offered to be his sword and buckler against the machinations of money-changers. The youth challenged me to fight : he is now a wanderer. He was the pride of his family—and the best blood of the best nobles of the reign of Elizabeth

ran in his veins. The pride of his family centered in him. His father is dead. His household gods are shivered ; he is a wanderer in a foreign land. I pity him from my very soul. Weakness, the weakness of good nature was his fault : he has to bear it as a vice.

I have a ring my mother gave me on her death-bed. I fancy it is a spell, a charm to me. I feel as if some more dreadful calamity than I have ever suffered would befall me, if I were to lose it. I would not part from this memorial, though poverty were to cast me upon the stones of the street. I keep it ever on my hand I will have it there in my dying hour. I hope it will not be taken from thence when I am lifted into my coffin.

C. E.

New York.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

THERE fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees
Rest of their coronals, and the crisp vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought the dust,
Mourn'd the long drought. The miserable herds
Pin'd on, and perish'd 'mid the scorching fields,
And near the vanish'd fountains where they us'd
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning flocks
Laid their parch'd mouths, and died.

A holy man
Who saw high visions of unutter'd things,
Dwelt in deep-musing solitude apart
Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark wing'd birds
Intractable and fierce, were strangely mov'd
To shun the hoarse cries of their callow brood,
And night and morning lay their gather'd spoils
Down at his feet. So, of the brook he drank,
Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill
Which singing, us'd to glide to Jordan's breast.
Then, warn'd of God, he rose and went his way
Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates
Of Zarephath, he mark'd a lowly cell
Where a pale, drooping widow, in the depth
Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
Prepar'd the last, scant morsel for her son,
That he might eat and die.

The man of God
Entering, requested food. Whether that germ
Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it strong
For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,
Sprang up at his appeal, or whether He

The Widow of Zarephath.

Who rul'd the ravens, wrought within her heart,
 I cannot say, but to the stranger's hand
 She gave the bread. Then, round the famish'd boy
 Clasp'g her wither'd arms, she strain'd him close
 To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye
 Wondering and wishfully regarded her
 With ill-subdued reproach.

A blessing fell
 From the majestic guest, and every morn
 The empty store which she had wept at eve,
 Mysteriously replenish'd, woke the joy
 That ancient Israel felt, when round their camp
 The manna lay like dew. Thus many days
 They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy
 Look'd up with a clear eye, while vigorous health
 Flush'd with unwonted crimson his pure cheek,
 And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs
 Come like a garment. The lone widow mus'd
 On her chang'd lot, yet to Jehovah's name
 Gave not the praise, but when the silent moon
 Mov'd forth all radiant to her star-girt throne,
 Utter'd a heathen's gratitude, and hail'd
 In the deep chorus of Zidonian song
 "Astarte' queen of Heaven!"

But then there came
 A day of woe. That gentle boy, in whom
 His mother liv'd, for whom alone she deem'd
 Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
 —Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
 And on the prophet of the Lord, her lip
 Call'd with indignant frenzy. So he came
 And from her bosom took the breathless clay,
 And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt
 In supplication, that the dead might live.
 —He rose, and look'd upon the child. His cheek
 Of marble meekly on the pillow lay,
 While round his polish'd forehead, the bright curls
 Cluster'd redundantly. So sweetly slept
 Beauty and innocence in death's embrace,
 It seem'd a mournful thing to waken them.
 —Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith
 Had power o'er Nature's elements, to seal
 The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
 And soon, from Death escaping, was to soar
 On car of flame up to the throne of God,
 Long, long, with laboring breast, and lifted eyes
 Solicited in anguish. O'er the dead
 Once more the prophet bent. A rigor seem'd
 To settle on those features, and the hand

In its immoveable coldness told how firm,
 Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
 —The awful seer laid down his humbled lip
 Low on the earth, and his whole being seem'd
 With concentrated agony to pour
 Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
 Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
 Limits to prayer, if it hath enter'd heaven,
 And won a spirit down to its dense robe
 Of earth again?

Look! look upon the boy!
 There was a trembling of the parted lip,
 A sob—a shiver—from the half-seal'd eye
 A flash like morning—and the soul came back
 To its frail tenement.

The prophet rais'd
 The renovated child, and on that breast
 Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
 Laid the fair head once more.

If ye would know
 Aught of that wildering trance of extacy,
 Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
 So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
 Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour
 Believ'd,—and with the kindling glow of faith
 Turn'd from vain idols to the living God.

H.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE RIVALS OF ESTE AND OTHER POEMS, *By J. G. Brooks, and M. E. Brooks.* New York, J. & J. Harper. 1829.

We were about inditing some remarks upon this volume of Poems, when we received from a correspondent a long review, from which we extract a few passages below. The writer thinks highly, very highly, of the talents of both authors; and we are not disposed to differ from him materially. Mr. Brooks has a fixed reputation, and we know that by very many of those whose good opinion is worth having, he is considered a poet of the

first water. We do not know that our objections, such as they are, interfere even with this degree of appreciation, being founded not on all, but a part only of what he has done. We have seen poetry of his which we could not forget, and we have seen verses signed "Florio" (we dare say somebody else's—there *are* people wicked enough to steal signatures) which made us wish the author a "kind friend" to burn his manuscripts for him. When we remember that he is an Editor, however, we can conceive that the worst of them may be his, and still forgive him. The wonder

is that the muses did not "cut" him incontinently after his first "article." Of Mrs. Brooks's poetry we long ago wrote ourselves admirer. She writes carelessly, however—most carelessly; and her meaning is sometimes dim, though that may be in the reader. There are both faults and beauties in Norna's poetry, which we suspect are the result of that same carelessness, and would be equally affected by its amendment. We fancy she writes as a friend of ours paints—in a passion. *He* advances and retreats and flourishes before his easel in the legitimate "fine frenzy," and we are positive that Norna paces her boudoir and pours out her passionate musings, like an improvisatrice in solitude, to the shadowy auditors of her own ideal world—(the most uncritical and indiscriminating set, by the way, that ever spoiled an author by indulgence.) We have no doubt that, in this same world, she is understood to the most impalpable shadow of meaning—but, ungracious though we seem, we must remind her that we have not the "fine ear" and the "subtle faculty" which can hear the inaudible, and supply the unexpressed. And now, begging our friend's pardon for cutting out the fine abstractions of his article, we will let him say on.

"The 'Rivals of Este' by Mrs. Brooks, and 'Genius,' by her husband, constitute the chief Poems of the work before us, though there are many minor ones by each, which had given them both a reputation, before these had appeared. The first-mentioned poem is indeed a spirited and imaginative production; not however, without some faults, and a similarity to some of

the lays of Byron. Let us not be understood as saying that it is either plagiarism or an imitation, for it is not. There is a chastened melancholy and tenderness about the poem;—but it is not a description of the brooding and incurable misanthropy of *self*;—it is a tale of another's crimes and sorrows; and it is told well.

'The subjoined extracts from "The Rivals of Este," will show, in some measure the powers of the writer.

"Years! how they pass, all silent and unseen,

Yet leave a trace to tell that they have been!
Where is the viewless hand that steals away
The hopes, the smiles, the raptures of to-day;
Snatching the sunny idols from the shrine,
Where half we hailed them deathless as divine?

Is it when vernal breezes sweep along,
And all the woodland wakens into song?
Is it when summer breathes upon the plain,
And every flowret starts to life again?
Man! do they beckon beauty from its grave,
And snap the crystal fetter from the wave,
And loud proclaiming nature's revelry,
Bring but cold sullen apathy for thee?
Yes—yes—Time wasts thee with untiring wing

To find no brighter bloom, no second spring;
But onward, onward, to that last cold spot,
It dreams unknown, the dreamer soon forgot!

* * * * *

As all in vain had tried their art,
To fling one fetter round his heart—
With gloomy brow and breast of steel,
Who stands amid the revel peal,
The golden lights, the soft perfume,
Like some dark prophet of the tomb?
Few were the furrows on his brow,
Still darkly bright the eye below;
But sullen sigh and step apart,
Bespoke the autumn of the heart;
The hidden wo; or, brooding long
And darkly o'er remembered wrong:
The heart that sorrows in its gloom,
While pleasure slumbers in the tomb!
If transient smile his lip hath worn,
Was it in passing joy or scorn?
A moment more, and stands confessed
The gnawing canker of the breast.
He passed where shouts of pleasure rung,
The laugh was hushed, the lyre unstrung;
They shrunk as if a phantom's eye
Had glanced upon their revelry,
Yet turned again all fearfully,
As powerless to turn or flee."

"Genius," by Mr. Brooks was written as a Phi Beta Kappa Poem; and has received its deserved plaudits. Among the minor pieces of "Florio," are many of exquisite tenderness. His various poems to "Cora" are delicate and beautiful. Take the following specimen:—

"TO CORA.

I sung to thee my matin hymn
In life's auspicious hour,
Ere the sun-light of joy grew dim
O'er boyhood's vernal bower;
For all beneath the heaven above,
And all beneath the sea,
I would not then have sold the love
Thou freely gav'st to me.

When youth's bright hope began to fail,
I sung an altered strain;
The farewell to the fading sail
Which bore thee o'er the main:
And as I pressed thy gentle form,
And heard thy parting vow,
Thy kiss upon my lip was warm,
Thy tears were on my brow.

Still fall thy tears, sweet mourner? no;
Beyond the unquiet wave,
Thy broken heart forgot its wo,
But only in thy grave!
There memory weeps; but trusting love
Looks through the clouds of even,
To view thy angel form above,
A habitant of heaven!

'We know not how to single out or particularize any of the minor poems of Mr. Brooks. All of them have been wisely admired, particularly the "Ode to Greece," "The Dying Soldier," "Time," "The Autumn Leaf," and many others. Mr. Brooks has some faults; he pays, sometimes, too little attention to rhythm; though he rarely misses the melody.'

TALES OF PASSION, *By the Author of Gilbert Earle.* New York, J. & J. Harper. 1829.

We have had time to read only "The Bohemian," which, we were told was the best of the three tales which compose this book. It is told with sufficient power to arrest

and keep up the attention, and in here and there a passage, (the description of Mabel for instance,) the interest is extreme. But we cannot commend the *material* of the whole thing. It is a "tale of passion," literally—and the most guilty and gross passion. We must meet it with the critic's cold "cui bono." There can be no proper tendency—no good in such books. If the pictures of life must, as we allow, be shaded, let it be by the higher passions. They are dark enough, Heaven knows—deep enough—many enough. Shew us, if you will, likenesses of ourselves, revengeful, ambitious, selfish,—any thing but beastly. These first *may* be frailties of soul—sins of an immortal origin and a more dignified if not more pardonable nature—but our sensual passions—our lowest and most degrading propensities may surely be suffered to go by in silence without danger to the cause of morality. We cannot conceive how it is to benefit the young and pure-hearted to hold up to them such disgusting pictures. We would rather hide them, and commit to the parental whisper the knowledge necessary to escape from temptation. It is not a subject to dwell upon.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR. Boston, S. G. Goodrich & Co.

A fresh, original, vivid book—written with a pure, scholar-like taste, and, spite of its unpretending title, and its modest dimensions deserving of a place and a reputation among the pleasantest and best books of the day. We wish the author had thought more of it. It should have been printed more worthily of its style and character. Although only the history of the

revolutions of a village choir for a few years, it embodies some of the nicest discriminations of character, and an observing and fine knowledge of men which we have rarely seen surpassed. The story is told simply and unpretendingly, but there is a directness and a comprehensive truth in its light, sketchy pencillings which delighted us. There is also, running through the whole, an exquisite vein of subdued and chastened humor, somewhat of the same character with the covert quaintness of Geoffrey Crayon, and, in our opinion, scarce inferior to it. More than all, it is a book of high and beautiful morality. We were touched by the delicate and winning grace in which the author has clothed the sentiments of piety, which flow naturally from his subject. It is something new in this age of licentious and inflated literature, and deserves all praise. It is difficult to give the spirit and tone of such a book as this in a detached passage, but we must venture on an extract; one which we take because it combines connectively, though perhaps faintly, the two qualities of which we have spoken.

"It is impossible to look back without some of the animation of triumph upon those golden hours of my early manhood, when I stood among friends and acquaintances, and we all started off with the keenest alacrity in some favorite air, that made the roof of our native church resound, and caused the distant, though unfrequent traveller to pause upon his way, for the purpose of more distinctly catching the swelling and dying sounds that waved over the hills and reverberated from wood to wood. The grand and rolling bass of Charles Williams's viol, beneath which the very floor was felt to tremble, was surmounted by the strong, rich, and exquisite tenor of his own matchless voice. And oh! at the turning of a fugue, when the bass moved forward first, like the opening fire of artillery, and the tenor advanced next like a corps of grenadiers, and the treble followed on with the brilliant execution of infantry, and the trumpet counter shot

by the whole with the speed of darting cavalry, and then when we all mingled in that battle of harmony and melody, and mysteriously fought our way through each verse with a well ordered perplexity, that made the audience wonder how we ever came out exactly together, (which once in a while, indeed, owing to some strange surprise or lingering among the treble, we failed to do,) the sensations that agitated me at those moments, have rarely been equalled during the monotonous pilgrimage of my life.

"And yet when I remember how little we kept in view the main and real object of sacred music—when I think how much we sang to the praise and honor and glory of our inflated selves alone—when I reflect that the majority of us absolutely did not intend that any other ear in the universe should listen to our performances, save those of the admiring human audience below and around us—I am inclined to feel more shame and regret than pleasure at these youthful recollections, and must now be permitted to indulge for a few pages in a more serious strain."

The following passage discovers the quiet and thoughtful philosophy which pervades the whole book :—

"This is a rock of temptation which the Quakers have avoided; in dispensing with the inspiration of song, they at least shun its abuses; and if they really succeed in filling their hour with intense religious meditation and spiritual communion—if, from their still retreat, the waves of this boisterous world are excluded, and send thither no disturbing ripple,—if no calculations of interest, and no sanguine plans are there prosecuted, and no hopes, nor fears, nor regrets, nor triumphs, nor recollections, nor any other flowers that grow this side of the grave, are gathered and pressed to the bosom, on the margin of those quiet waters—if, in short, the very silence and vacancy of the scene are not too much for the feeble heart of man, which, if deprived of the stay of external things, will either fall back on itself, or else will rove to the world's end to expend its restless activity in a field of chaotic imaginations;—if, I say, the Quakers are so happy as to escape these perils, together with the seductions to vanity and self-gratification which music and preaching present, then must their worship, I think, be the purest of all worship, and their absence of exterior forms the very perfection of all forms. But, let me ask of thee, my heart, whether thou couldst fulfil the above severe conditions? Wouldst thou no longer obtrusively beat and ache beneath the external serenity of a Quaker's composed demeanor and unmodish apparel, and voiceless celebration? Then shrinkest from the trial, and art still convinced, that the road in which thou canst best be

trained for Heaven, lies somewhere at an equal distance between the bewildering magnificence of the Romish ritual, and the barren simplicity of silent worship."

SCOTT'S MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS. Boston, Wells & Lilly. 1829.

It is unnecessary for us to attempt a criticism on these volumes. We merely mention them to call the attention of our readers to the beautiful edition just issued from the press of Messrs. Wells & Lilly. We recommend to all who have a taste for good copies of good books to procure this edition. It does credit to the enterprise of the publishers.

The same gentlemen republish the **QUARTERLY and EDINBURGH REVIEWS**—the last numbers of which lie on our table. We have not cut the leaves of the Quarterly, but we have read one article in the Edinburgh which ought to immortalize the number which contains it. We refer to that upon "Burns"—certainly one of the most splendid, just, and impassioned criticisms it has ever been our happiness to read. This Review has contained articles evidently from the same hand, upon Milton, and Dryden, and we believe one or two upon German Literature which have been equally celebrated. The republication of them in this country deserves every encouragement.

AMIR KHAN, AND OTHER POEMS.

By *L. M. Davidson*. New York. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

The author of this volume of poetry is dead. She died at the early age of sixteen, of consumption. A biographical sketch written with a simple pathos which does credit to the heart of the wri-

ter, is placed at the beginning of the book. It is by *S. F. B. Morse*, the scholar and artist. We scarce know how to speak of the Poems. The character of the author is one of the most interesting which has ever come to our knowledge, and this, with her untimely death, and the fact that her productions were the untrained expression of feelings singularly irrepressible and poured out from the pure heart of a child, place it beyond criticism. It is a delicate task at best and we willingly devolve it upon her biographer. Mr. Morse says:—

"Of the literary character of her writings, it does not, perhaps, become me largely to speak; yet I must hazard the remark, that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchainning the attention, and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of the measure to the sentiment, and in the sudden change of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment, in wild and romantic description, and in the congruity of the accompaniments to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy, she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind; and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction."

DESCRIPTION OF THE DISTINCT, CONFLUENT AND INOCULATED SMALL POX, VARIOLOID DISEASE, COW POX AND CHICKEN POX. *Illustrated by thirteen Plates.* By *John D. Fisher*, M.D. Boston: Wells & Lilly.

A detailed and elaborate review of Dr. Fisher's work would be proper only in a medical journal, and our sole object in this place is to say a few words in relation to its character, objects and execution, and to commend it to the notice and substantial patronage of an intelligent and enterprising profession. Dr. Fisher's book was prepared and published expressly to supply an acknowledged want

of the profession, and it is no small praise to say that it most perfectly and amply accomplishes this purpose. Since the death of Dr. Jenner, there has been an increasing and perplexing obscurity in regard to the nature and character of several of the above named eruptive diseases—of their relations to, and the influences which they exert upon each other. The repeated and increasing instances of the occurrence of a disease, strongly resembling small pox, in persons who had been vaccinated, shook, for a season, the popular faith in the security afforded by the cow pox, and there were many among the faculty who were startled at this unexpected irruption of an old enemy, coming under new colors, and demolishing those barriers which had been thought altogether impregnable. More extensive experience and closer observation have cleared up many difficulties, and elucidated many obscure circumstances in their histories;—but as a knowledge of the peculiar appearances—the distinctive characters of these diseases—alike, but not the same—could not be conveyed by description,—and as, comparatively, but a small number of physicians could obtain this knowledge by actual observance of the diseases—and finally, as it was of vital importance that means should be had for acquiring this necessary information, Dr. Fisher was induced to supply the deficiency in the only way possible by correct engraved drawings of the several diseases. For doing this in all their various and Protean appearances, Dr. Fisher possessed every facility in the extensive hospitals of Paris.

Our limits do not permit us to go fully into the merits of the book. We have heard the suggestion made, and we think it a good one, that the State Legislature should provide that every town be in possession of a copy. Cases of small pox and modified small pox or varioloid disease are frequently occurring in our own State; but few of our physicians have had an opportunity of seeing the disease, and we trust they will now avail themselves of the means of becoming qualified to detect and identify the disease whenever it does occur. The work is purely American; we refer with pride to every part of its execution—intellectual and mechanical;—to its correct and satisfactory descriptions, reminding us by their elegant conciseness and simplicity of the *Capital Illustrations* of Charles Bell:—to the graphic and beautiful *copies* of disease; and we hope the members to of his profession will not fail richly to remunerate the author for a work which has cost great labor and expense:—a work which will remain a lasting credit to his talents and industry, and an honor to American Medical Science.

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN POETRY, with Critical and Biographical Notices. By F. S. Hill, and S. Kettell, Esq'srs. 3 vols. 12mo. Boston: S. G. Goodrich & Co. 1829.

This work which was commenced by F. S. Hill, Esq., but finished by Mr. Kettell, embraces *Specimens and Notices* of two-hundred American Poets. It contains also, an Historical Introduction, and a Catalogue of published American Poetry, from the earliest period to

the present time, embracing about four hundred volumes. The undertaking was worthy of all praise, and from slight inspection, we think it displays indefatigable industry on the part of the editors, and a good degree of taste and judgment in the selections and remarks. The work contains much information and a valuable body of biography and poetry. On the whole we esteem it a highly valuable book, and necessary to every one who wishes to keep pace with the growth of our literature. We shall take the first opportunity to give a review of it.

DR. HOLYOKE.—We have read with great pleasure a Discourse delivered at the interment of this venerable man, by Rev. J. Brazer of Salem. The character of Dr. Holyoke was not an ordinary subject, and it is analyzed and presented in this discourse with Mr. Brazer's own philosophical and masterly skill. Productions of this character do not come strictly within our province and we can only afford room for a brief extract—commending the whole, however, to the attention of our readers. After a general eulogy, the writer commences a more accurate analysis of his subject, thus:—

“His mind appeared to me not so much marked by imaginative or creative powers, as by strong good sense, and by a sound discriminating judgment. His perceptions were, by no means, slow or dull, but he was less distinguished for vivacity of intellect than for the far better and less common power of patient thought, and of long continued attention, which was subject to his will. He was an accurate observer of facts, but of facts viewed in reference to principles. He was, in truth, a philosophical inquirer, and allowed not his deductions to outrun his premises. He aspired to be the interpreter and not the instructor of nature. He loved truth supremely, and pursued it with an entire sin-

glence of heart. It is little to say, after this, that he never desired to strike and amaze by the originality or brightness of his conceptions, and that he was wholly free from pretence and affectation in all their countless forms. In a word, his intellectual powers and habits were adapted for use and not for display. He was eminently and really a practical man: not what is often called so,—a mere earthly mechanical drudge, who pursues his objects by a sort of animal instinct; and who is confined by the limitation of his faculties, which he mistakes for wisdom, to one narrow path, from which he wanders not, simply because he is troubled by no expansive views and side lights. But Dr. Holyoke was practical in opposition to one whose energies are exhausted in theory and speculation; practical, because he thought clearly, definitely, and with reference to action; and having taken a generous and comprehensive view of the subject before him, chose the best ends and pursued them by the best means.”

MRS. HAMILTON'S QUESTIONS.—This is the age of good books for the young. The characters of children seem in our day to be for the first time studied, and the importance of elaborate and proper culture for the first time appreciated. We have only to refer to the “Journal of Education,” one of the ablest and most enlightened periodicals of the day, to establish the fact of the general revolution in the matter. Scholars and men of genius no longer think it derogatory to their dignity to compile and write school-books, and taste and talent are drawn, in a fair proportion, into the general service of education. We have here an American edition of a book, founded on the famous and successful principles of Pestalozzi, prepared by one of our most enlightened and finished scholars. It does not require a professional eye to see its excellencies, and after looking over its pages, and going back, (as we love to do,) to our childish days, and imagining the effect it would have had upon us, we venture freely and cordially to recommend it.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

A new dynasty, in a sense, has taken place in the United States. The present administration is composed of individuals opposed to the former, as to their political sentiments and views. A new party has succeeded to power. Both profess to be republican. But as to the meaning and object of the federal government, the leading characters of these two parties differ in their opinion. The difference, too, is something more than in name, though it is sometimes said that they disagree only as to men. The members of the late administration and their eminent coadjutors were in favor of extending the powers of the general government, and of so interpreting the Constitution as to justify the exercise of authority, in some cases, not clearly given them. The patronage of the government was increasing; and a charge was made of a want of due economy, with what truth, we pretend not to determine. The present rulers profess a stronger attachment to democratic and republican principles. They think the powers given by the Constitution should not be exceeded by the agents of the people.—They are more in favor of State Rights than the last administration.

The writers in Canada and Nova Scotia speak well of President Jackson's Inaugural Speech. As to domestic affairs, he professes to be in favor of encouraging manufactures, so far as it can be done with equality and uniformity in the operation of laws for that purpose upon all classes of people and all parts of the nation. He declares himself also, in favor of internal improvement; but thinks it proper to pay off the public debt before great sums are expended for this object.

In carrying into effect his purposes of reform, the President has proceeded farther than some of his friends expected or approve. Some new appointments it was supposed would be made; and in some instances the public may be benefited by a change of officers. But the more discreet and intelligent even of President Jackson's supporters, appear to be dissatisfied with the numerous changes in subordinate offices. The effect upon future elections cannot be salutary.—The selection of a Minister to London, we believe, is generally approved.

In *England*, a great subject is in discussion. A momentous question is before Parliament and the nation. The consequences of a decision will be as important as were those which followed the reformation three centuries ago, or the revolution in England in 1688, or the Independence of the United States. If the civil disabilities of the Catholics are not removed, Ireland will soon be a

scene of civil war. By a negative in Parliament on this question, after the hopes of the Irish have been so much raised, they will be made desperate. And they will have as many friends in England, not only of those of their own sect, but of other liberal-minded men, as the Americans had in 1775, when contending for constitutional liberty. We do not perceive the danger which some fear, either to the Protestant religion, or to the claims of the present royal family to the crown of Great Britain. If it is a just cause, we wish it success: at the same time, we do not particularly desire the destruction of the British monarchy. It is a subject, indeed, with which we have nothing to do; but as friends of religious liberty, of the rights of conscience and of mankind, we do hope for the emancipation of the oppressed Catholics of Ireland.—We trust the benefits which flow from it will be commensurate with the wishes of the most benevolent and liberal in that kingdom. The Protestant dissenters are almost universally in favor of emancipation.

The attention of politicians is still directed to the affairs of Russia and Turkey. Some have predicted, that the dispute between these powers will be settled by negotiation, and that peace will be restored to those extensive countries. Others think they foresee the coming on of a mighty contest. The Turk is confident of his strength, and will not consent to relinquish any part of his territory; certainly not to become tributary to his hated imperial foe. And the Czar of "all the Russias" will not readily give up his schemes of conquest, so long and ardently meditated.—Turkey cannot long continue in its present state. But whether the time has come for a great change, favorable to civilization and Christianity, is not for short-sighted man to say. The Sultan is a proud and warlike character. He will prefer to settle the dispute by the sword, rather than by negotiation. He has yielded to the claims of England and France in favor of Greece, only through superior force, or fear. He will defend his own peculiar territories to the last extremity. Nicholas must retrace his steps, or the Hellespont will be dyed with blood. The latest movement of the Russian army indicate an intention of further conquests.

The reign of Don Miguel in Portugal will probably be a short one. He is a bigot and a tyrant. The priests and the ignorant among the laity may support him, but the liberal and enlightened cannot tolerate a persecuting *Legitimate*. Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who claims the right to dispose of the crown,

is dissatisfied with the conduct of Miguel; the English will lend their aid to put him down; and the better part of the Portuguese population will complete the good work of his dethronement. It is strange that a Prince of such a spirit and such views as Don Miguel has discovered, should be found in Europe, at the present day; but it is equally strange, that the public opinion should be such as to support or endure a bigot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pope, Leo XII. has lately deceased. He occupied the Papal Chair only about six years. In modern times the triple crown is seldom placed on the head of any but a very old man, in whom the passion of ambition has become almost extinct. But if the successor of St. Peter were now a young and ardent character, he would not be much feared by the powers of Europe. The spiritual authority of the Pope over Kings and Princes is no longer acknowledged. His blessing or his malediction is no more than nominal, in the view of modern politicians. He is only the High Priest in the Catholic church. The Popes have, generally, been men of learning, and sometimes of virtue. But among the dignitaries of the Romish church, there has seldom been a *Fenelon*, or a *Cheverus*.

A new expedition to the Polar Regions has been undertaken by Captain Ross of Great Britain, who is represented to be uncommonly intelligent and enterprising. He engages in this adventure at his own and his friends' expense: and will have the absolute, uncontrolled direction of the voyage. The British government neither aid nor direct in the plan. Its consent, no doubt, is readily given. Captain Ross has visited the Arctic seas before. He is an intrepid and resolute character, and of great experience in nautical enterprise. There are two ships in the expedition, and they carry three years provisions. The number of men is about seventy. It appears to be the opinion of practical men, however, that the results can never compensate for the expense and hazard of the enterprise. If there is a passage through the Arctic Ocean, north of the American Continent, it must be in such a high latitude, that the ice will be a perpetual obstacle and barrier to its successful navigation. In that region there is severe and eternal frost. As a matter of discovery, the undertaking is, perhaps, rather to be encouraged. But commerce will not be benefited; nor will science, probably, receive any great advantage from it. On some former occasion, a bold adventurer approached within seven and a half degrees of the Pole. Two years ago, Captain Parry left his vessel, after proceeding as far as possible, and travelled six hundred miles on the ice; and suffered more than death by

the extreme cold, without effecting any useful object.

A French traveller who has been in Egypt and Nubia thirteen years and lately returned, is said to have made very numerous collections in the branches of natural history and antiquities. The number of his drawings amount to 6000. He found sixty-six statues, and disinterred six temples and edifices in Thebes. He copied and has translated 200 inscriptions, several of which were in hieroglyphics. He made maps also, to illustrate the geography and topography of the countries he visited.

The inhabitants of India are known to be polytheists and idolators. But according to Sir W. Jones and other learned men, who have studied their most ancient books and writings, the first people of the country believed in the Supreme Deity, as an infinite spirit. That part of Asia was originally settled by Lud, a grandson of Noah and son of Shem, according to the most authentic and prevalent tradition. For several generations his descendants had similar views on religion to those cherished by the Jewish patriarchs. But in process of time, their system of theology became very erroneous and corrupt.

Suttees in India. It appears by a late writer, that the horrid practice of widows burning themselves on the decease of their husbands still continues in India, and almost every paper received from Calcutta contains an account of such an inhuman sacrifice. It is proof of what outrages superstition and false religions may produce. It is stated, that seven females thus devoted themselves to death, on the exit of a great man, whose wives they had all been. One would suppose, that the English would attempt and might prevent this unnatural practice. The writer alluded to is of opinion, that an end might be put to the custom, if proper efforts were made. Humanity calls loudly upon the English, who have command of the country, to use every possible exertion for discouraging this cruel rite.

A stone, with an inscription in Runic characters, has been lately found on the west coast of Greenland, with the date of 1135.

An Italian Improvisatore. The occult mysteries of spontaneous poetry, he thus explained, with much frankness and candor.—I have always under immediate command, a store of common and favorite subjects, suitably wrought. For instance, the death of Adonis, the loves of Cupid and Psyche, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, the chastity of Lucretia, the Death of Cesar, the cruelty of Nero, &c. I have also in readiness a number of pompous speeches and gorgeous descriptions, which are easily interwoven in poems on

every subject, and relieve weaker passages by their glowing diction; as an eulogium on the city of Rome, a deprecation of the passions, a storm scene, the delights of spring, with other popular and generally applicable subjects. It also has a happy effect to interweave with the common-place subjects so often proposed, introductory remarks and conclusive moralities of universal application.'

The great Canal from Amsterdam to the sea, and the largest in Europe, is 50 miles in length, 124 feet in width, at the surface, and 21 and a half feet deep. It is on a level with the high tide of the sea—it has only two locks and those at the extremities; and there are eighteen draw-bridges over it. It is wide enough for two frigates to pass each other.—The passage usually occupies eighteen hours. It was finished in 1825, and was six years in being constructed. The expense was five millions of dollars.

Letters have been received in Paris from M. Champollion and his learned colleagues in Egypt, giving some account of their examination of the ancient monuments in that country. As yet, however, little is known of the discoveries they will probably make, or have before this time made. The obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, offered several facts, which had not before been noticed by M. Champollion. They were originally erected by Moeris; the lateral inscriptions were placed there, as he concludes, by Sesostris; and some on the face by his successor. Thus three epochs are marked upon these monuments.

They have visited the quarries, above Cairo, whence the stone was taken to build Memphis. Several inscriptions were found here; but not all of the most ancient times: one was of the fourth year of Augustus, one of the seventh year of Ptolemy Soter. One inscription was very ancient, relating to the repairs of Memphis, 1900 years before our era; and therefore about 400 years after the Deluge, and more than 100 years before the time of Joseph. Some account is given of the ruins of the sacred edifices of Memphis. A magnificent piece of Egyptian sculpture was also found at this place. The head of the great Sphynx is said to be a portrait of Thoutmosis, who lived 1700 years before Christ, and who was sometimes called Meris.

Champollion says, no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so grand and sublime a scale as the ancient Egyptians. But their sculpture, he allows, was very bad. He observes, that Thebes was the oldest city in the world. We do not know his authority for this. And probably, Babylon and Nineveh were built at an earlier period.

From Thebes, Champollion and company proceeded up the Nile, in December last, to the borders of Ethiopia. In this route, they

frequently landed, to view the ruins of ancient temples and monuments. On most of these, they found inscriptions in hieroglyphics, which Champollion thinks will afford important information relative to early events.—Some of them relate to the earliest Roman Emperors, and some to more ancient periods. He proposes visiting several places in Nubia; and on his return, to examine with more leisure, the ruins of Thebes.

A late English writer supposes, that a Mr. Lloyd, who was private Secretary to Lord Grenville, was the author of Junius' letters.—He states several circumstances and facts, in support of his opinion—but those who have attributed these celebrated letters to other individuals, have mentioned facts, which rendered their belief equally plausible and well-founded.

German publications for 1828, offered at the two great fairs of Easter and Michaelmas, (a portion of which, however, were foreign books) amounted to 7110. The Germans amounted to 5650, and were recent publications. In 1814, the number was 2500.

Some MS. letters of the celebrated John Locke, never yet published, have been lately found. They are addressed to distinguished men of his time; and several were written when he was in exile on the Continent of Europe. They are on literary and political subjects, and cannot fail to be very interesting.

A work is preparing for the press, on the antiquities and hieroglyphics of Mexico. The publication is expected with a good deal of curiosity. The hieroglyphic paintings and writings of that people have never been fully examined; and it is well known, that there are several MSS. in the libraries in Spain, written on the subject by those who early visited Mexico, and which have never yet been published. Many of the Mexican hieroglyphics which were seen by the Spaniards in 1520 and 1550, have been lost or wantonly destroyed.

Number I. of volume XVI. of the American Journal of Science and Arts, by Professor Silliman of New Haven, was published in April. This valuable periodical is occupied chiefly by articles on Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Mechanics, and Physics. The last number contains an interesting article on Polar expeditions. We rejoice to hear, that the Journal of Science and Arts has a more extensive circulation than formerly. The Editor is a man of great learning and of indefatigable industry.

The Christian Examiner and General Review, is published in somewhat of a new character. It is not to be exclusively theological.

There is a considerable variety in the number published the first of the month. Much has been said in commendation of it, and we think justly.

Encyclopædia Americana, a popular dictionary of arts, sciences, literature, history, politics and biography, brought down to the present time—including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the basis of the 7th edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon; edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by E. Wigglesworth; Biography by Mr. Walsh—preparing for the press by Carey, Lea & Co. Philadelphia.

They are also about publishing Irving's Conquest of Grenada.

S. L. Knapp is preparing for publication an historical and picturesque description of the city of Washington.

Captain Basil Hall will soon publish a journal of his travels in the United States.

There are also, preparing for the press in England, a General History of America, by Kendal—and a History of the Huguenots in the 16th century.

Among the books lately published in England, are the following:—Remarkable Incidents in the Life of Alexander the late Emperor of Russia, illustrative of his religious character: Life of Sir Isaac Newton: History of the Turks from 545, when they first appeared in Europe, to 1829: Trials of Life, by the author of De Lisle: Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman, an excellent moral and Christian production.

Angelo Maio, an intelligent and industrious Italian, who was several years keeper of the Ambrosian library at Milan, and more recently the librarian of the Vatican at Rome, has discovered various MSS. containing parts of the works of celebrated ancient Latin writers; which had been supposed to be lost. And several of the most valuable of these remnants or fragments of celebrated writers of ancient times, he has lately published.—The Vatican and Ambrosian libraries are known to be very large and valuable; especially as to MSS. These seem not to have been critically examined by former librarians. Some of them, indeed, have been brought to light by the learned, who had access to them during the three last centuries. But no one has so diligently and successfully collated the MSS. in these libraries as A. Maio.

These collections were many centuries increasing from the time of Leo X. the eminent patron of learning in Italy, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Before his time, they were respectable; and his predecessors had not been idle in making deposits of valuable and scarce works. The Editor of the British Critic and Theological Review

says, "It has not fallen to the lot of any person for centuries to inspect so many works which were before unknown, as to Signor Maio." Many works in MS. slept on the shelves, unpublished, if not wholly unobserved and unexamined. Two volumes of these valuable fragments have been recently published, under the care of A. Maio. One of these volumes contains ninety-four pages of unpublished MSS. copied from Polybius, which were supposed to be entirely lost.—From Diodorus Siculus, there are one hundred and thirty pages: one hundred and ten from Dio Cassius, and sixty-one from Dionysius Halicarnassus; all now published for the first time. This learned Italian has also published fragments of many other ancient Greek and Roman writers, viz:—An Oration of Socrates on "Change"—Cicero's three Orations against Clodius—The works of M. Cornelius Fronto, who was the preceptor of M. Aurelius and of L. Verus, Roman Emperors, and whose writings are little known to the moderns. The writings of Fronto are considered among the most curious which have been discovered by Signor Maio. The style of Fronto was described by Macrobius as dry; while that of Sallust was called brief, that of Cicero, copious; and that of Pliny, the younger, rich and florid. These works of Fronto are thirteen epistles to Antoninus Pius; two books of Epistles to M. Aurelius; two books to L. Verus, and two books to his friends.

In these epistles there are many historical notices, which are important as elucidating events in the Parthian War, &c. A. Maio has also rescued some of the works of Porphyry from oblivion; particularly his poetical epistles to his wife Marcella, who was a Christian.

The above are only a few of the MS. works of ancient authors, lately discovered and published by Signor Maio. They are, indeed, in a mutilated state; but as fragments of ancient celebrated writers, whose works have not come down to us, they are certainly valuable. More may be expected from this industrious man.

The latest "London Foreign Review" contains an elaborate article on the language and literature of Friesland. This article is interesting, chiefly, on account of the affinity between the ancient inhabitants of Friesland and the Anglo-Saxon race. While the Batavians and Belgians have been blended with crowds of settlers from other countries, in ages and centuries past, the Frieslanders, or Frisians, have been kept much more distinct, and unmixed with other nations; so that it is not difficult to decide what were the language, character and manners of the people, before they furnished settlers on the Island of Great Britain. An account of the language and condition of the Frisians in former, or even in modern times, must serve to elucidate the

history of the Saxon race, the predecessors of a portion of the present inhabitants of England. The British reviewer says, that "phrases like antiquated English constantly met our ear: When the Frisians talked of their old rights and customs, of their representatives of towns and districts, we could not but trace a marvellous resemblance between them and our ancestors." In New England, we may justly say, that it reminds us of our valued civil privileges and rights. The Saxon race in England were always the ardent advocates of popular rights; and the customs most favorable to the liberty of the subjects may be traced to them. "It is pleasant when the tales of freedom are associated with the beauties of nature. Liberty has more than the two voices of the sea and of the mountains: the trees of the forest have been sacred to her, and Dodona has respired to her inspirations. The *free Frisians*, the title by which the race is always distinguished, meeting under the branches of the oaks of Upstal, listening year after year to the popular laws, and discussing the modifications which time and experience suggested for their improvement, are, in our minds, among the most interesting objects of the olden times." "The present inhabitants of Friesland retain much of their ancient simplicity. They live in a separate district of the Netherlands; alone as it were; but are a united and happy people. In their features, they resemble the people of England far more than those of Holland. They are remarkable for their attachment to the study of natural philosophy and mathematics: and among them have appeared some astronomers of profound sagacity. The common peasants make calculations of eclipses, and revolutions of comets, with great accuracy. The Planetarium of Franeker was the work of a wool-comber, born in 1744, and lately deceased, at the age of 84."

There are seven Universities in Prussia—the number of students in them has much increased since 1820. In that year there were 3380, of whom 740 were foreigners. In 1827 there were 5950, 1150 of whom were foreigners. In divinity 890 in 1820, and in 1827 1960 Protestants, and nearly half the number of Catholics. Students in law 1160 in 1820, and in 1827, 1670. In medicine about the same in 1827 as in 1820. In philology 450 in 1820, and in 1827, 715.

Baron Humboldt has lately set out on a journey into the centre of Asia. He is a learned and impartial traveller; and his journals are read with great satisfaction; for he relates no idle stories, and gives no exaggerated statements for effect.

There have lately been numerous earthquakes at Cadiz and vicinity. A great part of the city and environs were submerged:—

much property and many lives were lost. The shocks succeeded one another, at short intervals, for two days and nights. The utmost consternation prevailed, at the latest dates.

A diary of the reign of Oliver Cromwell, kept by a member of the Parliament during that period, has been recently published. It gives many facts and anecdotes relating to the Protector, not before published.

Some workmen employed in making excavations on the site of an ancient city in Tuscany, have lately discovered 3000 pieces of Roman coin, chiefly silver, bearing date at the time of Julius Cæsar, the Triumvirate and Augustus.

A large collection of rare books in divinity and controversial theology, has been advertised for sale in Exeter, England; the catalogue of a part only of this collection contains *six thousand five hundred* volumes and pamphlets; they are the works of early Christian writers, of Catholics, Protestants, Puritans, Episcopalian, Presbyterians, Baptists, &c.

The London University is said to be in a prosperous state. The pupils are as numerous as had been expected. The instructors and lecturers are very eminent characters: their introductory discourses have been published. Lectures are given on the mechanic arts, the physical sciences and natural history, as well as on classical literature, mathematics, history, ethics and philology. The benefit of such an institution to the population of London must be incalculable.

The late English papers represent the distresses of the laborers at the manufactories to be very great. Many have been dismissed by their former employers, and the wages of others have been diminished. These establishments are far less profitable than formerly. In many instances the owners are embarrassed. The people of property in the United States must learn to be cautious from the sufferings of others.

London papers to the 18th of April have been received. In a hasty glance at their contents, little was noticed in literature, either new or interesting. The Catholic Relief Bill was passed in the House of Peers, by 107 majority, which was a greater vote than had been expected. This is an important event in the history of Great Britain, and the wisest statesmen there anticipate the best effects from the adoption of the measure. It will certainly put down the spirit of discontent in Ireland; and many who were apt to oppose the government will now give it their support. A government must be *paternal* if it wishes the support and confidence of the people.



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REVIEW.

WILHELM MEISTER'S LEHRJAHRE. *Eia Roman, herausgegeben von Göthe.* Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1816.

WE would have our readers enter, if possible, into all the feelings with which we open the volumes before us. We admire the genius of Göthe more than of any other writer of the present age. To justify this admiration we might mention the esteem in which he is held in his own country. The great scholars and critics of Germany do not hesitate to rank him by the side of Homer and Shakspeare. He has certainly far outstript all rivalry on an arena where literary competition is more eager than in any other part of the world. In his old age, he now sways an undisputed sceptre over the tastes which he himself has in a great measure formed by his writings, and is receiving the earnest of his earthly immortality in the unbounded applauses of his countrymen.

But all this might be laid to the account of national partiality. We prefer to appeal, therefore, to his writings themselves, as proofs of the superiority of his powers.

The first thing which strikes us in looking over the works of Göthe is their almost unexampled variety. There is scarcely a species of elegant literature in which he has not written, nor a mode of verse through which his harp has not freely and sweetly run. It is nothing uncommon, however, for authors to attempt all the various kinds of composition. But of those who do so, almost all palpably fail somewhere. To this remark, Göthe is one of a very few exceptions. Some of his works have been severely criticised. But we have never seen it written in any respectable criticism, that Göthe had absolutely failed. His healthy and versatile powers seem to execute as easily as his daring fancy designs. When his whole soul has appeared to be cast into some fixed form of imagi-

nation, it has instantly assumed other attitudes, equally perfect, though wholly unlike. We can think of many who might perhaps have written the 'Sorrows of Werther.' But, judging from what is usually observed, their other works would have come forth 'sicklied over with the pale cast' of a diseased and wasted imagination. The later works of Göthe, however, bear not a trace of this early excess of passion. His vigorous mental constitution survived the indiscretions, which would have ruined a weaklier frame. He recovered at once the natural tone of his mind. And while the works of most authors bear a striking family resemblance, no two of his are alike.

The inventors of an art are rarely its greatest masters. The talents and labors of others are generally needed to bring it to perfection. But Göthe has given models in several species of writing which were entirely new. His *Sorrows of Werther*, *Egmont*, *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, and many others had no example in Germany. And yet he gave them a perfection which none of his numerous imitators have been able to attain. The '*Wanderungen Sternbald*' of Tieck, and the '*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*' of Novalis, are excellent imitations of the work now in review. But both of them, though very popular, are allowed, on all hands, to be inferior to the original. What Paterculus said of Homer, may therefore justly be said of Göthe: '*In quo hoc maximum est, quod neque ante illum, quem ille imitaretur, neque post illum qui eum imitari posset, inventus est.*'

But we must omit any general account of the monuments of Göthe's genius. And we can do this the more willingly, as only a part of the interest which we feel in him is derived from the superiority of his powers. We are drawn to his pages by the humane, philanthropic spirit which pervades them, more than by all the versatility, originality and power of talent which they display. Here is the secret of the greatness of his present reputation and the evidence of his future immortality. He has a hold upon the hearts of men. Commanding talents, unaccompanied by benevolent dispositions may extort a reluctant homage for a season. But this will soon cease to be paid, like the forced duty to a tyrant, while men of distant times and other lands will pay their affectionate tributes to the memory of those who have sympathized with human feelings, and loved and honored human kind. Göthe frequently laments his early associates :

'The circle where my youthful rhymes
With loud applause were spoken,
Is changed with the changing times,
Is broken, ah! is broken!'

But the unknown multitude which rises around him continue the same loud applause with which he was at first received; and so it

will be, we cannot doubt, from age to age, while human nature shall continue the same.

The book, the title of which is prefixed to this article, is little known in this country. Any minute examination of the merit of particular scenes and personages would, therefore, be uninteresting and unprofitable. Moreover, we despair of giving a just impression of the whole by any number of extracts. Finished works always sustain an injury when represented in this way. Splendid passages are oftenest found, where they are most needed, in the midst of dreary pages; like light-houses on desolate coasts. They are no part of the object of Göthe, who aims at the perfection of the whole, and at the general impression. We propose, therefore, to consider more generally the particular species of romance to which Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre* belongs, to examine this work by the rules of this particular species, and to defend it from some of the objections of the critics.

We must be allowed a somewhat formal statement of the different kinds of romance; since most of the objections especially of the English critics, arise evidently from inattention to the proper divisions.

The three great objects of romantic writing are *action*, *passion*, and *character*; and romances are called, according as one or the other of these is the specific object, *romances of chivalry*, of *sentiment*, and of *character*. These kinds seem frequently to be blended in the same work. But even where this is the case, there is generally one prominent object, to the attainment of which the other kinds are made subservient.

The romance of chivalry aims at the interest of action. It requires rapidity, variety and complexity of incident, dramatic plot and catastrophe. In the wonders and terrors of its scenes, human passion and human character find but little place, and truth to nature is intentionally violated. The writer of the romance of chivalry must possess a strong inventive imagination; but may easily dispense with knowledge of man, observation of society, taste, reason, and almost every quality which is requisite in other composition. This kind of romance flourished most, as we should naturally suppose, in the dark ages. Familiar examples in this kind are the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, the Oberon of Wieland, the romances of Mrs. Radcliff, the Arabian Nights, and a thousand more of less note—once the miserable classics both of rich and poor, but now, happily, supplanted by a less injurious reading.

The romance of sentiment is of an entirely opposite character. Here the great theme is passion. Only a few and unimportant incidents are needed as the basis of the work. Deep, single, overwhelming passion forms the all-absorbing interest. The 'Sorrows

of Werther' and the 'Nouvelle Heloise' are the principal works which are purely of this class.

The third kind, the romance of character, aims at displaying human character in all the circumstances of life. Here everything depends upon the faithfulness of the picture to the real world. Both incidents and passions are of course involved. Passions, however, are represented with less unity, and with more abatements, than in tragedy and the romance of sentiment; and incidents occur in a more just proportion of great and small, and in a more broken order than in the romance of chivalry. The works belonging to this class may be conveniently subdivided. Those which have subjects of historical importance, which are less faithful in their representation of real life, which lay their scenes in distant countries and past times compose one class. A second contains those which exhibit the plain realities of common and present life, and which, while they embellish the scene with wit and genius, are strictly faithful to nature. The novels of Scott and Cooper belong to the former class, which is by far the most popular in England and America. Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Sir Charles Grandison, Tom Jones and Wilhelm Meister are prominent examples of the latter class.

This third kind of romance has deservedly taken precedence of both the others in modern times. And not only in romantic writing is the representation of character becoming the great and worthy object, but it has also been attempted in the drama. Before the experiment was made, it was generally supposed that a fair delineation of character in natural circumstances was inconsistent with the excitement of pity and compassion, the great end of tragedy. But the *Egmont* of Göthe has illustriously demonstrated that this supposition was groundless.

The romance of character requires greater talent, and exerts a more salutary influence than either of the other kinds.

Romances of chivalry require less talent than any other works of imagination. To conduct fantastic forms through enchanted regions which are beyond the province of taste and reason can certainly be no very difficult task. Any one who will give the reins to his fancy will soon find himself matching the wildest extravagances of which he has ever read. Inventive imagination, as was said above, is the great requisite in this species of fiction. And this faculty is the very least attribute of genius. It always prevails in barbarous ages, and gives way as cultivation advances. Creating monsters and heaping up prodigies are vulgar exploits in comparison with representing either passion or character.

In displaying human passion, both skill and genius are indeed requisite; but not, we think, in so high a degree as in displaying human character. The stronger passions which are the common

subject of tragedy and of romances of sentiment, are distinct in their features, violent in their movements, visible in their effects and supreme in their dominion over the mind. The writer who undertakes to describe them has the advantage of having marked, prominent and single objects of representation. Consider too how every thing favors his success. Let him utter but one tone of feeling and the whole soul murmurs in secret sympathy. Let him evoke but one passion and others come trooping at the call, like spirits at the summons of a wizard. The human mind is constituted so favorably for the purposes of excitement and impression, that the writer or orator needs but one portion of inspiration in order to fill it with the most tumultuous and delightful emotions.

How much more difficult is the work of one who would portray human character! His field is boundless. The objects of his art are covert and complex. He needs therefore a wide and minute observation of society, and a nice analysis of mental phenomena. Instead of connecting events, at pleasure, into striking combinations, or concentrating the emotions of the soul into one burning focus, he must follow the path of nature, and violate none of the fixed laws of feeling and acting. As common men and things which are in themselves uninteresting to the great mass of readers, must constitute his principal material, he must supply the want of inherent interest by the riches of his own mind. He must ennoble the common subject by his manner of treating it. He must suffuse his faithful picture with the glowing tints of genius.

A comparison of the moral influence of the different kinds of romance will turn equally to the advantage of the third class.

Romances of chivalry and sentiment are directly injurious in their tendency. By enlisting the hearts of their readers in heroic exploits, and in extravagant joys and sorrows, they create disgust for common life. They substitute all the sickly growth of sentimentality for old fashioned worth. Affected delicacy, morbid sensibility and ungoverned passion are the virtues of these romantic scenes, which are to take the place of firmness, reason and religion. The readers of these attractive pages soon forget their friends and relatives, to take the spear for some mad Orlando, or to echo the complaints with which a forlorn Silvander makes all Arcadia resound. In this way these romances spoil the character and turn the brains of almost all who read them. Their influence is equally pernicious with that of theatric exhibitions, at the same time that it is more extensive. For they find their way into the library of almost every family in almost every condition. Wherever they go they violate the order and peace of the domestic relation—the only social relation which is essential to human happiness. If men are driven from their homes, either by their own distaste for quiet pleasures, or by

the disorders which prevail within them, can they be made happy merely as neighbors or citizens? But let misfortune from without follow them to their very doors, if it leaves the peace within inviolate, it leaves them happy. Considered in their influence upon the domestic virtues, we regard these romances as greater evils to the human race than civil disorders, oppression and injustice of every kind. And if the *Iliad* was banished by Plato from his republic, these execrable fictions should by a far stronger reason be banished by every wise man from his dwelling. They will destroy the peace and virtue of that sacred place, which affords him an asylum from persecution, repose from labor, an altar for his religion, and a tender ministry for all his wants, both in the day of prosperity and on the bed of sickness and death.

But none of these evils, we are free to say, result from romances of character. This point should be particularly observed, since from a neglect of the proper distinctions, romantic writing has been condemned in the gross as injurious in its moral tendency. Romances of character present to their readers only such persons as actually exist around them, such duties as they themselves are called to perform, and such pleasures as belong to their condition. To the common observer the whole world of human character is one monotonous level. The springs of human action are concealed from him; whence human action itself is an enigma so dark as to be uninteresting. Now by unfolding these hidden springs, and by displaying the nicer varieties of character, these romances lead us to look on man with a more intelligent and interested eye. They cast a charm over domestic virtues, and thus render the path of duty a path of pleasantness. When, with the moral aim, which is consistent with the most perfect imitation of the real world, the romance of character gives honor to the worthy relations of life and commends the household virtues of obedience to parents, love to brethren, faith to friends, kindness to servants and hospitality to strangers, who can doubt its beneficial tendency? We return from the fancied scene where our social affections have been moved with a healthful because moderate excitement, and look upon those around us with a kindlier eye than before, and perform our allotted works with new vigor and constancy.

We regard these writings as especially beneficial in counteracting the misanthropic tendencies of much of the literature of the present day. Byron leads us to wildernesses 'where none intrude,' and sentences us to an artificial fellowship with mountains and lakes, where like the puppet man, one is compelled to carry on all the dialogue himself, or, at best, will only be answered by an echo. Against these unsocial dispositions, the writings of Göthe, Scott, and others who follow the same path, are an excellent antidote. This

preferring of inanimate nature to sentient and rational being, as the object of description, betokens not only depraved feeling but second rate talent. True genius, like Wisdom in the Proverbs, finds her delights among the sons of men. The opinions of Göthe, on this subject will be interesting to our readers. William Meister and Philena were in an agreeable *tete a tete* in a wood.

"A young man of their acquaintance came stealing along, and joined himself to their company. He immediately began to praise the beauties of the place. He called their attention to the gurgling of the brook, the motion of the branches, the falling of the light, and the singing of the birds. But he took affront at a little song about a cuckoo, which Philena sung, and soon left them.

"I should be glad never to hear another syllable about nature and natural scenery," said Philena, as soon as he was gone. "There is nothing more provoking than to have one always accounting for the pleasure which we enjoy. We go to walk when the weather is fine, just as we dance when we hear music. But who cares either for the music or the weather? It is not the violin, but the dancer that interests us. And what are springs, and brooks and old rotten trees in comparison with looking with two blue eyes into two fine black eyes," said she, casting a glance into William's eyes, which went at least to the door of his heart.

"You are right" answered William, somewhat disconcerted. "Man is the most interesting object to man, and it is doubtful whether anything else should interest him at all. Everything else around us is either the element only in which we live, or the instruments which we make use of. The more concern we take in inanimate nature, the less is the feeling of our own worth, and the feeling of society. Men who think a great deal about gardens, buildings, dress, ornament or possessions of any kind, are less social and agreeable than others." Man disappears from their view."

After these extended remarks upon the species of romance to which this work belongs, we proceed to examine the work itself, considered as answering the end proposed—the *display of human character in all the circumstances of life*.

The hero of these volumes, William Meister, is the son of a merchant. His history may be told in a few words, though the developement of his character forms the delightful subject of more than a thousand pages. With genuine German enthusiasm, he answers the sober arguments of Werner, his partner in trade, throws off the bondage of an employment in which he feels himself unhappy, and surrenders himself to the impulses of youthful feeling. He becomes connected with a company of stage actors,—a class of men, which comprises in Germany a large number of critics, virtuosi, writers and artists. In following the fortunes of this company, he passes through every variety of condition, from the village inn to the magnificent palace. Wherever he goes he excites attention, secures esteem, and inspires confidence and love. His generosity attaches to his person a number of singular beings, among whom the most interesting is Mignon, the prototype of the celebrated Fenella of Scott. With the most disinterested benevolence he befriends these

* Schiller has ingeniously traced this tendency to interest in inanimate nature, (which is so observable in modern literature, though it is entirely wanting in early writers,) to its proper source in his 'Naive and sentimentalische Dichtury.'

helpless outcasts. In the mean time his person becomes improved, his principles fixed, his mind enlarged, and his whole character perfected. Near the close of the work he meets with his old friend Werner, who, all this time, had been neglecting the cultivation of his nature, and unfitting himself for the enjoyment of the wealth which he had been accumulating. The scene of their meeting exhibits one of the interesting morals of the work. The body and mind are ennobled, and the whole being harmonized, by the practice of virtue, and careful cultivation. While, on the contrary, the whole man is debased by sordid pursuits and neglect of improvement.

"Jarno and the Abbé returned at night, and brought a friend along with them. William could hardly believe his own eyes. It was Werner. They greeted each other very cordially; but could neither of them conceal their surprise at the alterations which they noticed in each other. Werner declared that William had grown larger, more erect, finished and agreeable in his whole deportment.

"The impression which Werner made upon William was far less favorable. The good man seemed to have gone backwards rather than forwards. He was even more spare than formerly. His face naturally thin appeared still thinner. His nose was longer, and his forehead and crown were quite bald. His voice was high-toned, strong, and screeching. His sunken chest, impending shoulders and colorless cheeks gave sure signs that he had become a plodding hypochondriac.

"William's modesty led him to speak very moderately about those great changes in his friend. But Werner gave full vent to his surprise. 'In fact' said he, 'I must acknowledge that you are a fine fellow, although you have wasted your time, and earned little or nothing. With such a person you may still make your fortune, if you don't throw yourself away again. This figure might win you a beautiful and rich heiress.

"Werner went round and round his friend, turned him this way and that, until he almost provoked him. 'No! no! I never saw any thing like it' he exclaimed; 'and yet I'm sure I am not mistaken. Your eyes are more full. Your forehead is broader, your nose finer and your mouth richer. Just see how he stands! There's symmetry and proportion for you! How this idleness thrives! While I, poor devil, (he turned to the looking-glass,)—if I hadn't got rich in the mean time,—I should have but little to boast of.'"

The brief sketch we have given of the work before us is sufficient to show that it answers one principal condition in the romance of character; viz. the representation of life in all its variety. To follow a strolling company which to-day amuses the village under a shed, and to-morrow the baron in his castle, must of course afford sufficient diversity of scenes and personages. Without illustrating this particular, we will mention, in this connexion a trait in the character of Göthe which is exemplified in all his writings and especially in the *Apprenticeship of William Meister*. It is, his generality of view and feeling—his freedom from the spirit of caste. He describes every grade in society, and every condition and profession of man with perfect impartiality. There is nothing in his writings which would enable us to assign him to any even of the greater divisions into which civil society is necessarily portioned; much less to any of those arbitrary divisions, which owe their origin to prejudice of opinion.

He is neither nobleman, statesman, ecclesiastic, scholar, mechanic or peasant. He respects the employments, understands the interests, and enters into the feelings of all. Most men who engage at all in the active business of life, contract a local or professional prejudice, which spoils the symmetry of character, as much as the crooked fingers and knees of the artisan, the symmetry of person. We sometimes, indeed, find those who stand aloof from others, and, without any enlargement of heart, possess a proud generality of reason. But it is neither very difficult nor very praiseworthy to avoid partiality for any by cherishing contempt for all. The quality which we admire in Göthe is not so much an unbiassed judgment, as a large liberality of heart.*

Truth to nature is another requisite in the kind of romance to which this work belongs. That nature is not outraged is merely a negative merit. Truth to nature is opposite not only to extravagance but also to vagueness of description. It is not sufficient that men, women and children occupy the scene, instead of giants, witches, centaurs, calibans, and all the non-descript births of fancy; these human personages must be distinguished from all others of their own kind. How perfectly is this condition answered in these volumes! Who, like Göthe, knows how to separate the colors which are blended into human character as imperceptibly as into the light of heaven? He describes all his personages with a distinctness which shows that he is not only the student of man, but the observer of men. He has that quick eye for individuality which distinguishes true genius. 'Plus on a d'esprit,' says Pascal, with great truth, 'plus on voit d'hommes originaux.' Every body is an original to a man who observes intelligently. The superficial see everything vaguely, and give only the general outline in description. Göthe strikes the characteristic feature. Hence the strong expression of his persons and the dramatic life of his scenes. What he himself says of the characters of Shakspeare may well be said of his own. They are like a clock with a crystal dial plate, which discloses all the machinery within.

The readers of Göthe always feel that they are reading themselves. We frequently stop at some passage with the same wonder with which we come upon the traces of a dream. The early presentiments of life, which we had quite forgotten; the little fits of feeling of which we had been hardly conscious, are noted down in this faithful chronicle of the heart.

We cannot forbear remarking the peculiar justice and delicacy of his descriptions of female character. Neither the English nor

* The readers of the Memoirs of Gothe have seen this trait in formation, in that innate propensity, which he confesses, to identify himself with the feelings and notions of others, and to interest himself in every mode of existence.

American novelist compare so favorably in this respect as in many others, with their German contemporary. Indeed, an adequate and full description of female character is a thing yet to be achieved in our literature. Female frailties have had ample justice done them in English comedy, and the stronger traits of female passion in English tragedy. But how false and imperfect would be our ideas of female character, if we had derived them only from the buskined maid of the drama! In view of this general failure, we had often thought that the peculiar intensity of character which females exhibit, was beyond the reach of description. Here, however, Göthe has equalled our best ideas of excellence. His Memoirs give many specimens of his manner in this particular. No one tells the tale of love with such purity of feeling and enchanting simplicity of taste. And we are bold in saying that the dignity and charms of female virtue, the inimitable grace of her kindness, the meekness and heavenliness of her submission, the sublimity of her heroism in danger, the terrors of her just indignation, the tenderness and power of her love and the depths of her devotion, have never been better represented than in the characters of Mariane, Philena, Mignon, Aurelia, Theresa, Natalie and many others who seem, in very deed, to live and breathe in the volumes before us.

In no one respect has Göthe been more commended by his countrymen, than for the correctness and classic elegance of his style. The rudeness of his native dialect assumes under his hand a chaste simplicity which vies with the finest specimens of Grecian and Roman taste. This graceful ease is preserved in the expression of the most elevated thoughts. His words are oracles in the mouth of a child. The style of Göthe has the rare excellence of being a perfect vehicle of thought, from which it never diverts the attention of the reader either by coarseness or finery of expression. So well is his language adapted to the sentiment it conveys, that the sign and the thing signified seem quite blended into one. His conceptions are as little hindered in their freeness, by their material dress, as the viewless spirit is by the thin air in which it veils itself in order to strike the sense of men.

But we wish to notice more particularly the *composure* or *reserve* of his manner; because this, though the prevailing manner of the ancient classics, is seen, in modern times, only in a few rare instances of eminent genius. Schiller remarks that when he first became acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, he was displeased with a certain insensibility which allowed the author to trifle in the midst of his most heart-rending scenes in Hamlet, King Lear, and Macbeth. The custom of modern writers had led him to expect that the author would mingle his own reflections and sympathies with those of his readers. It was not till after a deeper study of

the principles of taste as developed in the ancient classics, and especially in Homer, that he became reconciled with what he called the distance and reserve of Shakspeare, and finally indeed delighted with it. Some examples will show best the difference we are endeavoring to point out in this respect between ancient and modern writers. In the midst of a severe contest in the sixth book of the Iliad, Glaucus and Diomedes discover that an ancestor of one of them had been hospitably entertained by an ancestor of the other, whence by an ancient right, they were themselves friends. They immediately throw down their arms and exchange presents. The reader stops to contemplate this beautiful act of piety. But Homer passes on with the narrative as if he had no heart in his bosom. Now see the modern style. In the first canto of Orlando Furioso, a scene of the same kind occurs, at which Ariosto steps forth from his position as author, and breaks out into the well known exclamation,

"O noble minds, by knights of old possessed!" etc.

We will mention but one instance among a hundred, of this species of reserve, in the volumes before us. Philena had cherished William with the most tender care during his sickness. One morning Mignon came to his bed-side with the news that Philena had gone away in the night. "William felt the loss of his kind nurse and companion," says the undisturbed narrator, "but Mignon soon supplied her place"!

Without illustrating this particular farther, we will only beg the reader to mark the effect of such an abrupt reserve of manner, and to compare it with the unbecoming interest which secondary writers take in their own scenes. As if any exercise of imagination in their readers, in supplying the abruptness of thought, must of course be disagreeable, they amplify every sentiment and detail every circumstance. By applying so many slight conductors, they dissipate the collected interest and prevent the electric effect. They leave about as much impression as the tragedian would, who after the catastrophe should feel it important to acquaint the weeping assembly with the farther fortunes of the *dramatis personæ*. How opposite to this is the manner of Göthe. He says less than the occasion warrants. He merely kindles the imagination of his reader, allowing it to burn on of itself. He leaves us something to think of, which answers the description which Longinus gives of the sublime. He means more than he says,—by a kind of aposiopesis;—a figure of speech which Cæsar used, when he said to the frightened boatman, "*Cæsarem vehis!*"

This reserve of manner betokens a high order of greatness. The tranquillity with which Homer describes the doubtful battle, opens to view the same elevation of soul as is displayed by the cool self-possession with which Agamemnon directs the onset and retreat.

The heavenly composure with which the Evangelists describe the sufferings of their Master, show something of the magnanimity with which he himself endured them.

We have only room to notice briefly some of the principal objections urged against this work. The criticism which denominates it 'eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar, and affected'* cannot be treated more deservingly than to be labelled with its own epithets; to which, if we may add the two, *ignorant* and *presumptuous*, we shall think it pretty fairly characterized.

Strong objections have been urged against the degree of faithfulness with which actual life is here represented. One would imagine that the English reviewers never did anything less ethereal than sipping nectar, from the offence they take at the description of a substantial repast. William Meister steals sweetmeats from the pantry, closes a letter to Mariane by telling her 'he is half asleep, and must stop,' etc. etc. 'Such circumstances,' says the fastidious reviewer, 'are carefully kept out of view in the best descriptions of life.' Can a better reason be given why these best descriptions are for the most part so intolerably bad?

This is a point where English and German taste separate. Nor are the Germans themselves unanimous in their preference of the faithful description of actual life. Schlegel prefers that history and tradition should afford the scenes for the exhibition of character; though at the same time he acknowledges that the actual and present are not unworthy objects of representation.

Much of the controversy which has existed on this subject might have been prevented, by considering, that the material in which the artist works, as it is never the object of taste, should never be the object of criticism. The sole merit of the work of art consists in the manner in which the material is treated. A common and grovelling manner makes the Alfred of Cottle an intolerable poem in spite of its lofty theme; while even a battle of frogs and mice is raised to interest and importance by the manner in which Homer treats it. Indeed the merit of the work of art is often in the inverse ratio of the rudeness of the material. 'Plus les choses sent sèches,' says Boileau, the justest of modern critics, 'plus elles frappent quand ils sent dit noblement.' Genius never shows itself more visibly than in conquering the difficulty of a low, dry or intractable subject. That talent is genuine which can stamp a tasteless object with a foreign beauty, which can extract meaning from what is insignificant, cast a brilliant illumination over what is common place, and infuse a rich spirit into what is lifeless.

The objection made by Madame de Stael, that the work is destitute of the interest of action, arises from considering romantic writing

* See Edinburgh Review, vol. xlii. p. 414.

in the gross. She alleges against the romance of character, what can be an objection only to the romance of chivalry. The same may be said of many of the objections which we have not room to notice.

The objections to the moral tendency of this work deserve the most careful consideration. We should be far from contending that one definite moral should be pursued in works of fiction, and that this should be everywhere presented to the reader. The writings in which this is attempted are unnatural. Events as they occur in the real world, never speak that explicit and distinct language which they are made to utter in the moral tales of Voltaire, the Prince of Abyssinia and works of the same kind. The voice of Providence is many-toned. The duller ear hears it not at all. The more attentive catch but a portion, and that uncertainly. And none can be certain that they have the full wisdom of the divine lesson.

But while we would dispense with this single and definite moral, we would earnestly contend that every writer is responsible for the general moral tendency of his writings. And serious objections must be felt to the writings of Göthe in this respect. We have freely conceded to them in common with many similar works of the present day, a favorable influence upon the social character. But, in common with many others, they, too, are chargeable with substituting false principles of action and judgment in place of those which God has implanted in our natures. They regard things in the light of taste and not of conscience. They found their estimate upon the agreeableness or disagreeableness—the mere external appearance; and not upon the right or wrong—the deep reality of objects. In doing this, how often do they sacrifice truth and morality to a pleasing aspect. The difference between the judgments pronounced at the tribunal of conscience and of taste cannot have escaped the observer. The assassin is more criminal than the thief. But, while taste turns with disgust from the latter, it looks on the former with unaverted interest. Now it is a fact to be deplored, that by this erroneous standard are we led to regard objects by the greater portion of elegant literature. And hence it comes to pass, that persons of the purest moral feeling, deceived by this false light, often find themselves applauding the hero in the novel, whom they would apprehend as a wretch in the streets.

A more serious objection still to the writings of Göthe, is the covert scepticism which they contain. He does not indeed scoff at the idea of an overruling Providence, or speak of man with insulting contempt, as the vile sport of fate. On the contrary, he honors the virtues which adorn our nature, and sympathizes with the sorrows with which we are afflicted. But this is the discouraging language of all his descriptions: Enjoy while you may the various

pleasures within your reach, and when misfortune comes, endure it as an unavoidable evil. He looks upon the changeful scenes of life, without a cheering confidence in the deep wisdom by which they are ordered. That he should have stopped in the region of doubt, the region of vulgar minds—is a matter of wonder and deep regret. Cold hearted speculation may be permitted and expected to wander in darkness. But genius is an inward light, given for the noblest purposes. Those who possess it are, in no humble sense, the messengers of heaven. When will they recognize their high commission, and leave uncertainty behind, and lead on their admirers enthusiastically in the paths of truth?

GREENFIELD HILL.

This village is situated on a commanding eminence in the township and county of Fairfield, Conn. about three miles from Long Island Sound.

VILLAGE of beauty! looking down,
Like a throned queen with emerald crown,
Still points thy gray familiar spire,
Old as the country, its vane's fire,
'Mid the white villas round thy green,
O'er velvet banks that wave serene,
And rows of sycamores' cool shade,
As when, in childhood, here I played.

And still outspreads the mellow view
Of snowy steeples, tapering through
Neat ruffs of trees, and slopes that reach
The faint curve of the yellow beach,
And still the dazzling sunbeams dance
O'er the blue billows' wide expanse,
And, like a pile of gilt clouds, stand,
Yon isle's dim heights of glittering sand.

At twilight hour, when up the hill
Echo to echo, sweet and shrill,
Repeats the bugle of some bark
Unfurling, and glad lovers hark—
Brightly the light-house lamp afar
Twinkles, and seems, at first a star,
And mildly whispering sea-winds blow
Fresh dews upon the wearied brow.

Then watch the red moon, broad and round
Rise slowly from the glassy Sound,

Making it blush, till overhead
Fainting to pearl, brown woodlands shed
Their tints for her's, and the whole sheet,
A silver shield, gleams at your feet,
And poised, as in mid air a sail
Oft glides above its shadow pale.

How charming is thy sylvan height,
In balmy May-time, to the sight
And sense, when apple groves, all bloom,
Like a late snow-fall, join perfume
To the rich odours the south breeze
Wafts from Long Island's blossomed trees,
With sweets that reach into the soul
As if its breath from Eden stole.

Mother of Genius' glorious wing!
Two poets* thou hast taught to sing:
The sacred minstrel, unforget,
Who sleeps in Learning's scholar spot;
And him, our country's bard and pride,
Who at cold Żarnawica died—
The ocean swells its mountain wave
Between his birthplace and his grave.

And oh! if more than classic grace,
And beauty of the form and face,
With charm of voice, and wealth of mind
That for an angel seemed designed,
Can make the scenery sanctified
Where their possessor lived and died—
Then shall these woods and waters round,
Thy name, loved Hulbert!† long resound.

My own delightful summer home!
Whether at golden noon I roam,
Or eve, when clouds, in purple drest,
Like heavenly castles deck the west,
And stars light up the ebon arch,
Or the lone moon resumes her march—
Not in this lower world is there
A landscape more divine and fair.

* Dr. Dwight who resided here and wrote "Greenfield Hill," and the "Conquest of Canaan" previous to his being chosen President of Yale College; and Joel Barlow, who was born at Reading a short distance from this village, and who partly fitted for college here. He was sent Minister to France in 1811, and soon after died at Żarnawica a village of Poland, on his way to Wilna to meet Napoleon.

† To some of the lingering old school gentlemen of Connecticut, and to all who have ever been in his presence, the above tribute to the memory of Dr. Hulbert will not appear extravagant or unmerited.

'Tis sweet to come, and cast a look
 At the same scenes—the walk—the brook,
 Where oft we roved when red-cheeked boys,
 And call to mind our former joys,
 Dear playmate's faces, dead and gone,
 And some, once fond, now distant grown,
 —How we do change ! but thou Green Hill,
 With smile primeval livest still.

J. H. H.

 HOMER.

Who can read, without emotion, that eloquent epistle of Petrarch, in which he returns thanks to the friend, who had given him a copy of Homer? No one, surely, who has the least relish for liberal studies, can be unmoved by the grave and dignified pathos, with which the Italian poet laments his ignorance of the Greek tongue, and his consequent inability to apply to their best and noblest use the precious volumes with which he had been presented ; and no one, who has ever felt the impulses of literary enthusiasm, will rashly blame the veneration with which the most accomplished scholar of his times regarded the true and original text of the Father of Poetry, though that text was, to him, a dead letter.

In the age of Petrarch, the Greek language could be acquired, only from the casual and uncertain instruction of some Byzantine ambassador, traveller, or fugitive. In our age and country, it is professedly studied in schools and colleges ; yet through the unskilfulness of teachers, the indolence of the taught, the want of time for study, and of motives for exertion, a very large proportion of those who have all the claims to the title of scholars that academic honors and diplomas can give, find their sympathy with Petrarch quickened by the secret sense of their own ignorance ; and the few adventurers, who penetrate the mists that enshroud the remains of ancient poetry and philosophy, are impelled, rather by the restless curiosity and high enthusiasm of their own minds, than by the exhortation of teachers, the encouragement of friends, or the hope of reward. In this western world, the classical student must expect little to excite him, save the solitary ardor of his own breast. Like the Roman orator, he must give to his favorite studies those hours, snatched from the tumults and fatigues of business, which others spend in recreation, or luxuriously sleep away in delicious indolence. He must not look to have his path smoothed by the grateful facilities of oral instruction, he must not anticipate the pleasures of social study. The travellers on this road are too infrequent to render each other such kindly

assistance. The living men around him, he will find occupied with the business of to-day, and the prospect of to-morrow. He must invoke aid from the dead. He must learn to say with Cowley,—

Come, my best friends, *my books*, and help me on,
 'Tis time that I were gone ;
 Unpassed Alps stop me, but I'll cut them all,
 And march, the *Muses' Hannibal*.

In other countries, classical learning is better cultivated, and better rewarded ; but from the nature of society, it happens in all countries alike, that, of the multitudes who repeat the name and the praises of Homer, by far the larger part know him only through the medium of translations. To the English reader, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are familiar in the version of Pope, an author whose name, in spite of all his maligners, dead and living, stands high indeed on the rolls of literature, and whose reputation, in the estimate of every judicious critic, increases with every passing year which delays to produce a poet worthy to be his successor. Writers of more sensibility than intellect, despairing ever to reach, perhaps unable to comprehend, the vigorous and majestic sense of Pope, pretend to despise it, and dignify with the name of genius, their own feeble and insipid prettiness. Their censure cannot affect him, nor ought it to surprise us. What wonder, that the insects of literature, delighted with their own spotted wings, and microscopic beauties, contemplate unmoved the swan-like flights, and liquid harmony of our great moral poet ?

The lovers of Homer will pardon this digression in praise of his translator. As a translator, Pope has done wonders ; yet it must be confessed, there is much truth in the common observation, that his translation does not present a perfect image of Homer. This, perhaps, was a defect inherent in the undertaking, and the poet is not to be blamed for not accomplishing what was impossible. After all, his departures from the original are principally in lesser things. The story, the incidents, the sentiments and the similes are faithfully copied ; and those, who are familiar with the version of Pope, can easily follow the few cursory observations we are going to make. In the eyes of the scholar, the name of Homer will irradiate dulness itself ; and the more general reader, tired perhaps, of the sublime mysticism, the profound obscurity, the vague generalities, the cloudy declamation and transcendental metaphysics, the dull paradox and eternal cant of fashionable criticism, may not be unwilling to see an example, how unworthy soever, of that plain and quiet style of comment, which was taught and practised by the wits of France and England, before reviews, monthly or quarterly, were invented. The brightest stars sometimes suffer an eclipse, and we may hope, that it is only a temporary disorder, not a permanent disturbance of the system, which leads so many of our contemporaries to speak with

unqualified contempt of this school of critics. Judged by the severest rules, their merits were not small. They did not, indeed, accurately distinguish between the universal laws of taste, and the mere technical forms of their favorite authors; their fancy, it may be, was barren, their science limited, their genius not comprehensive; yet they did not want a certain fund of good sense; they had carefully studied the operations of the mind, and the play of the passions; they had imbibed much of the spirit of classical antiquity. If they sometimes fail to entertain and instruct, they never attempt to bewilder; they never seek to dress up nonsense in the guise of philosophy, or to hide a want of meaning under a rhapsody of words; what they have to tell, they express with an agreeable perspicuity; if they never blaze out with resplendent lustre, they always shed a clear and steady light; merits, perhaps which many will undervalue, but which will not be undervalued by those, who have been perplexed, and dazzled, and led astray by the dancing meteors of modern philosophy.

Of Homer's life and history we know almost nothing. He who immortalized others, left no information concerning himself. Yet of a poet so illustrious, we might expect some memorials; and that he did not want contemporaries, able to preserve and transmit his history, is proved by the numerous poems, both heroic and comic, the productions of very early times, of which we find mention in ancient authors, (for the poems themselves perished in the wreck of Greek literature, during the middle ages), many of which were vulgarly ascribed to Homer himself. But poets so careless of their own fame that their very names have perished, were not likely to be solicitous about the reputation of a brother bard; and it is tradition alone, which has informed us of the name, the country, and the age of Homer. Men are everywhere so much alike, and the actual varieties of life are so few, that we often find the events of one age, the best possible commentary on the history of another. What we know of the metrical romances of the middle ages, may be made to shed light on the history of the heroic poetry of ancient Greece; or what amounts to the same thing, our acknowledged ignorance concerning works so famous in the literary annals of comparatively recent times, may help to reconcile us to our ignorance of Homer and his contemporary poets. The names and history of the authors of these romances, who appear to have resembled, in many curious particulars, the bards of the early Greeks, are involved in the greatest obscurity; and European antiquaries find as much difficulty in ascertaining the age and authorship of the romance of Sir Percival or *The Four Sons of Aymon*, as did the grammarians of Athens or Alexandria in settling to their satisfaction the date and origin of the lesser *Iliad*, the *Cecrops*, or the *Epigoni*. Had some one of these romances rivalled

the genius of Homer, without doubt, his name would have been transmitted along with his poems, and according to the common course of vulgar admiration, many romances which he never wrote would have been ascribed to him.

This view of the subject, reasonable in itself and so well supported by analogy, has not satisfied some modern scholars; and the uncertainty which hangs over the life of the old bard, has induced an acute and learned critic to deny his existence, and to ascribe the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to a series of Poets to whom he gives the name of Homerides. It is true we know but little of Homer, but is this a reason for stripping him of life and fame in favor of the Homerides, of whom we know nothing? This theory was started at a time when scepticism had become fashionable; it was well received and much applauded. But the writings of Eichhorn betrayed the dangerous tendency of such speculations, and many a proselyte to the new doctrine became alarmed, when he saw Moses beginning to be involved in the same dark cloud, which had snatched Homer from his sight. It may be said that to appeal to religious prejudices, is to silence a critic, not to answer him. This is true; but it surely is a valid argument against any theory whatsoever, that it tends to overthrow all our settled notions of antiquity, and to set us afloat, without star or compass, on the wide ocean of conjecture. Apart from such general reasoning, the poems themselves, by their accurate observance of the unity of action, sufficiently refute the idea that they are only a collection of detached songs; and the grand argument against their authenticity, drawn from the supposed impossibility that poems of such length could be preserved for two or three centuries by memory alone, seems not absolutely unanswerable. Heeren, in his *Politics of Ancient Greece*, mentions a Calmuc poem, consisting, as it is said, of three hundred and sixty cantos, a canto equalling in length a Rhapsody of Homer. This poem, he tells us, is preserved only in the memories of those, who sing it. Of such prodigious memory as this, civilized life can furnish no examples; yet Erasmus is said to have been able to repeat the whole of Terence and Horace, and who does not know how easily players commit, and how faithfully they remember, the parts which they speak on the stage?*

* Wolf is commonly spoken of, as the original author of the theory of the Homerides. He first brought it into favor, by illustrating it with great learning in his famous *Prolegomena*; but the idea that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were not the work of a single poet, was long ago started by Perault. The arguments which Perault urged were, first, the authority of a certain abbe d' Aubignac; secondly, the title of Rhapsody, which is the name given in the original to the several books of Homer; and thirdly, a passage of Elian, which, however, when rightly translated, is nothing to the purpose. One may read a spirited and witty reply to Perault, in Boileau's "Reflections sur Longin." That the poems of Homer were not, when first composed, immediately committed to writing was first suggested by Wood. (*Essay on the life and Writings of Homer*.) The opinion seems not improbable; Wolf and Heyne have supported it with infinite learning, but when the witnesses are dead and the evidence lost, what avails the ingenuity of the advocate?

If we are willing to admit that Homer lived at all, we shall probably fall in with the commonly received opinion, that he lived about nine hundred years before the Christian era; that he was an inhabitant of Chios, and a bard by profession. How honorable a member of society a bard was, Homer himself has sufficiently informed us. He was always a welcome guest, and often a constant attendant at the houses of the chieftains. Loved and revered by all, it was his duty to sing the deeds of gods and men, to inspire his hearers with piety and to kindle in their bosoms a spirit of enterprise, a fiery courage, and a restless longing after fame. Without cares to distract him, he had full opportunity to study the characters of men and the beauties of nature. Poetry was the employment and the pleasure of his life.

Homer's two poems have each a distinct character. The one is all fire, sublimity and hurry; the other is more calm and even. The *Iliad* astonishes; the *Odyssey* delights. The first is like the thunderbolt of Homer's own simile;—

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὑπὸ πτολῆος πατρὸς Διὸς ἔχεται δρυς
Προφύζου, δ' αὖθις θεοῦ γήγνηται ὀμίη
Ἐξ αὐτῆς τὸν δ' ὅ' ὑπερὶ χυμὸν θρασὺς, οὐκ ἴδνται,
Ἐγγυς ἄνω χαλαρὸς δὲ Διὸς μεγαλοῦ κραυγῆς—Il. xiv. 414.

As when the bolt red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of olive,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze, the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!—

The second resembles the milder landscape;—

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' αὖ οὐρανῷ ἀστραὶ φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ Σελήνην
Θαίοντ' ἀστεργαῖα, ὅτε π' ὤπαστο νύκτιμος αἰθήρ·
Ἐκ τ' ἴφαινε πᾶσαι σκοπιαί καὶ πρῶς οὐκ ἀχθοί,
Καὶ νέεσσι' οὐρανὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ ἅπαν ἀσπετος αἰθήρ,
Πάντα δ' εἰς τ' αἰδνται ἀστραὶ γήγηδός τε φάος ποιμήν—Il. viii. 555.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the sweet serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies,
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

The poems differ, too, not only in their character, but in their artificial construction. The time occupied by the action of the *Iliad* is very short, and the whole narration comes from the mouth of the

poet. The action of the *Odyssey* extends through ten years, and the hero is himself introduced, relating the greater portion of his adventures. These are the only two forms of the Epic, which the ingenuity of man has yet been able to devise.

Nor are the subjects of the poems unworthy of the genius of Homer. From the earliest settlement of the country, down to the invasion of the Persians, the Trojan war is, by far, the most conspicuous event in the Grecian annals. At a time when Greece was divided into a thousand petty states, this war brought all the independent chiefs together, and engaged them in the prosecution of the same adventure. Besides securing for the poet a willing audience wherever the Grecian name was known, it enabled him to collect, without violating probability, the noblest assemblage of kings and warriors, which the world ever saw. The events of the war were impressive, and not less so the misfortunes and wanderings of the returning chiefs. Ulysses, while prosecuting his homeward voyage, saw the manner and the cities of various nations, and more strange than these, those specious wonders—

Antiphatem, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim—

with which the imagination of the Greeks had peopled the shores and islands of the Mediterranean.

Achilles, the hero of the *Iliad*, possesses in the highest degree, all those bodily accomplishments, so indispensable to one of Homer's heroes, and which, indeed, in the politest age of the Grecian commonwealths, were esteemed essential qualifications for a general or a statesman. But it is not in bodily powers alone, that Achilles surpasses the common standard of humanity. He excels as much in pride and passion as in strength of hand or swiftness of foot,—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, aeger—

his courage is ferocious, his anger terrible, and from the same constitution of mind, his love unbounded.

Ulysses is a very different character. Artful, eloquent, insinuating, his passions controlled and his pride subdued, he forms his plans with sagacious foresight, and to accomplish them, shrinks from no labor, danger or humiliation.

Achilles and Ulysses are the heroes of the poems, but Hector is the masterpiece of the poet. Warm-hearted, noble, patriotic, with all the proud spirit of honor, and gentle mildness of manners, which we might look for in a christian knight, that reader has little of humanity, who does not honor, love and pity him.

Nor has Homer delineated men only, with truth and spirit. The ladies have no need to be ashamed of the figure they make in his poems. Love is the passion of most prevailing influence in female minds; and how well are its various operations exhibited in the gay

and sportive fondness of Helen, the gentle and anxious tenderness of Andromache, in Penelope's noble and untiring constancy ! If to these well known names we add the Dido of the Roman poet, we shall be convinced, that whether the ancients have been justly or not accused of undervaluing the female character, at least, they did not misunderstand it.

But to characterize all the personages introduced upon the scene, to mark the obvious differences, and point out the more delicate shades of character, to show what different passions spring from the same source, and how the most trifling actions often betray the secrets of the soul, were to do again the work of the poet. He who does not see and feel all this, will search for it in vain in the commentaries of the critic. Not to see and feel it is almost impossible ; for it is in the delineation of character, that Homer, by the confession of all ages, especially excels. Indeed, he deserves to be studied as a perfect master of the science of human nature. The lessons, which he teaches, are of universal application. He has noted almost all the more common traits, and striking features ; so that succeeding authors have, for the most part, been obliged to content themselves, with dwelling on unusual peculiarities or accidental distortions. The present age seems satisfied with characters of manners, or if nature is ever attempted, it is nature so extravagant as to be unnatural. Perhaps we despair too soon. Much ground is, no doubt, preoccupied, but perhaps there is yet room for originality. The most brilliant picture is but an artful arrangement of a few common colors ; and what is called poetical invention, seems to be only a new combination of old materials.

But Homer is not content with human agents only. He brings the gods to his aid. He introduces us to the palaces of Olympus and the shadowy realms of Pluto.

Among his own countrymen, this must have added, in no ordinary degree to the dignity of his poems ; and even upon a modern reader, the effect is far from inconsiderable. It has been said of the Greek language, that it gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy. Grecian genius has performed the harder task, of giving substance and reality, to the airy visions of fancy. The religious fables of other nations, may now and then excite a momentary interest ; but, for the most part, they are as unsatisfactory as they are unsubstantial, and make no more impression on the memory, than the faint images of a troubled dream. But the Greek mythology has an air of truth and a stamp of reality. It has ceased to serve the purposes of a religious creed, but its copious and variegated fictions still survive in the pages of literature. It was hence, that the Epic and Lyric poets of Greece supplied themselves with machinery, episodes and allusions ; here tragedy found subjects, and philosophy,

illustrations. The Roman writers borrowed copiously, from the same source; modern authors have followed their example, and Grecian fable is closely woven into English poetry. Spencer, Milton, even the "unlearned" Shakspeare, show on every page how familiar to their thoughts was the Grecian mythology. But it is not the excitable imagination of poets alone, that has been carried away, by the prevailing charms of classic fiction. About the end of the fourteenth century, when the study of the Greek language, after a long oblivion, was revived in Europe, some enthusiastic scholars, seduced by the visions of beauty and magnificence revealed to them in the pages of Homer, came near renouncing their Christian faith, in favor of the ancient superstition, and were suspected of secretly sacrificing, (not metaphorically, but literally) to Bacchus and Apollo; and even that arch-infidel David Hume, who could see no shadow of truth in the Christian scheme, or even in the received doctrines of natural religion, was so struck with the verisimilitude of the Grecian mythology, as to declare, that very likely, a system so probable and consistent was somewhere, in the boundless extent of the universe, actually realized.

Along with the gods, may be classed the fabled monsters, which the poet has introduced into the *Odyssey*. Some critics, among whom is Longinus, have argued from the strange fables to be found in this poem, that when it was composed, Homer's genius was on the decline. The inference, however, seems as unjust as it is unkind. Passages will rarely be found in any author, which so much interest the mind, and engage the attention, as the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops, and the island of Circe. So naturally do the human agents act, that the improbability of the circumstances, in which they are placed, never once occurs to us.

Perhaps, however, the genius of Homer shines out most conspicuously in his descriptions of battles. He enters into them with his whole heart and soul. Indeed, the poet's taste for war, has brought him into bad repute with some peace-loving speculatists, who, like Plato, would banish him from the commonwealth, even without according that justice, which Plato did not deny, of twining his brows with myrtle and crowning his head with flowers. But Homer speaks the language and expresses the feelings of a man. Natural impulses are stronger than artificial reasoning; and while human nature remains what it is, wars will be prosecuted, and Homer will be read. It is curious to observe the artifices, by which he keeps up the interest of his battles, which extend in some instances through several books. We should soon tire of wounds and death, of the shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished, but our attention is relieved by an infinite variety of incident and description, by a thousand little digressions, which give, as it were, a back ground

to the picture, and above all, by a multitude of beautiful similes, which impart no small portion of their own fire and spirit to the relation, which they adorn. These similes are drawn, principally, from hunting, agriculture and pastoral life, and while they serve to enliven his poem, they at the same time show Homer's close observation of all that was doing around him, and his unequalled felicity in describing all that he saw.

If any would learn, what lessons of policy and morals Homer teaches, how he excels Chrysippus and Crautor, and all the wisdom of the Porch and the Academy, let them read Horace's epistle to Lollius. Besides satisfying their curiosity, they may there learn how admirably well one poet can praise another; and they will find there, maxims so wise and philosophy so eloquent, as will convince them, that whatever may be Homer's merits, he is not the only poet to be read by those who are in search of moral improvement.

On the whole it is difficult, not to join in the elegant eulogium which Paterculus has pronounced. "The succeeding times, (the historian had just been speaking of the Ionic migration) were illustrated, by the splendid genius of Homer; a man great without example. So magnificent is his subject, so majestic his verse, that he alone seems to merit the name of poet. He was great in every respect, but greatest in this, that as he imitated no one himself, so no one has been able to imitate him. If we except Archilocus, Homer is the only author, who has at once discovered and perfected a new species of composition. This great poet, it is said, was born blind, but if any one believes the fable, he must surely be destitute himself of all his senses."*

We find in his poems, a complete description of the times in which he lived. He has woven the religion of his country into the texture of his story. In the siege of Troy, he has displayed all that was known of the art of war. The funeral of Patroclus gave him an opportunity of depicting the curious rites and ceremonies, observed in burying the dead, a matter, in every age of Greece, considered of the utmost importance. While relating the adventures of Ulysses and Telemachus, the poet often touchingly describes the pleasing interchanges of hospitality; and on these and other occasions, he introduces all the geographical and naval knowledge of his age. He has left us finished pictures of the men, the manners and the polity of the times. It is, perhaps, not going too far, to say, with an ancient critic, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, apart from their poetical

* Clarissimum deinde Homeri illuxit ingenium, sine exemplo maximum, qui, magnitudine operis et fulgore carminum, solus appellari poeta meruit; in quo hoc maximum est, quod neque ante illum, quem ille imitaretur, neque post illum, qui eum imitari potest, inventus est. Neque quemquam alium, cujus operis primus auctor fuerit, in eo perfectissimum, præter Homerum et Archilochum, reperimus. quem si quis cæcum genitum, putat, omnibus sensibus orbis est.—C. V. Paterculi, lib. i. cap. 5.

merits, are a magazine of universal knowledge. The philosopher regards, with an eager and scrutinizing curiosity, the oldest monuments of pagan antiquity; the poet contemplates, with fervid admiration, the oldest, richest, raciest of poems; and the most careless student must possess little of that divine mind which so distinguishes the old bard, who reads the poems of Homer without becoming familiar with the character, the manners, the curious livelihood of the early Greeks, without finding his mind filled with sublime and beautiful images, instructed in human nature, strengthened by precepts of prudence and morality, astonished and delighted by a work of genius which all succeeding ages have regarded as marking the utmost bound of human effort.

 NIAGARA.

How am I lost? and whither am I borne?
 Methought as on the beetling cliff I stood,
 Gazing intently on the fearful scene,
 Like a wild pageant it at once dissolv'd,
 And dunnest night came o'er me; and I fell
 Headlong, how far! never to rise again.
 But lo, it bursts upon the view once more!
 The roar of waters, the dark-tumbling flood,
 The bounding spray and all-involving mist,
 And the wide-yawning gulf beneath my feet,—
 The war of elements anew proclaim,
 And wake to ecstasy the astonish'd soul.
 Yet where, amid the uproar dread around,
 Where shall the eye an instant find repose?
 If on the mighty stream which sweeps amain
 The tribute of its ocean-lakes, I gaze—
 Waves press on waves forever as before,
 To be engulf'd as soon. If o'er the brink,
 The shudd'ring brink, I bend, to scrutinize
 The wonders there, and eye the drear profound—
 What but a whirlpool vast do I behold,
 And sea of foam that never knows a calm!
 Or, upward gazing, what but cloud on cloud
 Of spray resplendent issuing from the abyss,
 This way and that perpetually convolv'd,
 Yet glowing with ethereal tints, as heaven's
 Own bow, most beautiful. Fir'd at the view—
 Alike with beauty, grandeur, terror fir'd—
 At once I break the long continued spell,

Niagara.

Fly the charm'd spot, seize every point, and take
 My fill of rapture. Nor with this content,
 Down the rude steep I urge my vent'rous steps,
 And to the o'erwhelming flood's appalling verge
 Trembling advance: but oh, as thence I lift
 My eye, what sight stupendous overawes
 The aching sense! Straight from my feet a wall
 Of adamant, of vast immeasured curve,
 Its front upheaves immoveable and huge,
 Towering to heaven; whence, like a rushing sea,
 Bearing the whirlwind on its skirts, descends
 The mighty deluge! Dreadful is the shock—
 Earth trembles, and the affrighted deep recoils!
 As when the thirsty clouds converging o'er
 The sea, the subtle element attract,
 And then upon the tempest's wing upborne,
 Mid the wild heavens to battle rush sublime—
 Down comes with thundering crash the liquid world,
 And hill and valley instantly submerg'd,
 The waters roll tumultuous to the main.

But who shall paint the inimitable scene,
 Where Nature in a realm yet all her own,
 Seems in unrivall'd majesty enthron'd!
 As well, with magic of sweet sounds, the bard
 To frenzy wrought, might hope there to detain
 Yon glorious setting sun: lo! hovering o'er
 The forest's verge, it sinks—while dusky night
 Too hastily advancing, shuts the scene.
 Darkness and Solitude—mysterious Powers!
 At such an hour as this, how do ye seize
 Upon the trembling soul! I feel the earth
 Is without foothold; while a voice amidst
 The roar eternal, seems to sound its doom!

But see! amid the East a light! the full orb'd moon
 Which there, majestic rising, sheds o'er heaven
 And earth a milder day; and now, as if
 Enchanted, pours upon the lapaing flood
 Her brightest beams. The falling waves
 Imbibe the effulgence, and in volumes vast
 Descend like liquid silver;—till, as they
 Impinge with headlong force below, they break,
 Swift shatter'd in ten thousand parts—fly off
 Diverse—or upward curl in snowy mist
 Far 'mid the blue serene. The breeze that like
 A living stream seems ever gushing up,
 Plays with the forest leaf; on either hand,

And from the opposing isle,* majestic trees
 Lift high their verdant screens—here veil'd in night—
 There glitt'ring amid showers of spray—while o'er
 The rocks, the banks, upon the loftiest heights,
 And deep within the bosom of the abyss,
 The light and shade their magic force exert,
 And in mysterious grandeur wrap the scene.

O miracle of Nature ! though amid
 The boundless wild for ages thou hast been
 From distant worlds conceal'd, yet myriad eyes
 On thee have gaz'd. The proud, unconquer'd tribes,
 That fearless roam'd the shadowy forest, caught
 Far off thy wondrous music, and approach'd
 With reverence the scene : while from thy crags
 The eaglet peer'd,—or, taught full soon to tempt
 Thy troubled air, his vigorous pinions shook,
 And screaming wild, amid the ethereal void
 Swift vanish'd. Yet with the bright morn once more
 Shall he return, and in thy rainbows sport,
 Or up to heaven shall mount ' to drink the sun.'
 But ah ! those dark-eyed men—where now are they ?
 With thy returnless waves forever gone !
 Yet thou in all thy grandeur still remain'st
 To mock our withering race. Say ! when the world
 Sprang out of chaos, and the stars look'd down
 Enamour'd of the virgin earth, did then
 Thy thundering voice the trembling echoes wake ?
 Or hath the subtle miner, Time, earth's old
 Foundations sapp'd, and with her giant walls
 Let fall thy floods ?—Within the Eternal Mind
 The images of all that's beautiful
 And fair, of wondrous and sublime, repose ;
 Till as thou will'st, O God ! they seize, they fire
 The enraptur'd sight. This beauteous orb, which thou
 In thy beneficence didst call to light,
 Thou gav'st to man ; and, glorious to behold,
 Around its outstretch'd continents didst pour
 Thy world of waters. Storms the ocean lash
 And wake it into wrath ; as soon to peace
 Again 'tis lull'd ; but when thou badst unlock
 The mountain-springs, outgush'd the impetuous floods
 That leap exulting from their heaven-built seats,
 And with eternal thunders shake the vales !

F. H.

* Goat Island.

THE CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

MEMOIRS OF GOETHE, *written by himself.* J. & J. Harper, N. York.

It has been well remarked, that of all histories Autobiography is the least likely to be honest. The difficulty which first occurs to the mind, however, is not, we apprehend, the greatest. Nothing is more natural, and therefore excusable, than the disposition to flatter one's own likeness, and we can easily conceive the necessity of a stern nerve, for the drawing to the life of weaknesses which may have been successfully concealed, and passions which have, perhaps, flashed upon here and there an observer, but are not credited to us by the general tongue. A much greater obstacle exists, we suspect, in the difficulty of sitting to ourselves for a portrait, and catching the wonted expression of our own features. It is next to impossible to get sufficiently rid of one's identity—to stand aside like a third person and measure one's own stature and proportions coolly and definitely. The very attempt to fix upon a feature alters it. You may as well arrest your own shadow, or look for the unconscious and natural expression of your face in a mirror. By a strong effort you may sometimes conjure up, for a moment, to your mind's eye, your own distinct image, but it closes upon you instantly again, like a phantom that will not be held off, and your glance has not settled upon it before it is incorporated again with yourself and become invisible. Besides, we believe there is no possibility of a thorough self knowledge. A high degree of it, even, is exceedingly rare. Most men know less of themselves than they can see at a glance in the character of others; and though the occasional sympathies of life, and its temporary feelings of every description may be wholly understood and felt by the sufferer, and by him only, yet these are but the effects of the principles of character which lie far deeper, and he who feels the whole measure of their bitterness often knows least of their origin. It is a singular truth, that the heart deceives itself more than it deceives others. Self love early brings on that inner blindness to which the dim and mingled lines of character appear confused, and pride and necessity and ambition, and all the negative virtues and plausible vices, have a convenient diffusiveness which easily spreads their slight leaven over the whole mass of motive, and gives it a general and indefinite color of nobleness and truth. No man who is not utterly abandoned, ever believed himself guilty of an action of unqualified baseness. He could not have committed it without first silencing his scruples by some of those

weak sophistries which, surprisingly enough, *can* silence them, and the remembrance of which sinks away into the dark chambers of the heart, to speak out at the call of that voice which must be answered when the deed is past, though it, strangely, matters little how. To one ever so much out of love with himself, therefore, a faithful autobiography must be difficult enough, but to one who thinks so well of his character that he sits down deliberately to draw its likeness for the world to see, it would seem that perfect self justice were an unreasonable expectation. This last must be the case of at least every distinguished autobiographer. A felon or a conscience-stricken fanatic may be driven by remorse to portray with a terrible minuteness the secret circumstance of guilt, but self love does not turn and sting itself, unless driven like the scorpion by a circle of fire.

The autobiography of Goethe, though of course not an entire history of the character and mind of that great man, is still wonderfully true. We are all judges of this. Unskilled as we are in self knowledge, we have in us a living and unfailing test of human nature, and it is one of the most astonishing of our moral wonders, that, without the power to walk for a moment the sphere of genius, we can measure its reach and detect the obliquities of its flight, as if we had trodden its illimitable range in familiar and daily fellowship. The theory may be more true than we imagine, that we are all equally gifted though circumstances make us to differ, and it perhaps settles the question of distinctions hereafter, that, in the complete developement of a heavenly nature, these elements of all mental power which we find so strangely in us, may for the first time be loosened from the torpor of untoward circumstance, and quicken into beauty and strength.

Autobiography is by far the most interesting species of memoir writing, and that of a great and gifted poet, perhaps, the most likely to gratify the curious in the philosophy of our nature. The faculties requisite for the higher order of poetical genius are both so much rarer and more numerous than for any other, that he who possesses it, is always the leading wonder of the age which first appreciates him. This arises, no less from the distinctness of the poet's power from all other gifts, than from the intrinsic mystery of its nature. It is, of all human faculties, the least comprehensible by the ungifted. There is no attaining it by study—no finding out of its secrets as of other matters of knowledge, by comparison, and reference to principles. The fine ear, the nice susceptibilities, the fervent fancy, the pure heart, the burning upward desire, and even the intuitive knowledge of human character, may be found separately in other men, and are perhaps,

separately measurable—but this is only handling the instruments of the cunning artificer. It is still to be learned how the skill of the master wields them. It is not to be seen, except by the close, inner eye, how all these powers are fitted and harmonized in the universal nature of Genius—how like the perfect proportions in which the fair light of heaven is mingled, the creations of poetry are wrought with the combined energy of all human gifts—how the fragments of the mirror shivered in Eden, which flash out brokenly and imperfectly from the rank weeds of time, may be put together by a skilful hand, and held up to nature for a perfect and undiminished reflection. The poet himself may scarce understand this mystery. His mind works within him like the irresistible impulses of a dreamer. In the abstraction necessary to shut himself in perfectly from the world, he loses the scale necessary to measure it. He cannot stand apart and observe its workings. He has stepped into a magic circle unaware, and when its beautiful creations burst into life at his bidding, he is perplexed, like the player upon a harp in whose strings a wayward spirit is hidden. The rapidity, the flashing suddenness of poetical imaginations are such, that there is no time for consciousness. They rush out from the dim chambers of his fancy, unannounced and unbidden, and their existence is first told in their own audible music.

But the difficulties which exist in the mind itself are far from being the most formidable. There is a tumult in the poet's heart which would dim his eye were his mind clearer than crystal. The ravishment of music and beauty, and the passionate dreams of the young, and the clear tranquillity of the temperate and pure, are but unreal shadows to the joy of composition. It is a strange, peculiar, singularly satisfying pleasure. That yearning void—that deep and unreachd capacity, which has made so many hearts ache in the hour that brought to them life's utmost—is touched and sounded by his burning conception. The springing of the beautiful thought, the graceful expression, the indefinite feeling forcibly brought out, the flashing of the uncertain impulse into glowing and original language, and, above all, the flood of strength and beauty and melody which, sometimes, in the fervor of his excited mind, comes over him with a dizzy and yet strangely conscious bewilderment—this it is that would make poetry, though it were the scorn of the intelligent universe, its own blessed and sufficient reward. And who can adequately define it? Who can sit down when its whirlwind is past, and measure its velocity and its power? Who can stay its burning chariot with a finger, and describe to the common ear its dazzling and immortal workmanship?

It is astonishing, with all these difficulties, how an autobiography which attempts anything more than a mere narrative of events can be even tolerably true. The actual occurrences of life are easily described, but these are of little interest unless of a more stirring character than ordinarily falls to the lot of genius. In a poet's biography we want a history of what has distinguished him—his mind. We wish to know how it is affected by the ordinary circumstance of life—its workings in secret—its times of inspiration—its estimate of the passions and pursuits of other men. We wish to know how it breathes in its thin, upper atmosphere—how it reconciles the ideal world to the real, and with what temper it passes from the heavenly rareness of the one to the gross materiality of the other. These are expectations, it would seem, that could scarcely, in any degree, be realized; and that they are so, in a measure, in the book before us, is a matter of as much wonder as delight. We know of no other which lays open the character so fully to the light; and though it is full of interest as a book of spirited description and drawings of the eminent men of the age, yet it is all relevant to the writer himself, and tends constantly to develop the traits of his own character.

The prominent feature in the mind of Goethe is the remarkable truth and balance of its powers. In plainer language he was a man of strong common sense. Even in his early childhood he shows a directness in his views, and a simplicity and straight-forwardness in his reasoning, which is generally, though we think mistakenly, supposed to be rarely united to a poetical temperament. One of the first of his childish reminiscences is a doubt of God's goodness, suggested by the account of the earthquake of Lisbon. This was no common thought for a child, but the tenacity of its impression and the direction it gave to his pursuits are still more singular. The following incident which occurred soon after, and which was the result of some reasoning upon the Divine nature, illustrates our meaning.

"Being unable to form an idea of the Supreme Being, I sought him in his works, and resolved to erect an altar to him, after the manner of the patriarchs. Certain productions of nature were to represent the world, and a flame was to arise, figurative of the human soul ascending towards its Creator. I therefore chose the most valuable articles in the collection of natural curiosities which I had at hand. The difficulty was to arrange them in such a manner as to compose a little edifice. My father had a handsome music-desk of red lacquer, adorned with golden flowers, in form of a four-sided pyramid, with ledges to execute quartetts. This desk had not been used for some time. I took possession of it, and laid my specimens of natural history upon it in gradation, some above others, in regular and significant order. I wished to offer my first act of adoration at sun-rise. I had not yet determined on the manner in which I should produce the symbolical flame which I intended at the same time to emit a fragrant odor. At length I succeeded in securing these two conditions of my sacrifice. I had in my posses-

sion a few grains of incense. If they would not produce a flame, they might at least give light, and spread an agreeable perfume in burning. This mild light, shed by burning perfumes, expressed what passes in our minds at such a moment, even more perfectly than a flame. The sun had long risen above the horizon, but the neighboring houses still intercepted his rays. At length he rose high enough to allow me, by means of a burning glass, to light my grains of incense scientifically arranged on a fine porcelain cup. Everything succeeded according to my wishes. My piety was satisfied. My altar became the principal ornament of the apartment in which it stood. Others perceived in it nothing but a collection of natural curiosities, distributed with regularity and elegance: I alone knew its real intention. I wished to repeat my pious ceremony. Unluckily, when the sun appeared I had no porcelain cup at hand; I placed my grains of incense on the top of the desk: I lighted them; but I was so absorbed in my contemplations, that I did not perceive the mischief which my sacrifice had done, until it was too late to remedy it. The grains of incense, in burning, had covered the fine red lacquer, and the gold flowers, with black spots; as if the evil spirit, driven away by my prayers, had left the indelible traces of his feet on the desk." pp. 21, 22.

Another developement of this trait is found still earlier in his history.

"On Sundays we used to assemble, my companions and I, to communicate our essays to each other. But I was soon disquieted by a singular apprehension. My own poetical lucubrations, of course, always appeared to me to be the best; but I soon remarked that my companions, who often brought very wretched compositions, thought no less highly of them than I did of mine. Another circumstance, which also occupied my meditations, was the self-delusion of a young scholar who was totally incapable of making verses. He used to get them composed by his master, and it is no wonder they seemed to him excellent: but he would persuade himself at last, that he had made them; and although we were so intimately acquainted, he wished to make me believe it likewise. Struck with the ridiculous folly of this conceit, I began to fear that I might possibly be my own dupe also, and appear to him as foolish as he did in my eyes. This idea rendered me very uneasy. My judgment could not be decided by any irrefragable rule. I became discouraged. But the natural levity of my age, an internal consciousness, and the praises of my masters and relations, at length restored my confidence." p. 18.

His passion for walking upon the walls of the city, and observing the private gardens and inner courts of the inhabitants, and the delight he took in wandering and musing among the Gothic buildings and ancient streets of Frankfort, are among many other instances in the narrative of his boyish pursuits, which show the same precocious disposition to observe and reason. This is the true character of Genius. There is no greater mistake than the common belief that it is a dim, mist-enveloped, abstract power—walking on its own way, with little knowledge of its fellow men, and no faculty for their pursuits. Its great prerogative and instrument is a clear, open eye. Its peculiar gift is to see more and better than other men. Universality both of knowledge and power, is its indispensable endowment. It has, it is true, a superior and incomprehensible faculty of creation, or, rather, combination—but the very existence of this depends upon the possession in a high degree of the more ordinary and every day faculties of our race. The possessor of it sees more of nature's beauty in the

same landscape, and hears more of nature's music in the same sounds, and feels more and deeper the same many and nameless outward influences. It is not that the south wind blows softer on his temples, or that the fresh verdure is greener to his eye, or the sound of water to his ear of a rarer or more distinct melody. The difference is within. The inner sense is finer. The response to the outward sensation comes from a temple of loftier arches. It is the same instrument, but more skilfully played—the same spell, but more exquisitely wound.

The nature of genius is to excel in whatever it attempts. There is a kind of spurious talent which, like a stage devil, conceals its counterfeit in smoke. You will find the possessors of it absent minded, eccentric, affecting solitary and unnatural habits. They keep up their credit for wisdom by living apart, and are therefore ignorant of common things, and lost when they chance to fall into the ways of the world. Such men may, sometimes, be erudite scholars, but never men of genius. It is the nature of genius to be curious and restless. It finds interest in trifles, and is never more satisfied out of itself than when watching the daily impulses and pursuits of its fellow men. It cannot be mew'd up in a cloister. Its thirst for real, tangible knowledge drives it irresistibly into the world. All its faculties must be tried and matured, or it pines like an imprisoned eagle. The possessor of it, according to circumstances, is always remarkable for some of the attainable excellencies of common life—he is the best observer of character, the most liberal philanthropist, the deepest philosopher upon topics of general moment, the most enlightened religionist, the most sagacious politician—nay—often, the subtlest calculator of trade. He sees farther into anything than a common man. He has a wider grasp for all subjects; and though he does not, like Mochingo in the play, “profess to admire an exhalation more than a fixed star,” his judgment upon either is better than another's. It is one of the fine instances of the wonderful knowledge of human nature displayed by the old Dramatists, that the scholar, who, in the first act of the “Elder Brother,” is left

“Contemplating

The number of the sands in the highway,
And from that purposing to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea,”

shows himself in the last to be superior, even in his own worldly spirit and accomplishments, to his more courtly rival. It is true that single individuals are not often very much celebrated for more than a single successful talent, and the necessity of an engrossing attention to one

object is an obvious reason ; but an equal capacity for distinction in some other walk is almost invariably apparent. Byron is said to have had a high degree of military talent ; Sheridan was an orator and dramatist ; Coleridge and Wordsworth are among the lights of modern philosophy in Europe ; Goethe is a distinguished poet, dramatist and statesman, and our own Allston and Morse, if they were not the first artists, would undoubtedly have been the first writers of their time.

The secret of many of the peculiarities of Goethe, and of much of his excellence is contained in the following rule which he prescribed to himself, after being bewildered with the uncertain lights of early German literature. He says, "If I wished to find some real inspiration, some profound sentiment, some just and striking reflections for my poetical compositions, I saw that I must draw them from my own bosom. I accustomed myself to describe and turn into poetry whatever interested me ; whatever had caused me a strong sensation of joy or grief." This is a maxim worthy of golden memory by poets. The peculiarity of his writings, and, indeed, of the writings of every other eminent poet, is their forcible, undeniable reality. His epithets are not chosen for sound, or to startle, merely. They represent the living, actual impression, and are as natural and unavoidable as the names of colors, or the unaffected descriptions of a child. So of a feeling or a sentiment. He does not stop to work himself up to the sublime, or reach away into the very corners of his mind for extraordinary images. He sits down in the very midst of his conceptions, and weaves his web of the nearest material ; and if the tissue is not so filmy and fanciful, it is vivid and stronger, and will wear better. It is the great mistake of early poetry that it reaches too far. The obvious and every-day language of those about him, seems to the inflated taste of the young poet common and inefficient. It must be a word that the vulgar mouth has not profaned, or an idea that could only have been gathered from the empyrean, to come up to his standard. He has seen how the masters of the art have sometimes compressed volumes into a single new and energetic expression, and without reflecting upon the effect of its rareness, or the peculiar demand for it in the place where it is introduced, he makes it the model of every sentence, and is as grandiloquent in a quiet description as he is in passages of frenzy and pathos. It is astonishing how widely this error prevails. It would seem that the affecting simplicity of true taste were written on the very face of the allowed models—as if it could no more be mistaken than their meaning or their humor. And yet, in all beginners, and in by far the greater proportion of practised

writers, you find the same pompous diction—the same thrusting aside of the downright and descriptive, and the dragging in by violence of the artificial and indistinct. A lamp is a luminary; a child is a cherub; a servant's message is told with a simile; a familiar sentiment is illustrated by stars and sunshine, and the hero's whereabouts is embellished like a description of Olympus. They have no idea that a king is not always in heroics, or that a lady can talk prose, or that the language and ways of ordinary men have anything to do with human nature. They perk up their common-places in holiday dresses as if they thought them too vulgar to be presentable. Like the good housewife who washed the cobwebs from her master's old wine, they think nature not fit to be seen till she has been pranked up and made tidy.

It is a singular feature in the works of Goethe, that, without an exception, they are suggested and formed from incidents in his own life. He never portrays a passion, or amplifies a sentiment, or presents a phasis of human life, which is not either a part of his own history or a subject of the most intimate and minute observation. His works seem to be thrown off like spontaneous phantasms of the progressive changes in his character and situation. He attempts nothing distant, nothing in advance of his existing age and circumstances. His heroes are all of his own time of life, and are run through adventures, it is true, and romantic ones, but only embellished likenesses of his own. Every incident is seized upon as a nucleus for imagination. Every casual expression of a passer-by is a subject for his habitual analysis of character. Every friend and acquaintance and chance-adventurer moves in the great circle of his observation, and becomes an actor in the indefinite and perpetual drama of fancy. He thus secures the very impress and action of life. The minute features, the defects even, the thousand little vanishing lines are arrested and distinctly drawn. His novels read like biographies, and his poetry, unlike the lifted and unessential wanderings of others among the stars, fastens on your sober belief, like the earnestness of a suddenly roused improvisatore. It is no objection to the analogy between his own life and that of his heroes, that their adventures are too many and too extravagant for truth. Such a man as Goethe meets ten adventures to another man's one. Aside from the expression which genius always stamps upon the features, and which wins so unreservedly the confidence, not only of the refined and discerning, but mysteriously of all—aside from everything which opens to him, from without, the secret entrances to the character and peculiarities

of men—there is, in himself, a power, a tact of detection, a knowledge of the causes of human action, which lay bare to him the causes of adventure, and tell him when and where to look for the coming by of those strange realities, stranger than fiction, which are constantly occurring in this misnamed commonplace world. Nothing that passes escapes him. He follows intrepidly and implicitly every lead of circumstance. He encourages the developement of every eccentricity of character. He accepts, with the chivalry of the Red Cross Knight, every challenge to doubtful enterprise. He is never sluggish—never backward—never calculating. There is a beautiful boldness in his temper, which, like the heroes of Irish fairy legends, wins the love of the spirits of his race, and they touch him as they pass and become visible to him. The book before us, which is substantiated as a faithful history of the life of Goethe, is sufficient to prove all that we have asserted on this point. It reads like a fiction.

To those who have not reflected upon the peculiar structure of poetical character, it may appear singular that we should put side by side with the trait we have so long dwelt upon, *an unbounded romance*. It is true, that, in common men, this quality is rarely united with severe judgment. It is no less true, however, that in genius they are seldom divided; and it is a beautiful proof of the capacity of our nature for a full and equal developement of its powers, that two such opposed qualities as imagination and reason, can, even here, ripen and be perfected together. One can scarce conceive how they should harmonize. The disposition of fancy to color and clothe everything it meets with its own pencil and drapery, and the tendency of judgment to define and analyze, seem an impossible combination. There is, however, a kind of accommodation, if we may so speak, in the exercise of their powers, which effectually prevents discord. The judgment is, of course, the higher faculty, and undoubtedly makes its decisions clearly and independently of the other upon every subject. The exercise of the imagination is rather optional than necessary. It is like the Roman mantle, putting no constraint on the figure it embellishes, and never concealing its strength or proportions. It is a beautiful gift, by which a discovered deformity is hidden, and a color of cheerfulness or joy given to the necessary shadows of life. To borrow a figure of that great essayist, Foster, "judgment is the naked tree with its minute branches perfectly defined, and imagination is the foliage which clothes it." The reason of genius is never blinded by fancy. In the height of romantic adventure, and in the most unqualified devotedness of passion—seasons when less gifted minds

are walking in a dim and confused dream—the eye of genius takes a tranquil measure of its progress, and circumstances are as well remembered as ever, and the object of its admiration as keenly and dispassionately studied. And yet who doubts the earnestness and fervor of such a nature ?

Our author's life abounds in the most romantic incident. The susceptibility which is another unfailing attribute of genius, involves him continually in the most singular adventures. His passions, successively, for Margaret the pretty milliner, Lucinda the daughter of his dancing master, and Annette the daughter of his host—all persons far below him in life, and in a country where such distinctions are matters of serious regard—are sufficient proofs of the vividness and power of his fancy. It needs a great deal to color what from a man of his discrimination could not be concealed, the want of the well-bred refinements to which he had been used, the *gaucheries* of manner, the natural and inevitable *materiality* of the class to which the objects of his passion belonged. It is evident from his own account that he was never blinded to them, and it is surprising with what minuteness he drew the characters of his mistresses at the same time that he was yielding himself apparently to the most headlong infatuation. There is no concealment or trick practised upon him. He meets Margaret in a house corresponding with her station in life, the resort of a company of rude and vulgar young men, whose intimacy he was obliged to court, and it is only in their presence, and in the intervals of drinking and card-playing, that his acquaintance with her progresses. His imagination converts this scene of coarse carousal into a haunt of refined pleasure, and, though he is continually studying the characters of his gross companions, and shows by his descriptions that he did it faithfully, his passion for Margaret is not at all diminished, and he is restless till the night comes when he may meet her again, and pursue his passion amid the same uncongenial company and amusements. This is the true alchymy. Everything turns to gold at the touch of such a temper as this. The fabled enchantments of Eastern story are more than realized by such an imagination. It makes a different place of the world. The annoyances and the imperfect joys, the cold, dull shadows of indifference, the positive and thick-crowding evils of life, are all changed and colored by its power. The semblances of the perfect and beautiful become real. The exquisite form and bland graces of women, the changing, perishing beauty of nature, the outward show of generous and noble qualities in men, are all true and abiding. It is neither ignorance nor deception. He sees the fickleness of the one,

and the decay of the other, and the hollowheartedness of the third, and, with an instinctive caution, he puts a shield between their failings and his heart, and forgets them. When he is once guarded against injury he believes the world incapable of it, and he goes out among his fellow men confidently, and still without peril, admitting like sunshine to his heart every ray of courtesy, and yet protected from betrayal by his sleepless but unconscious intuition of character. This is the only power except religion that can "look out far and lovingly on all mankind." Ignorance and simplicity are soon enlightened, and become embittered against a world which abuses their easy nature. The treachery and stinging ingratitude of mankind must be guarded against to be unfelt, and it must be forgiven as religion forgives it, or avoided as knowledge avoids it, not to chill philanthropy and deaden the "fine and loving temper of humanity."

(To be continued.)

CHANGES.

THE billows run along in gold
 Over the yielding main,
 And when upon the shore unrolled,
 They gather up again ;
 They get themselves a diff'rent form,
 These children of the wind,
 And, or in sunlight, or in storm,
 Leave the green land behind.

Life's billows on life's changing sea
 Come alway to Death's shore,
 Some with a calm content, and free,
 Some with a hollow roar ;
 They break and are no longer seen,
 Yet still defying time,
 Divided, and of different mien,
 They roll from clime to clime.

All water courses find the main ;
 The main sinks back to earth ;
 Life settles in the grave—again
 The grave hath life and birth ;
 Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
 Grass grows from scattered clay ;
 And thus from death the spirit must
 To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
 Like water, changing forms ;
 The mists go upward from the sea,
 And gather into storms ;
 The dew and rain come down again,
 To fresh the drooping land ;
 So doth this life exalt and wane,
 And, alter, and expand.

J. O. Rockwell

PRESENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

" ————— He who writes
 Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
 His judges than his friends, and not a guest
 But will find something wanting or ill-drest."

WHILE the events of the last fifty years have wrought so great a change in the moral and political condition of the civilized world, the state of its literature and its intellect has during the same period been subject to its own vicissitudes and undergone its own revolutions. The dark storm of anarchy which hung impending so long over Europe, has been dissolved by powers, which, while in some measure restoring the nations of the continent to their former state of kingly subjection and despotic calmness, did not altogether remove the purifying effects of the previous tempest. Civilized man now enjoys extended liberty, compared with his debasement during the days of feudal government, and Freedom, as she has carried her cheering influence to the door of the European peasant, has been attended by knowledge and virtue as her inseparable companions. The human family as a whole, has been elevated to a higher grade of existence, and the fountains of intelligence, instead of being confined to the use of the noble and the bigot—instead of being restrained in a few deep and almost inaccessible channels—have become the property of man, whatever his condition, and have been diverted to fertilize and make glad the whole surface of the earth.

Happily the sources of literature are not diminished by the continual demands which are made upon them. Like the fire which communicates its heat and its power to all surrounding objects, but which still burns on with undiminished intensity, they have poured forth the deep streams of grave and scholastic philosophy, as they were wont of yore ; but have at the same time increased the influences of practical instruction, and enlarged the sphere of elegant belles lettres accomplishments. The old channels may not now be as easily known as formerly, because of the improvements above

and around them; but they still flow as deeply and as purely as ever, and will continue to reward those who sound them to their depths, with the increasing measure of their beauty and their wealth.

During the dark ages, the walks of learning were through the dry, discouraging wilderness of monkish lore, with no amusements of the path to beguile the wayfarer of the monotony of his journey, and with nothing to cheer him but the bright sun of science in the distance, beaming strength and vigor upon his faculties, and beckoning him still onward. But now the way is beset with enticements to stray from it, a garden of flowers has sprung up where the desert mourned, and the mind is continually drawn from the great object in the distance, to revel amid the beauties of the present scene. But still the length of the path is not diminished, nor are its arduous steepes of more easy ascent. The striving for the goal must still be as great or greater than ever, as so many are tempted to enter for it, from the beauty of the way.

But it is of the recent changes and improvements in literature that we are now more particularly to speak. There are several branches of belles lettres studies which are peculiar to the present age. Novelty in literature has always been as highly valued and as much sought after as in any of the other of the arts of life. The time has been, when the stately halls of England were kindled with joy or depressed with sorrow, as the caprice of the wandering minstrel dictated. But the bards degenerated into beggars, and their harps gave place to the metrical romances of chivalry, with their euphuistic extravagances of language, and their pictures as quaint as the devices of the brave knights whom they described, and their periods as stately and precise as the manners of the lovely dames and 'maidens of high degree,' whose beauty and whose constancy were the burden of the song. The time once was, when quaintness and singularity were the fashion of the day. Every department of life felt the influence of the general taste. Architecture has preserved models of it in the most durable form. The storied pictures of Westminster and of London Tower prove to what extent it was carried in matters of dress; while the *Fairy Queen* and *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy* show its influence over the genius of poetry and the outpourings of humor. The very goblins of the forest partook of the mortal mania, and Oberon and Robin Good Fellow are the most whimsical and fantastic of moonlight elves. These things in their turn passed away, to make room for the Augustine age of English literature. Utility became the hobby of the age. To present it in the array of beauty and elegance was the aim of the popular writers. The essays of the *Spectator* became the text book for morals, and for style, and for taste. Their success encouraged numberless imitations, filled with tawdry sentiment and vulgar wit. But 'requiescant in pace,' they

have passed into decay, while the original gem has preserved its beauty uninjured, unrivalled and alone. Our own age presents different views. Human invention has been turned in some measure from working on the solid materials, which were to secure to it the meed of immortality, and has directed part of its energies to the production of the elegant or the curious, to the exhibition of trifles to please for a few short moments, and the getting up of bright illusions to enlighten the hour, with the course of which they too must pass into forgetfulness. Change is before and around us, pleasure is the object of pursuit to the gay spirits of earth. Society is made one never ending gala, and the fashionable and the literary world is on the alert to answer the demand and stimulate the universal cry of 'vive la bagatelle.'

Although amusement be the chief object of those who can afford to pay its price, improvement has kept even pace with it in its progress. There is a species of literature before the world at present, which unites in its own beautiful form the attractions of both. And much is the literary community indebted to the genius of one man for forming the path, and leading on in the untried way by which both could be united, and in the course of which their joint influences have elevated and refined the spirits of those to whom their divided power would have rendered the theme on which they were employed either uninteresting or uninstructional. We need not say that we refer to the Author of *Waverley*. Let no one accuse us of triteness or common place, for renewing the worn out subject of his praises. Were the effect or even the continuance of his labors to be numbered among things past, the charge might be made with the color of justice; but the attention of men cannot be too strongly or too often drawn to those events which are exerting a daily influence over society. The withered tree and the exhausted fountain may be deserted, but both will be watched with care and with gratitude, while the one yields its fruits, and the other pours forth its fertility for all of nature which is capable of being rendered happier or more useful by them. Such, then, is our defence, if any be needed, for renewing the remembrance of the things we venerate. The novels of the Author of *Waverley*, together, perhaps, with the historical plays of Shakspeare, have formed in very many minds a taste for the *real* beauties of English history, which without them they would never have acquired. He is indeed 'a potent enchanter.' His pen is the spell-wand of a wizard, in the hand of one who knows its mystic power. He has taken the facts of history, and woven from them the beautiful fabric of its poetry, and has given a more lasting and a deeper interest to its dry details, by connecting them in our minds with all the beauties and fascinations of romance.

The *Waverley Novels* have introduced a new kind of writing, and, aided perhaps by the beautiful style of our countryman Irving, it has pervaded the whole field of the light literature of the day. They have been the models on which young writers have formed themselves; and how well worthy they are of imitation, or, at least, of close study and attention, appears from the developement of intellect, the rapid increase in number, and in power, and in beauty of the volumes of belles lettres which are every year given to the public. A few years ago, an elegant taste, joined, perhaps, to a love of 'filthy lucre,' induced some English publishers to give to the world the first specimens of those *Souvenirs* and 'Forget Me Nots,' which are now so common through our country. How beautiful they were at their first appearance, the eagerness with which they were read will testify. How rapid was their increase, may be seen by referring to the counters of every bookstore. America, ready and willing as she ever is to acknowledge the excellence, and imitate the example of the parent country in every good thing, has imitated and improved upon the plan. We can now boast of a species of literature, which is conducted almost wholly by young men, and which has merited the affection, because it has developed the power of our native genius. Those who have made their first essays in literature, through the medium of the pages of a *Souvenir*, will gain confidence in proportion as they have tested their own strength. The American annuals do not profess to be the works of the most finished or most accomplished writers of this country. They should not be taken as specimens of what our literature is, but as indications of what it may one day be. They are not the matured fruits, but the bright promise and blossoming of genius; and thus far they have been an honor to the taste and talent of American writers, and monuments of the swift progress of our artists towards excellence in their profession. Whoever first started the idea in England, must have been a man of beautiful and enlightened mind. *Souvenirs* as they are at present edited, are intended for the type and memorial of affection. They are produced at that season of the year, which old Time himself has devoted to the service of mirth, good feeling and good fellowship. The time which ancient custom has dedicated to the meeting and enjoyment of long absent friends, the time which we all hail from the depths of winter, as the only bright period in the dreary year when true hearts and kind spirits can throw off the cares and heart burnings which have beset them during its lapse, and extend the hand of fellowship before they part again on their weary and opposing paths. As the pilgrims of the wilderness meet for a few short hours in friendship around the fount of the desert, each again to part, each to oppress his weaker neighbor, and fall in his turn under the power of the stronger.

Christmas and New Year are the days when the chilling coldness of the season is to yield to the warming influences of the heart. They are the days when St. Nicholas deals out his rewards and punishments, according to the merits of his smiling protégés. They are in sad truth, the only remnant of the times when 'merrie England, was blessed with its guardian fays and brownies; they are the only days in this era of philosophy and unbelief, when the elves are permitted to escape from their frosty prison houses, to gladden the world,

‘And make good sport
With ho ho ho.’

They are indeed the days of romance, and in its spirit should they be welcomed. And thus, thanks to our native industry, they are and will be received. The pleasant ties of affection shall be rendered more dear by their connexion with refinement of taste, their bonds shall be more firmly sealed by the impress of literature. Belles lettres may now form a part of education. The beau ideal of the imagination may be reduced to the reality of life.

The present state of our annual literature is undoubtedly calculated to improve, and, as the necessary consequence, to elevate the moral character of the land. We cannot, on this side of the ocean, either see or appreciate the effects of the goodness and genius of past times on the human mind. To gaze on the living marble, or to converse with the speaking canvass, is not yet our fortune. We can hear of them but as the bright things of earth, the conception of which has done so much to raise human genius above the level of every day plodding and selfishness. But farther than this, they are to us a sealed book. Our time of perfection in the fine arts is yet to come. We have our place among the nations in dignity and in power, but we cannot expect to equal for centuries those realities of genius which shine so rarely and so brightly in the history of the world. We must not expect to attain, in the period of a single life, the honors which time has preserved as the labor and glory of the world from the earliest antiquity. We know not when, nor over what happy land the star of genius will next arise; but well may we hope that it will be our own. Other nations have slumbered ages away, before being awakened by its light. True it is, that the first gleams of civilization and taste, found Homer ready to follow as soon as they enlightened the way, and even to anticipate and marshall their progress by the burning light of his own intellect. But the muse of Virgil and of Horace revelled under their noon-tide splendor, and the genius of Shakspeare wild as it was, was fostered amid the refinements of society and learning. But our time will come. In the progress of improvement, we have already done what has cost other nations centuries of time. In the meanwhile, we must content our-

selves to use those means of improvement which native talent has secured to us. We shall still go on improving, as we discover the means and our capacity for applying them. Already has the theory of the inferiority of intellect in the western world been exploded by facts and observation. The literary men of Europe are willing to look with respect upon our exertions. We do not consider this as a matter of favor on their part; we do not think that they have given us credit for our good works in advance. It is but common justice, common honor, to admit America to her seat in the literary coterie of nations. Her men of genius, her poets, her artists, need no longer fear cold praises or unjust repulse. Their names will be as widely known as those of the leading spirits of the older countries; they will not be the property merely of their native land, they will be as much the heritage of the civilized world, as those to whom its pure homage is already paid. Such is the prize which we have a right to strive after. Such is the meed which we shall one day obtain.

American authorship has been subjected to much ungenerous criticism. Whatever may be the present state of our literature, its reputation is based upon its own proper merits. It may have possibly been that we have written too fast for our own fame, that we have sometimes missed the reputation which we might have obtained, by straining at something beyond our reach. It may have been that in striving for the glittering shade we have lost the more useful substance. But the error is a noble one. We seldom attain as high as we wish to reach in our setting out in any pursuit. What we would be is a fanciful beau ideal, which goes as far beyond what we can be as the imagination is more extensive than our real power. The one holds out rainbow hopes, which still recede as we go onward; the other secures the real benefits which lie scattered on the way. We may not, we cannot ever reach the former, but the farther we go on, the more of the reality shall we be possessed of.

Let sarcasm do its worst. Its shafts will not always penetrate, and when we reflect by what unskilful hands they are pointed, it may not be thought surprising that they so often fly wide of the mark. Those who have never experienced the toils of authorship themselves, pretend to give their dicta to the public as the standard by which literary merit may be tested, forgetting, sure, that exertions which men are unacquainted with cannot properly be appreciated by them. We hold this rule to be particularly true with regard to literature. We hold it to be evident that no one can be a literary critic who has not been in some degree an author. It is true that when we are passing that judgment upon the things around us which every man is apt to conceive in his own mind, we set up our own capacities as the standard of comparison, for naturally a man is not inclined in his own opinion to debase himself below or exalt himself above

his fellow men. Vanity and self-contempt are, we think, alike unnatural. They are the extremes into which diffidence and self-respect are liable to lead us. We praise or condemn the efforts of other persons according as they exceed or fall below this supposed level of our own equality. But in cases in which we can have had no experience of a similar kind, although we may undoubtedly form a private opinion, yet we should not take it upon us to give a public decision. It so happens however, that in these days of enlightening, there are few persons who do not consider themselves entitled to a place on the roll of the brethren of the quill, and this is their defence, their apology for attacking each other; and, setting envy out of the question, they will judge according to the above mentioned principles of human nature. They will consider in the discussion of new publications, whether it would have been a matter of ease or difficulty to have accomplished any work of a similar sort. They will examine whether such numbers would have flowed easily or labored sluggishly from their own train, and accordingly will be their sentence. They will of course leave out of the question the different power of mind between themselves and the object of their examination. They will perhaps be candid enough to admit that the difference exists, but console their pride by saying that it is in degree only, and not in kind. And they are right. He who has gained the summit of Parnassus is warmed by the same sun of genius that sheds its rays upon his humbler brother who is toiling at its first ascent. The only inequality consists in the varied power which the genial ray will have upon him who, standing in the higher and purer atmosphere, feels its full influence, and upon him whom it can only reach after passing through the obscurity of the clouds and mists which encircle and darken this nether earth. But with all these differences of situation, the two extremes of dulness and intellect are sometimes brought to a fancied level. Every man who ever pretended to the name of "scholar," however Bœotian may have been his intellect, has at times poured something from his thoughts *currente calamo*; and the most brilliant minds are sometimes compelled to ponder for hours over a pamphlet intended but to apply to the fleeting passions and prejudices of the day. The resemblance too between the effusions of talent and the dross of stupidity may be striking; as strong points of similarity may frequently be found between the most contemptible and the most exalted objects in existence. Such are the materials and such the causes of most of the newspaper censures on modern literature.

Ill-natured criticism however will not do much harm. If worth noticing at all, it will attract public attention to the object of its malignity, and the truth will become more certain. There is not that barrenness in modern literature which paragraph-mongers would

have us to suppose. The poetry, the song of the present day is not unworthy of the times or the pens of our fathers in literature. The spirit of Apollo is still a quickening one among us. The mind of man is a soil as productive of the noble and beautiful as ever—perhaps more so. It has been improved by the experience of past ages, and if fault there be, it is owing to its increasing fertility, rather than to its barrenness, that luxuriant weeds and inferior vegetation have sprung up and covered from the view of superficial observers the gay flowers and rich harvest which lie beneath them.

K. K.

SUGGESTED BY FISHER'S PICTURE OF "THE OUTLET."

THE Painter slumber'd with a summer wind
 Blowing upon his cheek, and in his ear
 The lulling changes of a running brook,
 That from his feet crept glidingly away.
 By him the loose leaves lay whereon were dash'd
 His rapid pencillings, for he had been
 Looking on nature with his earnest eye,
 Since the first blush of daylight, and her spells
 Had wiled him on unconsciously till noon
 Came stealing on his weariness with sleep.
 'Twas but to dream. The waking ravishment
 Of form and color with a looser chain
 Lay on his slumber, and the beautiful things,
 Ever the same upon the waking eye,
 Changed in the phantom likenesses of sleep,
 And, with the grace of fancy, into fair
 Sweet pictures of his own creation fell.

They were all scenes of summer. One was there
 Rich in the fullness of the leafy June.
 The mountains in the distance caught the light
 With a voluptuous mellowness shed down
 Through the cleft openings of a sky of cloud,
 And, in a lap of a delicious green,
 Water, bright water, like a mirror lay,
 Spreading its silver bosom to the hills,
 And mocking like reality the slopes
 Upon its edges, and the indolent curl
 Of smoke, ascending from the hunter's fire.
 Declivities luxuriant with all
 The summer's wealth on either side arose,
 And, in the midst, reposing in a soft

And delicate light, a nearer landscape lay,
Drawn with the witchery of a master skill.
A stream cours'd through it rapidly, whose banks
Clusters of maples shadow'd, and the cool,
Living transparence of its troubled wave
Fell with a sense of bathing on the eye.
A group of girls upon its margent stood,
Startled by passing hunters, and the dogs
Cours'd through the emerald grass, and the tall trees
Lifted their massy foliage to the sky,
And every leaf look'd stirring, and the dash
Of the swift waves was almost audible.
And so the dream departed, and a smile
Stole o'er the painter's countenance, and then
He settled to his rest and dream'd again.

THE EXILE.

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

THE French Revolution threw upon our shores many interesting varieties of the French character. Equality of rights seemed, in those times, to have produced nothing but an equality of wrongs. Emigration was the only remedy that offered to the possessors of light heels and heavy hearts, and, while the train of exiles was swelled by dukes and princes of the blood, it was often marshalled along by valets and dancing masters. Nor was this medley unnatural. The efforts of the agitators were directed to the prostration of the old system, whether upheld in the drawing rooms of Versailles, or suspected in the coffee houses of Paris. Thus it often happened, that the humblest citizens, whose opinions were favorable to the ancient state of things, became, from that circumstance, the objects of proscription. A breath, a whisper for the royal cause, turned the scales of the French goddess, while the disturber of their equipoise felt at the same instant the point of her sword pressing rudely against his breast. A thoughtless expression, often gave a man the most fatal celebrity. The mouth that one moment was stretched with laughter, at the next, 'grinned horribly' upon the bloody pike. Flight was therefore the only security left the unfortunate, and 'the asylum of the oppressed' received its due proportion of the unhappy. Once safe however, and those who had escaped the scene of tragedy, were soon figuring in broad farce or pleasant comedy. The valet who found that our sympathy was graduated by the scale of rank, assumed the name and bearing of his master. His master often finding it impossible to establish his own identity, quietly took up with his own family name, abandoned its

titles, and retreated from further observation. Many ludicrous scenes, many pathetic incidents attended this bouleversement. When, as we sometimes thought, our tears were flowing for the last of a noble line, we afterwards discovered that they had fallen for the woes of a wandering fiddler; and, on the other hand, while we were undergoing the process of a course of French lessons, it was perhaps an Orleans or Dubreil who was teaching us the story of Telemachus. The lovely Charlotte Le Blanc had well nigh given her hand and fortune to a well dressed lacquey; and our unfortunate friend Count Fortbien, sans credit at his lodging house, accepted with gratitude the heart and home of a rustic heiress.

The incidents we are about to relate are rather of a simpler character than usual, and yet they may amuse those readers, even in this age of startling romance, who retain some quiet corner of their hearts for sympathy and feeling.

As is well known, the Oneida lake was in the direct route of communication between Schenectada and the western waters. The adoption of the policy of the immortal Clinton, and the substitution of a safe and artificial navigation, have almost effaced the recollection of the former tedious mode of travelling. It was a great relief however to the boatmen, when the sinuosities of Wood Creek were safely threaded, and the Lake opened upon their view. All was pleasure, when the merry breeze relieved the crews from labor, and carried them cheerily along the verdant shores and beautiful islands of the Oneida.

At the time of our tale, a neat cabin had risen as if by magic upon one of these oases of the watery waste. Its inmates became at once the objects of speculation and curiosity. A light canoe always lying at the water's edge indicated the fact that its owner was in correspondence with the inhabitants of the main shore, and the shrill voice of a hound was often heard, waking the sleeping echoes in the distant woodlands. Some navigators had sailed, accidentally or designedly, we know not which, so near the island as to have observed much more. They had seen a young woman of surpassing beauty, and habited in a foreign garb, laboring with her own hands, in a little garden. They also reported that the lively notes of a violin were not unfrequently heard by those who had passed by at the hour of nightfall. These circumstances came to the knowledge of a gentleman whose business had called him in that direction, and by their singularity they induced him to pay the island an immediate visit. Motives, honorable to his heart, prompted him to offer his services to its occupants, if upon examination he should find that they were worthy of that attention. Leaving his batteau in a neighboring cove, he went off alone in a skiff, and landed at a short distance from the door of the cabin. The faithful hound gave tongue as he approached, and, as he pleasantly described it—"with a *foreign accent*." In an instant, a youthful looking man, came out with a fusée in his hand, surprise painted on every feature. A female more beautiful than words can describe, rushed after him and caught his arm. "Oh," said the islander, scanning his visitor

from head to foot—"Mille pardons! Monsieur, nos malheurs, ils nous ont rendus craintifs."—"En verite," added the lady, with a smile playing about her mouth, "c'est ma faute Monsieur. Je suis sa gardienne"—"Gardiennne tutelaire! Madame!" replied the stranger, "And I must beg pardon," he continued, in French, "for interrupting the quiet of your charming retreat. I am fearful, removed as you are from the comforts and enjoyments of social life, that you have sometimes regretted the pleasures of former days. Can I be of any service to you? I am Mr. L—— of C—— and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be useful to you. Would to God, I could be as fortunate in tracing the footsteps of one family who since their arrival in America, have completely evaded my pursuit. But pray, whom have I the honor of addressing?" The young man seized his hand, and with the air of one accustomed to courts, presented him gaily to the lady, as, "*La Dame du Lac, mais autrefois, la Comtesse Genevieve St. Hilary!*" "Heavens!" cried the stranger, "can it be possible? Do I indeed behold the daughter of Clairmont? Is it in the wilds of America, that the Belle of the Quartier St. Germain holds her levée? The lady and her husband looked astonished. "Do you not remember me?" said the gentleman; "have you forgotten the Champs Elysées and the fête given in honor of your birth day in which I participated so largely as your father's American friend. Thank Heaven I have found you at last, and yet how strange are the circumstances that have brought me hither."

The lady seemed awakened from a dream, but instead of returning the cordial pressure of the stranger's hand, threw herself upon her husband's arm and wept. "*Ah mes amis!*" cried she, "*Ah chere France! Adieu, Je ne te reverrai jamais—tout est perdu—tout est perdu!*" The husband while he endeavored to soothe her distress, overwhelmed the stranger with his thanks, and the latter "albeit unused to the melting mood," found the plaintive tones of her voice, and the unaffected expressions of her grief followed in spite of himself by some natural tears. At this moment the awkwardness of the scene was relieved by the young man's entreaties, that he would accompany them to the hut. As they moved onward, the stranger intimated as delicately as possible his plan for their immediate removal. He enlarged upon his obligations of gratitude to the father of the fair Genevieve, at the same time representing the necessity of their accepting his offers, as a matter not admitting even a discussion. The conversation was for a time interrupted as they reached the door of the cabin.

The Countess, stepping lightly before, received them as they entered. "I am ashamed," said she, "to have behaved so rudely; but here I throw away my griefs, to play the lady mistress of this hotel. You are welcome, my dear friend, although our mansion is somewhat straightened since you were last a guest of the family. But sit down, and give me an account of the strange occurrence which brings you to the Island. *Quel miracle vous amène donc ici, Monsieur.*"

Mr. L. then informed them of the nature of the business which had led him so far into the interior, and related the stories, he had heard on his way up the lake of which they were the unconscious subjects. He expressed his happiness at having found the very persons about whom he had been so deeply solicitous, and ended by offering them an asylum under his own roof, and the society of a family who would be devoted to their comfort.

During the impressive silence which followed his remarks, the visitor had leisure to look about him. The cabin was of the rudest materials. It was evidently the work of its inmates, with the exception of a rude window and an ill constructed chimney, which some artisans from the neighboring settlement had doubtless fabricated. The furniture consisted of a few chairs, a few articles for the table, and a rough couch on which were carelessly thrown the skins of some wild animals. A genuine cremona hung on a nail near the chimney, and a cracked toilet glass over a tottering stand in the corner. The eye was almost instantly attracted from these, however, to a small box of inlaid satin wood, which stood near the glass, half opened, and was resplendent with jewels of gold and bizarreries of silver. A few trunks, secured by heavy brazen bands, were arranged about the room and completed its brief inventory, save that a silver tankard curiously chased, and, like those sometimes seen in pictures of still life, stood upon the hearth keeping company with a tin cup filled with boiling milk, and by its fragrant odor proclaiming the intended refreshment of *Café au lait*.

"You look about you," said the Count, "and well you may. Yet we have resided here for many months, and scarce know how we reached this lonely spot. The treachery of our countrymen, and the horrid crimes we have witnessed have almost led us to doubt the existence of social virtue. These alone have driven us to solitude. But you shall know all. It is to a friend that we commit the story of our wanderings.

"My Genevieve had scarce made me happy with her hand, ere the frightful scenes of the revolution commenced. We flattered ourselves that the concessions of the King to the people would lead to mutual confidence, but the Poissardes desired blood and not tranquillity. The father of the Countess did not live to witness its greatest atrocities. Happily he did not anticipate the ruin of his estates, or the sufferings of his daughter. We retreated as soon as possible to the western coast, where I had a retired country seat, but in our haste the most valuable of our personal effects were left behind. Indeed the attempt to convert them to money would have led to our detection, and the assignats which we should have received in exchange were already worthless even in the eyes of their inventors. That casket is all we can call our own, and its value has been greatly diminished, by its having been for a long time our only resource. With that we fled to England, in a small fishing vessel which hovered on the coast for the purpose of speculation. At Cowes where we landed, a Dutch vessel touched on her passage to New York. In her we em-

barked for America. On our arrival we found so many of our countrymen, that our means would not allow us the pleasant relief of even occasional intercourse. We departed with the intention of penetrating to some French settlement in the West, where we might remain until the storm had blown over. Genevieve's health permitted no such effort. When we had travelled thus far, this island attracted us by its beauty, and here we resolved to found a new *Arcadia*. Occasionally I visit the nearest settlement, to part with such ornaments as are least valuable, and I regret the necessity of my absence more than the evil of our wants. In our little garden we work with our own hands, and when the weather is fine we roam over the island, or fish. That violin is our evening amusement. Genevieve's voice responds to its accompaniment, and even at my unskilful touch it awakens recollections which for a moment restore us to our home and country.

"I have been fearful that the loneliness of our situation, and our solitary mode of life, might sometimes lead to suspicions, unfavorable to our characters. We are much nearer the frontier than we at first supposed, but here we have lived, Genevieve and I, happy in our mutual passion, and waiting that change in the affairs of our government, which will recall us from poverty and exile to the saloons and circles where we were once so happy and so gay."

When he had finished, the visitor seized the hand of the Countess, and urged her not to delay their departure for a moment. "The hospitality I have shared in your father's house shall in all but its splendor, be returned in mine. Come, my *batteau* is close at hand. We ourselves can easily remove the most valuable of your goods. Come, on the banks of the Hudson you shall await the return of tranquillity and the restoration of your fortune."

We leave to the imaginations of our readers the surprise and gratitude which manifested themselves in the conduct of the youthful pair. After having made the obvious objections which delicacy and the fear of a too easy compliance naturally inspired, they accepted the invitation and prepared to bid adieu to the island.

In a few minutes they embarked in the skiff, and in the canoe which was fastened to it behind, the hound, the *cremona*, and the tankard were placed together. Every other article of furniture was abandoned to its fate.

The island was soon left behind them, and its identity gradually lost in the surrounding scenery. The suddenness of this arrangement, as it afterwards turned out, gave rise to many conjectures among the residents on the lake shore. That the islanders had been murdered and thrown into the lake, was believed by some—that they had run away, was as firmly credited by others. At first, the cabin was not molested by the superstitious boatmen, who saw, as they fancied, an occasional light flitting along the beach, or heard the voice of the hound in the murmuring night wind, or the tones of the violin uttering sounds most musical and melancholy. The dealer in jewelry, who, by virtue of his science as a blacksmith, thought silver and gold

high, at double the price of old iron, and had made many a good bargain out of the Countess's jewels, cursed his stars when he heard they were gone; and never ceased lamenting that he had not made his fortune out of "that 'ere bloody Frenchman."

* * * * *

Time rolled on, and the strange events which had convulsed Europe were succeeded by comparative repose. One morning in the year 1803, I was on the Pont Neuf at Paris viewing the crowd which constantly assembles there, venders of nicknackery and lemonade, and customers who resort thither to purchase the small wares of itinerant industry. A number of Americans had met there by appointment to witness an experiment, since crowned with splendid success in our own country. Fulton, the protégé of Barlow, was about making a second attempt to navigate the Seine with a small steamboat. It was presently seen coming along with tolerable speed. We were all proud of the ingenuity of our countryman, and were intently gazing upon this specimen of his talent, when a dashing equipage came rolling along, and drew up near the place where we stood.

"*Eh bien,*" said a lovely woman in the prime of life, who was seated on the back seat of the carriage, "*Voilà! moncher, voilà le bateau à vapeur de notre Fulton—cela est étonnant, n'est ce pas moncher.*"

"*Oui, Oui,*" replied the gentleman who sat next her, and on whose breast a red ribbon was displayed, though unostentatiously, "*Oui ma Genevieve, mais ou est notre ami Livingston?*"

I started as if awakened from a dream. I looked intensely anxious, to catch the lady's eye. I succeeded. I marked its sparkling joy, and in an instant I had left my wondering companions and was at the side of the fair Genevieve, and the Count St. Hilary. Our mutual adventures were quickly related. I learned that fortune had at last smiled upon the interesting exiles. They were once again in affluence and ease, and as one who had known them intimately on the banks of the Hudson, I was immediately the object of their marked attentions and unvarying friendship. I was soon, very soon, although quite an undistinguished traveller, in the enjoyment of a brilliant society, and the received guest in a circle never, never to be forgotten.

c.

SAUL. A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SAUL. The sun hath sunk at last! and out-worn day,
Like a tired courier at the set of even,
Stables his viewless coursers 'gainst the dawn:
Lo! how his bright robes flutter to the air,
Crimson and purple, seam'd with gallant gold,
As he unbars the chambers of the west;
And sober Night over his gorgeous couch

Lets fall her shadowy veil, and the rich tints
Melt into twilight gray ; and the loud wind,
That lay so hush beneath the blaze of noon,
Hath rous'd himself again, and, all unfurl'd,
The mighty pinions of the strong north-west
Go forth to meet the coming of the moon,
Riding in beauty on the vaulted blue,
Throned upon clouds and charioteer'd by winds—
Fixing the uplifted eye on her sweet face
And winning wandering bosoms back to thought.
Thought—thought—I dare not think ! There was a time,
E'en when I kept my father's peaceful flocks,
And wander'd with Judea's stately maids
On Jordan's verdant banks—when every day
Brought some fresh joy as innocent as sweet,
And every night with it, untroubled sleep
Fell like the dew of Hermon ;—all are gone ;—
And the old man who bless'd my nightly dreams,
Glad in the favor of the God he served—
Would he now know his guilty—guilty son ?
A king !—but, oh, how fall'n ! give me the time,
Ere this uneasy crown wearied the brows
Which then could love the touch of sportive fingers
Dallying amid its ringlets : ah, that time
Will come no more forever, and this brow
Would mock at dalliance, faded as it is ;—
And bent and worn and wasted is the form
Which won this idle pageantry of pomp,
When the assembled tribes shouted ' A king !'
But where are they, whose days grew up with mine,
The young who lov'd me, and the old who bless'd ?
Gone—gone—the fathers to their graves—O, would
That there were pleasant slumber—and the sons,
Even at my palace threshold—no, by heaven !
They dare not curse me—but, lost man, the God
Whom I forsook, forgot—forgets me now ;
Now when mine enemies are hard at hand,
Nor answers he the prophets or my prayers,
Nor the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler
Will aid or guard me in the coming fight.
Yet will I perish like a king :—the slaves
Who follow or oppose, shall never see
Remorse, despair or fear. I do not fear—
I will not—cannot fear.

O, my dark soul !
Since heaven has left me, I must stir up hell !
And truly 'tis a most propitious season,
For a deep change is passing over nature,

Like that upon my spirit, and the clouds,
 Coursing each other by the staring moon,
 Look wild, as if the powers that rule the winds,
 Waving their fearful locks, were all abroad,
 And up, beyond Gilboa mutter'd thunder,
 Terribly answers to their gusty shout,—
 Yet must I on—on !

(*The Witch's House.*)

SAUL. (*disguised*) Thou who dwellest mid the dread
 Things of dim futurity !

Hast thou power to break for me
 The slumbers of the silent dead ?

WITCH. Dost thou ask to pierce the gloom
 Round the unrelenting tomb,
 Knowing not the fierce command
 Saul hath issued long ago,
 Cutting off, with one strong blow,
 Witch and wizard from the land ?

SAUL. Yet thou hast the power to call
 Him whom I shall name to thee,
 And I swear by that decree
 Harm nor blame shall come from Saul,
 If an hair of thine shall fall,
 God do so and more to me :
 Wake the spell as best you may,
 Call up Samuel :—

WITCH. —I obey.
 Sleeper with the silent—hear !
 Pardon me that I presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb,—
 Spirit of the dead, appear !

(*Pauss.*)

Foiled :—the second spell is stronger :—
 By the magic of the time,
 By the mighty mutter'd rhyme,
 Keep thy sullen rest no longer ;—
 By the power that's given to me,
 Lo ! I charge thee to come near—
 Mortal, take thy form of clay !
 Spirit of the dead, appear !

(*Pauss.*)

Foiled :—the third is strongest still.
 By the spells of good and ill,—
 By the things that ride the blast,—
 By the things that need the night,—
 By the deeds that love the light,—
 By the future and the past,—

By the power thou wottest of,
Once again, I charge thee, doff
The shrouded slumber of the tomb,—
Once again thy mortal form
Rescue now from dust and worm ;—
Once again, I charge thee come !

SAMUEL. Why hast thou disquieted,
King ! the slumber of the dead ?
Is to-day so void of sorrow
That thou graspest at the morrow ?
Lo ! the answer of the tomb ;—
' Heavier fate and darker doom :
Since thou hast forsaken heaven,
By thine own thoughts be thou driven :
Trust in God no more for aye,
Be thine own support and stay.
Yet O monarch ! hear the worst :
Left of God, of man accurst,
Ruin waits to overwhelm
Child and crown and life and realm :
Past thy reign, thy battles done,
No to-morrow's setting sun,
King of Israel ! shalt thou see,—
Thou and thine shall be with me.'

LETTERS OF HORACE FRITZ, ESQ.

NO. II.

My last letter to you, Tom, ended with our passage up the Cayuga. Ithaca is not immediately upon the lake. It lies in a lap of hills, a mile from the landing. It is too flat to be picturesque, except from an elevated position, but it is laid out prettily, and many of the houses have a look even of opulence. There are admirable situations for building upon the side-hills, and when the inhabitants begin to get over the business-fever of the West, and build for beauty as well as shelter, it is to be hoped they will improve their natural advantages, and make the town what it might be, one of the prettiest in the western country. We found a hotel, ornamented, as is common at the West, with piazzas, and presenting altogether a very imposing exterior. It was sufficiently so at least, to alarm Job, who is annoyed by the obsequiousness of the servants at such places, and cannot get over his respect for the well-tied cravat and Adonis head

which not unfrequently present themselves in answer to his timid pull of the bell-wire. I sometimes think the rascals take the humor of his character, for they serve him with an air of quizzical devotion which draws from his simple-hearted generosity a fee equally disproportioned to their desert and his ability. We secured comfortable rooms, but the supper was villanous. The table was black with flies, the coffee was an irreverent misnomer, and I felt obliged, notwithstanding Job's entreaties for mercy, to inflict upon the damsel who officiated at the side-table the old but salutary discipline of requesting that the hair and the butter might be put upon separate plates. There is a more unpretending public house on the opposite side, and from a glance I got in passing, of a sanded floor curiously swept, and a flower-pot in the second story, indicating taste in the landlord's daughter, I recommend it to you in preference to its more showy rival.

I was awoke the next morning by the ringing of bells. Job sat by the window with his white cravat tied with unusual care, reading his Bible, and I presumed without farther evidence that it was Sunday. One is particularly liable to forgetfulness upon this point on a journey. At home I feel as if I should know the day from its very atmosphere. There is a hush and a pervading repose in the Sabbath morning which seems peculiar to it, and which reproves you like a presence, for a violation. But away from accustomed associations the charm is broken. The looking after accommodations, the paying of servants, the fatigue, the bustle of the hotel, and, more than all, the absence of that feeling of decent cleanliness which has so much to do with devotion, crowd your week-day impressions constantly upon you, and you cannot realize it. Besides, there is nothing like a New-England observance of the Sabbath at the West. The stage-coaches are coming in and departing as on any other day, and the lower classes of people are lounging about their doors or clustered at the corners of the streets. Not a traveller in a thousand thinks of lying by, and if in the vicinity of a fall or any object of curiosity, the coaches are even more in demand on that day, and provision is made as a matter of course for a greater number of visitors. It is true that a great proportion of these travellers are from New-England—but it only proves that moral obligation is at least very much assisted by circumstances, and that the principle is not strong enough to sustain itself against general custom and example.

In the course of a morning ramble, I discovered that there was a camp-meeting at a short distance from town, and by a promise to Job that I would go to church with him in the afternoon, I persuaded him to accompany me. We started as the last bell was ringing. People were flocking out from every quarter in every possible variety

of dress and deportment, and there was of course no difficulty in finding the place of encampment. It was beautifully chosen. The temporary pulpit was erected in the depth of a magnificent wood, high up on the side of the mountain, and the congregation, already immense, were seated on rough benches placed in a crescent around. It was certainly the most majestic place of worship I ever entered. June was in its pride, and the deep shadow of the wood was unpenetrated by a ray of sunshine, and the immense trunks of the forest trees, tall and bare, and supporting, like a wrought roof, the immense masses of foliage growing only on their tops, looked (they always did look so to me) like the pillars of a superhuman temple. I have wondered less since, Tom, at the high enthusiasm of the Covenanters. The effect, the mental elevation of the scene is prodigious. It is impossible, at any time, to enter a dark old wood without a feeling of awe, but to stand under its deep shadows in the midst of an immense congregation of people, assembled so, as it were, in the more immediate presence of God, with a single human voice praying out audibly in its awful stillness—positively it seems to me a height of sublimity which the pomp of a cathedral, with its arches and pealing organ, and all the circumstance of artificial grandeur, cannot even approach. Job fell on his knees with the rest of the multitude, and would listen to none of my criticisms. In justice to my piety, however, I must say that I made no attempt at arresting his attention till the voice of the preacher, which was low and impressive at first, assumed a screaming and disgusting rant, which effectually destroyed my solemnity. After the prayer was concluded, I got Job up, and insisted on making the circuit of the congregation. The men and women were divided, but there was a line of contact where, with proper discretion, one might speak with the “sisters,” and under cover of Job’s physiognomy, the gravity of which, I was sure, would pose the most suspicious of deacons, I succeeded in insinuating myself between a square, straight-haired fellow, and a dove-eyed sister, who was rocking her pretty figure to and fro with an air of particular devotion. I commenced an acquaintance by offering her my *bonbonniere*, (the only time, Tom, that my liquorish tooth was ever pressed into the service of philosophy) and soon found that I could out-charm the exhortation. It was a mere experiment upon the sincerity of the flock, and without pretending by any means that it was a specimen of the whole, I give it to you as it occurred, and you may draw your own inference. We staid through several addresses, but I looked in vain for the “Macbriar” eloquence. There were one or two sensible, plain men among them, but those who suffered themselves to get excited, grew disconnected and extravagant, and soon lost sight of both reason and logic. I became weary of it long before it was over, and as, principle aside, my friendship

for Job would not allow me to distress him by irreverence, I found the preservation of a grave perpendicular upon a rough board for three long hours a matter of doubtful edification.

The next morning, after getting the proper instructions, we started on an excursion for the picturesque. The formation of this part of the State is very peculiar. The Lake Country, as it is called, is a large tract embracing the Cayuga, the Seneca, and one or two smaller lakes, lying several hundred feet below the general level. The whole section was once, undoubtedly, the bottom of an immense lake, whose barrier, on this side at least, was very bold and precipitous. The hypothesis is strengthened by the formation of the hills, and by the fact that all the streams pour over the high level into the valley as a natural basin. The last circumstance lets you at once into the secret of the singularly romantic character of the scenery. The country abounds with creeks, and their descent from the highlands is accompanied with a constant developement of beauty. The declivity is not always immediate, and, in some instances, extends back for two or three miles from the plain; but in every instance the stream is sufficiently violent to have worn deep into the earth, and the untouched and luxuriant vegetation of the banks, overhanging and shadowing the deep courses, adds exceedingly to the effect. We selected one out of the many to which we were directed, to follow up to its source. It was more like threading a cavern than pursuing any matter of daylight. The water was comparatively low, and the rocky bed for a great part of the distance was passable on foot. We found, however, that cascades from ten to twenty feet in height were constantly occurring, and that there were basins to swim and slippery places to ascend—things which could not be done consistently with a taste for dry garments. We stripped ourselves therefore of our hats, shoes, and all unnecessary clothing, and depositing them in a cleft of the rock, commenced our ascent, barefoot and bare-headed. We were well rewarded for our trouble. The course of the creek was shaded for almost the whole distance with trees leaning over and meeting above it, and the atmosphere, shut in from the winds, and scarcely affected by the sun, had the refreshing coolness of a grotto. Falls of water cannot be otherwise than beautiful, and among these there was a splendid variety—some falling with a clear leap like a sheet of glass, and some dashing down a broken declivity, and covering the pool below with a foam of dazzling whiteness. It was fine mineralizing, as you may suppose, among the exposed strata, and Job was irreligious enough to wish for his hammer. If the existence of *Genii Locorum* had been anything but poetry, he would have been annihilated on the spot. We returned a little more rapidly than we ascended by the aid of an early accomplishment of mine which I found some difficulty in

teaching to Job—seat-sliding. The descent upon a smooth school bench, however, was nothing to the velocity given by a slippery rock, polished by water, and we were sent into the deep basins with a violence which Job did not think, after the first experiment, at all worthy of repetition. Necessity and practice, however, reconcile us to all things, and we continued our way, swimming, sliding and walking, till we reached the opening. Our deposit was safe in the cleft, and we concluded our romance as all romance concludes in this working-day world—with a luncheon.

We found many other beautiful spots about Ithaca, one particularly which I will mention because it is near the town, and you may not, with your indolent habits, be disposed to go far for the picturesque. It is called Fall Creek, and is in sight of the road to the lake. You will find it extremely beautiful. I will not inflict upon you descriptions of the remainder of our loiterings about this place, and with an injunction to you to put down Ithaca as one of the sections of the West most worthy attention, I leave it.

Upon sounding Job, I found that, like me, he cherished a tender recollection of the Canal, and we again turned our faces northward. We had made the passage of both lakes, and as there was no excuse but indolence for taking the boats, I consented, though most unwillingly, to suffer by the stage road which passes between them to Geneva. No incidents occur now-a-days in land travelling. We made the journey with the usual patience of those who travel for pleasure, and of course have a prerogative of getting angry at every thing which interferes with their intention, and without any occurrence on the way to start a remark from Job, (except that the half-way town is called Ovid, upon which he made the expected classical observation,) or a single passenger worth quizzing or talking to, we were set down once more at Geneva.

The names throughout this region are, by the way, rather more classical than usual for a back-woods nomenclature. I cannot conceive, unless the naming of the towns was committed to a convention of schoolmasters, how it should have happened that Ithaca, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Aurora, and Bellona, should be the names of towns all adjacent to each other. Pray suggest it to Dr. Mitchell as a subject for an essay.

The next day we were upon the Canal again, gliding on with its luxurious and imperceptible motion. Job's good humor and loquacity increased with our advance, and once more I rennitted my vow against future wanderings, and felt travelling to be a pleasure. We soon reached the "Embankment"—one of the many evidences on this canal of the prodigious enterprise and perseverance of its projector. It is a ridge two miles in length, and seventy or eighty feet high, built across the valley of the Irondequoit creek. You cannot

realize without seeing it, the immense labor it must have required. The views from the boat into the valley are like those from a chain of hills. The tops of the tallest trees are below you, and it is difficult to believe that you are passing over an elevation which has been raised by human industry. You will probably find no mention of it in Job's journal. He was so absorbed in the beauty of the valley through which the creek comes down, that he had no eye for artificial wonders. It was indeed a pass of uncommon loveliness—winding in among the hills in the way that tempts one's imagination to follow so irresistibly. Job sat in the cabin window repeating passages from the Faithful Shepherdess, with an air which might have suited Perigot himself. They were not mal-apropos to the scene, as you know, and indeed the whole aspect of the place was like the description of Clorin's retreat :—

“ No way is trodden—all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot ; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.”

Job was scarce willing to go on without exploring it, but there was no trace of civilization in the neighborhood, and with every disposition to be romantic, I have a propensity for food and lodging which has grown into a habit, and I felt compelled, however uncourtously, to refuse him the indulgence.

Ten miles beyond we entered upon the superb Aqueduct over the Genesee at Rochester. It is constructed to lead the canal across the river, a distance of about three hundred yards. The structure is magnificent. Eleven arches of solid stone sustain it, supported by buttments and piers, based on the rocky bed of the river. The sensation of floating across a bridge so high above a broad and rapid stream is very singular. There is but one thing to qualify the admiration bestowed upon this splendid monument of enterprise. The outer path for foot passengers is left without a railing ; and, aside from the ordinary insecurity of such a way, the whippetree to which the tow line is attached would endanger the life of a person passing in the opposite direction. The evil is too palpable, however, to remain long without a remedy.

Rochester, as you know, has sprung up like a mushroom. It is a singular phenomenon in civilization. Twelve years ago it was a wilderness broken only by the house and clearing of a single settler. Now it is, in appearance, a city. The streets are broad, with blocks of stone and brick buildings on each side, and the bustle and whole aspect of the place are that of a crowded metropolis. You would not believe its history if you were set down in the midst of it without preparation. Indeed, if it were not for the stumps of trees

still left standing in many places beside the fine edifices, it would be difficult to believe it as it is. In walking about the streets, a house was pointed out to us as the dwelling of the gentleman who founded the place and whose name was given to it. It was just evening and he was himself sitting in the door way—a hale, vigorous looking man, with a fine head, and no mark of advanced age except that his hair was white. There are probably few similar instances of splendid accomplishment of design in the life-time of the author. It must be like a dream to him to look about and witness the changes that have taken place in the short period since he fixed upon it as a location for a settlement. We were told that he was considered the patriarch of the town, and universally beloved and respected. It is one of the few examples of an old age worth living for.

The Falls of the Genesee are but a five minutes walk from the Hotel. They are naturally fine, but the spirit of the place is profaned, and the effect destroyed by the handicraft of that corn-grinding, gain-getting animal, man. There are innumerable mills, and all kinds of unpainted and ill-looking buildings about it, and the refuse boards of the saw mills fill every cleft, and line all around the edges of the natural basin. It is really a pity. The water pours over a broad, flat table of rock, a hundred feet without a break, and as the precipice is caverned away underneath, and the shelf projects far over, giving the sheet a fine relief of dark shadow, there is material for the finest effect of the picturesque. The clatter of mills, however, and the eternal vociferation of these western “half-horse-half-alligator” drivers, effectually distract the spectator, and the scene goes for nothing. Every body talks to you of the fine aqueduct, but you hear no mention of the Fall—a sufficient proof of general sympathy in my impression.

We embarked again in the Packet-boat, and the next morning at day-break were at Lockport. This is the great wonder of the canal. The Mountain Ridge, which it is necessary to pass over at this place, is ascended by five double Locks of stone, constructed with the most finished and beautiful masonry. The Locks themselves are objects of curiosity, but the passage for the next three miles is through the heart of a solid rock 30 feet below the surface. It was a prodigious undertaking, and it stands an eternal and fitting monument of the energy of its projector. There will need no other memorial to keep the name of Clinton forever fresh and imperishable. In the course of the excavation, mineral specimens of uncommon brilliancy and size were taken from the limerock. You well remember, of course, the splendid geode of crystals obtained here, now in the college cabinet. There is a small building by the Lock-house where we were told minerals were peddled, but the sun was not up,

and there was no living thing visible except a squirrel "of color" (the first black one I had ever seen) hung up in a wooden cage on the outside of the shop. We were obliged to proceed, therefore, to Job's great annoyance, without minerals. Our progress was increased here to a rate of six miles in the hour, (a velocity which creates too much agitation for the safety of the canal where the banks are of earth) and we were soon out of the rocky pass. Job was tormented continually by the glimpses of crystals we got in passing, too far imbedded in the solid rock, however, to be extracted without too much labor, even if there were time. It is a drawback to the satisfaction of contemplating this noble work that so many lives were sacrificed in the explosions. No blame, we were told, attaches to the engineers. The workmen were principally Irish, and exposed themselves unnecessarily and in spite of constant warning.

Our passage for the remainder of the day was for the most part through the natural, uncultivated wild. The peculiar solitude of the dark old forests is in singular contrast to the elegant arrangements of the packet and the luxurious ease with which you pass. The numerous birds look wild and astonished, and the voice of the driver echoes through the woods, as if it was the first sound that had ever broken the silence. One or two Indians glided out in the course of the day, like shadows of their race, and looked at us for a moment, and there was here and there, at long intervals, a settler's shanty, with mingled groups of pigs and chickens and white headed children about the door. We caught sight of the mother in one or two instances—examples, as I tried in vain to convince Job—of "love in a cottage." Never did I see more disgusting specimens of humanity. Labor seems fitting for man. It ennobles his figure and gives his face an expression of hardy and becoming manliness—but it degrades and brutalizes a woman! I never yet saw a female who had been subjected to severe labor and poverty, whose person was not deformed and misshapen by it, and whose very features had not acquired a disgusting and unnatural expression. It is plainly a dictate of nature that it is not her sphere.

At night it was found that the small cabin would not accommodate all the ladies, and a green curtain was suspended in ours, dividing the room more equally. We drew for hammocks, and Job's was allotted him next the curtain. We went quietly to sleep, but before midnight there was an outcry on the other side of the barrier, and the captain was called in from the deck. The steward followed with his lamp, and, on inquiry for the cause of the disturbance, a thin, cracked voice broke out fiercely from the invisible recess with a charge of intrusion against the gentleman in the upper hammock. Job lifted his head in perfect astonishment. He made no reply, but,

leaned on his elbow with the Barcelona tied over one eye, and his mouth wide open, looking from the captain to the curtain with an expression of ludicrous perplexity. The voice ceased after awhile, apparently more for want of breath than argument, and Job was called on for his justification. He had nothing to say, and would undoubtedly have been expelled from the cabin if it had not occurred to me that the hammock was but five feet long and Job, by any measure seven. It was natural, therefore, that in developing his voluminous person as he went to sleep, he should involuntarily intrude his feet (small farms you know, Tom,) upon the next mattress—and hence the alarm. A knowing laugh from the passengers decided the success of my defence, and with the departure of the lamp we again composed ourselves to our dreams. The trials of the night, however, were not over. Our invisible Xantippe was taken ill, and an old woman whose voice we recognized as one that had annoyed us all the previous day, commenced with the endless succession of unnecessary question and remark which is so particularly soothing to the nerves of the patient. There was a call presently for gin from the bar, and we began to cherish a faint hope of relief. The groans of the sick woman soon ceased, but the old lady who probably was thoroughly waked and had no inclination for sleep, commenced a detail of the sicknesses of her grand-children which lasted till morning. Oh, Tom! such stories as I could tell you now of croup and cholera, quinsy and cholera morbus! I never realized before the full meaning of the Scotch word “crooning”—the low, unvaried, everlasting monotony of an old beldame’s disconnected garrulity.

I arose with the first gray light, vexed and unrefreshed, and went upon deck. It was one of those perfectly pure, heavenly summer mornings which seem sometimes to compensate for the annoyances of a life-time. We were just entering the Tonewanda—a beautiful creek which takes the place of the canal for about twelve miles, and makes a pleasant change from the sameness of the passage. It is in a state of nature, the banks being untouched with the exception of the towpath, and the reeds and water flowers leaning away from the stream on the opposite side in all their wild, native luxuriance. The berries were all in blossom, and the woods on each side were full of gay flowers of every color, and the profuse wealth of the June foliage lay in splendid masses on the trees, in every possible shade of its peculiar and untarnished green. You have no idea of the freshness of the irregular beauty of a wilderness on an eye used to the modified forms of nature in an old country. There is such a prodigality of growth—such a splendid and reckless waste—such worlds of leaves and flowers and magnificent trees thrown away on a desert. It seems wrong to you that they should go on with their glorious changes

year after year, bearing and shedding, unadmired, such treasures of living and luxuriant beauty. Job was melancholy at the thought.

The water of the Tonewanda is very clear, and, in the perfect, death-like stillness of the morning, realized the beautiful impression recorded in Lady Jane Grey's exquisite verse :

"Invisibly bright water! so like air,
On looking down I feared thou could'st not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And looked again and drew me from the sight,
And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast."

The steersman pointed out to us,—what our unpractised eye would never have discovered, they are so much the color of the bottom,—the large grey pickerel lying perfectly still along the shallow water. Job mercifully bought off the black cook, with a couple of shillings, from shooting at them,—a cruelty which had no possible object but amusement, as he could not stop to secure them. He was not so successful a few minutes after, when an eagle was discovered by one of the passengers perched on the topmost bough of a withered tree. He sat looking at us like a monarch till we were near enough to see the glitter of his eye. The cook came up with his gun, and as he knelt and levelled, the noble bird raised his wings majestically for flight. Job stood watching him with a breathless interest in his escape, and with my eye on the finger at the trigger, I threw him with a sudden push over the black rascal just as he pulled, in the hope of disconcerting his fire. It was of no use. The bullet had sped. Job came down with his long arms on the other side of the negro without disturbing him, and the eagle lay struggling in the rushes of the morass. The steersman hauled the boat along the bank, and he was brought in by his ignoble murderer and thrown triumphantly upon the deck. He was a bald headed eagle, of immense size and power. He struggled fiercely for a few moments, and resisted every attempt to tie him; but he soon grew weak, and settling on his breast with his wings spread out beside him, he threw back his head proudly, and fixing his eye on the cook, seemed to have determined to die resolutely. It was more like the death of a warrior than an irrational creature. For ten or fifteen minutes he kept his head with visible difficulty in the same lofty position, with his look fixed steadily upon the negro, though the blood was oozing constantly from beneath his plumage, and the occasional quiver of his breast showed that he was suffering severe pain. The passengers had all gathered round him, but nothing could divert his gaze. Presently his neck relaxed, the membranous film crept over his eye, and after a vain struggle to bear up against his weakness and recover his position, his head dropped upon his

bosom. He lay a moment, and the negro rudely kicked him aside. It roused the dying monarch to a last effort. He half rose to his feet, shook his broad wings feebly, and lifting his head again with a convulsive effort to its fullest height, he looked round with a glance of inexpressible fierceness and fell dead. If he had been the hero of a hundred battles he could not have died more nobly. Job was quite affected. He refused the cook his fee with great indignation when he arrived at Buffalo. But adieu, Tom. I shall write you next from Niagara.

Yours ever,
HORACE.

TO A SISTER ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

O SISTER! sister! hath the memory
Of other years, no power upon thy soul,
That thus, with tearless eye, thou leavest me—
And an unfaltering voice—to come no more.
Hast thou forgot, friend of my better days!
Hast thou forgot the early, innocent joys
Of our remotest childhood; when our lives
Were linked in one, and our young hearts bloomed out
Like violet bells upon the self same stem,
Pouring the dewy odors of life's spring
Into each other's bosom—all the bright
And sorrowless thoughts of a confiding love,
And intermingled vows, and blossoming hopes
Of future good, and infant dreams of bliss,
Budding and breathing sunnily about them,
As crimson-spotted cups in spring time hang
On all the delicate fibres of the vine?

And where, oh! where are the unnumbered vows
We made, my sister, at the twilight fall,
A thousand times, and the still starry hours
Of the dew glistening eve—in many a walk
By the green borders of our native stream,
And in the chequered shade of these old oaks—
The moonlight silvering o'er each mossy trunk,
And every bough, as an Eolian harp,
Full of the solemn chant of the low breeze?
Thou hast forgotten this?—and standest here,
Thy hand in mine, and hearest even now,
The rustling wood, the stir of falling leaves,
And hark!—the far off murmur of the brook!

Nay, do not weep, my sister!—do not speak—
Now know I, by the tone, and by the eye

Of tenderness, with many tears bedimmed,
 Thou hast remembered all. Thou measurest well
 The work that is before thee, and the joys
 That are behind. Now, be the past forgot—
 The youthful love, the hearth light and the home,
 Song, dance, and story, and the vows—the vows
 That we change not, and part not unto death—
 Yea, all the spirits of departed bliss,
 That even now, like spirits of the dead,
 Seen dimly in the living mourner's dreams,
 And trilling, ever and anon, the notes
 Long loved of old—oh! hear them, heed them not.
 Press on! for like the fairies of the tale,
 That mocked unseen the tempted traveller,
 With power alone o'er those that gave them ear,
 They would but turn thee from thy high resolve.
 Then look not back! Oh! triumph in the strength
 Of an exalted purpose! Eagle like,
 Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
 Have but an eye on God, as surely God
 Will have an eye on thee—press on! press on!

Bangor.

*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

TRAITS OF TRAVEL. *By the author of High-ways and By-ways.*
 Boston: Wells and Lilly. 1829.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS. New York: J. & J. Harper.

A SELECTION FROM THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF THE LATE
 ISAAC HARBY; to which is prefixed a Memoir. *By Abraham Moise.*
 Charleston: James S. Burges.

OURIKA. *A Tale from the French.* Boston: Carter & Hendee.

POEM, pronounced before the Philermenian Society. *By Albert G. Greene.* Providence: Smith and Parmenter. 1829.

WE have grouped together the titles of some of the new books upon our table more for the sake of recording their appearance, than for a review. The first two are English productions, and we feel, naturally, less compunction in passing them lightly over. The literature of our own country deserves every attention from us, and we unwillingly consent to let it pass with the slight notice to which we are, sometimes, by a press of matter, compelled.

'Traits of Travel' by Mr. Grattan, is, we think, inferior to his former works of the same description, *High-ways and By-ways.*

There are two or three out of the twenty or thirty tales in it which are capital. The rest, however, are scraps of indifferent story telling evidently brought in to eke out the necessary two volumes. Mr. Grattan seems to have written with a conviction of the scarcity of reasonable and agreeable topics, and the necessity of hunting out material from the most unfrequented and eccentric paths of imagination. His tales are not only out-of-the way, and often unnatural in their conception, but the principles they illustrate are designedly and invariably in opposition to the usual courses. The object of most writers of fiction is to embellish and exaggerate—his is to undeceive, and strip even truth of her necessary covering. His anticipations are all unreal, his romance is always rudely dissipated, his faith in virtue and all good and beautiful traits of nature and mankind is destroyed. He finds nothing as he expected to find it—nothing as it is represented in books or descriptions. Either he abuses the world to be original, or he has a singular incapacity for looking upon its bright side. The most highly wrought story is that of the '*Maison de Santé*,' a private mad house, in which the most harrowing cruelties were practised. One of the patients is a beautiful female, the younger daughter of a French family of rank, who is committed to the doctor for the cure of an illness brought on by opposition to a passion for a young Englishman who is devotedly attached to her. By the contrivance of his enemies he also is brought accidentally to this same house, where it was well known he would be treated with extreme cruelty. At the time of his arrival, the lady is suffering personal punishment from a scoundrel who is associated in the government of the house, and who is infuriated against her for resisting his dishonorable advances. The following passages will give some idea of the manner in which the story is told.

"The young Englishman had suddenly turned out of one of the side walks, leading from the garden-house, close to that wing of the main building where the yellow doctor, or devil, had entered. He held high language with his friend, and evidently expostulated in fluent French, although I could distinguish only the acute English accent of what he uttered, but not the import of his words. But a keener ear, and one more accustomed to the tones of his sonorous voice was close by, to catch enough of the beloved sound, whose faintest whisperings could vibrate through her heart. Just as the Englishman passed under one of the closed windows, the Venetian blinds of which could only exclude his person, but not the speaking evidence of his identity, from the dear object within, a scream, far different from what had, earlier in the evening, thrilled through me, burst from the closed window. I never heard so awful a sound of joy. It came deadened through the glass and the slight woodwork of the blinds, with a hushed, yet piercing tone. It made me thrill with mixed sensations of surprise and anxiety, for I at once recognized the voice for that which had before spoken its agony from the bars of the garden-house, and I only knew from it that the poor sufferer had been removed from that horrid place."

"And again the voice did come; but no longer in a stifled scream, as at first.

" 'Edward, Edward! I hear you, though I see you not! I know you are there—Oh, come, come quickly up—fly to my help!—the wretch is dragging me from the window!' A suppressed and smothered utterance of sounds was next heard: but the lover required no more. With an agile bound he rushed into the low portal, and all the observers of the scene were in a moment on the spot. The doctors, Michel, and two other servants, darted past me, and the Englishman's companion followed them into the house. I hurried with the others up the stairs, and though but partially enabled to understand the relative situation of the two principal actors in this touching scene, I had no hesitation as to the side in which my sympathies were to enlist.

"When I reached the landing-place, which terminated the ten or a dozen steps of the narrow stairs, I saw a low door, at the right hand, lying open, and the clamor from the little room it led to directed my steps. The scene within was of most painful confusion. The chief doctor, with the dandy, the servants, and the "friend" of the Englishman, were forcing the latter from the embrace of his long-sought mistress. The sallow doctor, and a coarse-looking woman were dragging the beautiful girl from her lover's closely strained arms. Although they both struggled against their assailants, with force that would have been supernatural had not love braced the sinews of both, they seemed to have no look, no word but for each other. The most impassioned murmurings of rapture came through a din of threats and imprecations, like the hum of flower-enamored bees in the tumult of a thunder-storm!"

"As soon as we were again beneath the window of the fatal chamber, and that the young man's voice rose up unobstructed to mingle with her own, the hapless girl, roused to a state of despair and frenzy, made some more powerful efforts to escape from the fiends who held her, and rushed towards the casement from their insufficient hold. This I conjectured, from the frightful evidence that instantly presented itself. A sudden crashing of the glass of the window, and the crackling of the light woodwork of the blind, told of her desperate attempt at escape; and, in a moment, one of her snow-white and beautifully formed arms was thrust through the aperture, lacerated and bleeding from her shoulder to her fingers' points. The blood streamed from it as though some main artery had been severed, and the crimson stains trickled down the green blinds, and dripped upon the gravelled walk. Nothing could be more appalling than the appearance of that arm, waving to and fro in its sanguined torture, while the choked shrieks that accompanied the movement bore no tone of physical suffering.

"An exclamation of horror burst from all the beholders of this sad sight. It was too much for even the hardened nerves and hearts of the fierce menials: but never shall I forget the anguished groans uttered by the young Englishman; his struggles were Herculean, to elude the sinewy gripe of his four or five assailants. He had but two helping hands to aid his own exertions, and they were insufficient for a time to cope with the odds against them. We were all hurried together, those who dragged and those who resisted, in the direction of the garden-house, the lovely arm still waving through the window-blind, until the white streaks which the stream left at first uncovered, became gradually dyed with red, and a bloody badge of suffering was alone to be distinguished." vol. i. pp. 74—77.

"*The Last of the Plantagenets*" is a novel written in a quaint, old fashioned way, upon the common pretence of being an ancient manuscript. It is a story of some interest without any remarkable scenes or very splendid passages. We scarce know what to say of it, as there is nothing which we can abuse downright, and nothing which we can particularly praise. The following description of Richard the Third, the father of the hero, is new to us. His legitimate son, by a private marriage, is introduced to him for the first time in his tent before the battle of Bosworth Field.

"Great was my disorder at being thus left alone with so noble and exalted a personage; yet do I not speak of his greatness of rank only, but also of his goodly

form and courteous manner ; for that record of him is all untrue, which was written what time the Red Rose prevailed over the White, declaring that Richard was fearful to look upon. He was not, in truth, as one hath of late full slanderously described him, "little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crookbacked, his left shoulder much higher than his right, and hard-favored of visage ;—none of these was he : for though his person were not of the tallest, it was well up to the middle stature of men ; and albeit one of his shoulders *might* be somewhat higher than its fellow, yet he had a shrewd eye who did discover it, and a passing malicious wit who reported it to be a great deformity. As for his face, in good sooth it had none evil expression in it ; though it was marked with much serious anxiety, and was pale and discolored from weariness and an agitated mind, which scared his brief slumbers with fearful dreams, and gave occasion to his enemies to say that he was haunted by a guilty conscience. Nevertheless, his step and demeanor were full of pomp and royalty ; so that it wanted not for any one to say even unto me, though but a simple cloister-bred youth, "that is the King !" since all men might well perceive that he could be of nothing less than the blood-royal, or the wearer of a crown. His habit was the close dress of red velvet which he wore under his armor, surmounted by a blue velvet robe lined with fair ermines, and choicely embroidered with the letter of his name in gold. The blue Garter of England embraced his knee, and the enamelled George thereof, hung to an azure scarf round his neck ; while upon his head he wore a chapeau of red velvet and ermine, which threw his rich and full brown hair back upon his shoulders." p. 39—41.

In the "*Life and Writings of Isaac Harby*" there is much to make us lament that he was not more known to us while living. The different materials of which the book is composed evince a great deal of desultory talent, and a vigorous and discriminating mind. It is a volume of much interest, and we recommend to all lovers of nervous criticism and a strong, healthy style of composition.

"*Ourika*" is a brief story of a negress who was presented by her purchaser to a lady of rank in France, and by her educated. The natural consequences of such misplaced kindness are told with much grace and simplicity. In the introduction is inserted an extract from the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, which expresses a fair opinion of the work. "There is true genius in the conception, and in the painting, which is traced in a manner equally charming and simple—a genius which could only reside in a mind of purity ; and the development is made with so much truth, that even those who may not perceive all its beauties, cannot fail to read it with deep interest."

Mr. Greene's "*Poem before the Philermenian Society*," is a chaste, scholar-like production. His measure has a harmony and correctness of rhythm which is rare among our young poets. We hope he will give us an opportunity to criticise him more at length hereafter. His talent is worth cultivating.

We have received Mr. Paulding's "*Tales of the Good Woman*," but defer a notice of it till we can do it more elaborately. In the meantime we can assure our readers that it is like everything else of its author's, delightful.

Ladies' Magazine.—This periodical, established by Mrs. Hale, and already so extensively known, continues to be sustained with singular interest. It is not a little remarkable that a lady, devoted till within a short time to domestic life in a secluded part of the country, should enter so familiarly into the difficult duties of her present employment, and display as she has done, a most skilful tact as well as a chastened and vigorous talent. It is a tacit appeal to the pride of the sex, and we should do injustice to its generous impulses if we did not believe that it would call forth the substantial encouragement she so well merits.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The state of Europe does not seem, at present, to be pregnant with any great events to affect its tranquillity, except that the storm of war still hovers over its eastern borders. There is no prospect of peace between the Russians and the Turks. But preparations are making to renew the contest with all the force and rage of the past year. Several European powers are desirous of having peace between those two nations; but appearances indicate a determination in the Emperor of Russia to continue the war. If he does, the present year will hereafter be marked as an era of blood; for the fierce Mahomedan will oppose a powerful force to defend his capital and his territory.

There appears to be a perfect acquiescence in the late measure of the British ministry and parliament, in favor of the Catholics. The opposition was warm and obstinate, while the question was pending. But now that it is decided, the opponents of the plan, like loyal subjects, are disposed to submit in good temper. A catholic Duke and several Earls, who were before excluded, have taken seats in the House of Lords.

Portugal, at the last dates, continued in a state of great ferment. There have been fierce disputes between the friends of Don Miguel and the liberal party. That prince appears to be not only a bigot and a despot, but unfeeling and cruel. Many of his opposers have been imprisoned, and many destroyed. The English have appointed a new minister to that country, with a hope to produce a more tranquil state of things—but Miguel is too arbitrary and too obstinate to give up his own views to others. Nothing but a superior force will restrain him.

A great Congress of Philosophers was held at Berlin, September 1828.—A. Van Humboldt presided. The learned president made an address, which was much applauded. Several other papers and memoirs were read. The members of this meeting amounted to

three hundred and seventy-eight. The greater number were Prussians and Germans. England, France, Russia and Naples furnished only one each. Holland, two; Sweden, thirteen; Bavaria, twelve; Denmark, seven; Saxony, twenty-one; Germany, forty-three; Prussia, ninety-five; the City of Berlin, one hundred and seventy-two.

Advantages enjoyed by the Savans in France.—“The naturalists and other scientific men of Paris have great advantages over those of London. The French government devotes a large sum annually, to the support of scientific and literary institutions in the Metropolis. Public lectures on every subject may be attended *gratis*; the most complete museums are of the easiest access. The social meetings at the houses of distinguished individuals, or of public bodies, such for example as those of the Baron Cuvier, the Baron Ferussac, the Athenæum, the Institute, &c. are very frequent; and the intercourse at such meetings is of real use to literary men, because difference of worldly circumstances enters into them for very little or nothing. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that with superior native vivacity and acuteness, and all these opportunities, the French philosophers should be the first in the world.”

The inhabitants of the northern provinces of France are said to be by nature, superior to either the English or German; but by education, the influence of government and religion, they generally appear inferior to them. This natural superiority is owing, no doubt, to the climate, which is temperate. If the advantages of education for these people were as great as in England or Scotland, they would probably, be superior as men.

The London Magazine for April contains a biographical notice of Rev. Dr. Chalmers of Scotland. This sketch of the character of this celebrated divine was prepared in consequence of his able and eloquent speech in

favor of the Catholics. It appears to have been written by one intimately acquainted with him—and it gives a somewhat different character of the man from that drawn by some of his admirers. He was always a cheerful christian, fond of social intercourse. He was never sceptical or dissolute, and never could give entire satisfaction to “gossiping malignants,” (as he called a certain class of people,) who think it necessary a man must acknowledge that he was once an infidel and a demon, before he can be a saint.

Mr. Canning went in company with Mr. Wilberforce, to hear Chalmers, soon after he came to London: and when the preacher began, he was evidently dissatisfied with him—“This will never do,” he said to Wilberforce, in a low voice. But as the preacher proceeded and grew warm and eloquent, Canning observed, “the Tartan beats us; we have no such preaching in London.”

The Southern Review, No. VI., was published in May. Many works noticed, had been reviewed in the American Quarterly and the North American; as Franklin's Narrative, Memoirs of Dr. Parr, The Disowned, Wilhelm Meister. It contains an able article on the unconstitutionality of the sedition law of 1798. The writer contends, that Congress cannot justly legislate at all, on the public press, as it is expressly forbidden, by the constitution, from making any laws restraining the freedom of speech and of the press. In the opinion of the writer, any regulation whatever would prove a restraint. He thinks the State Courts have sufficient authority on the subject of libels.

No. X. of the American Quarterly Review was published the first of the present month. It does not contain so great a variety as some preceding numbers; but the hand of a master is very visible in some of the articles. These are, “Discoveries in Central Africa,” which give an account of the knowledge of this quarter of the world from the earliest times,—“Milton's Familiar Letters,” a rich morceau—“Astronomy of Laplace,” noticing advances on the subject of celestial mechanics made since the time of Sir I. Newton; an elaborate article—“Flint's Geography and History of the Western States;” quite interesting—“Chancery Law;” learned, no doubt—“Horne Tooke;” ironical and severe—“History of Pennsylvania;” not of much interest to the people of New-England—“Hosack's Life of Governor Clinton;” an interesting book—“Female Biography;” good for the ladies; some excellent examples of piety, learning and domestic virtue—“Geography of Russia, from M. Brun.”

“The Collegians;” or a second series of the Munster Festivals, is said, by the London

Monthly Review, “to be one of the best novels of the present day.”—“The scenes and characters described have a freshness and variety uncommonly interesting. The writer leads his readers into highways, which have not been often trodden, and among a people gay and deep-hearted, but not happy;” i. e. the Irish.

Encyclopædia Americana. The first volume of this very valuable work will be published, by Carey, Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia, in the following month of July. The whole work will comprise twelve large volumes octavo, and a volume be published every three months. The price is \$2.50 for a volume. It is confidently expected to be both a learned and popular work. It will supersede, in a great measure, the necessity of the more voluminous Encyclopædia.

Books lately published in London:—Ecclesiastical Annals; Divine Origin of Christianity, deduced from evidences not founded in the authenticity of the Scriptures; Calvinism and Arminianism compared, or the doctrines held by the members of the Church of England and of the early Dutch Arminians; History of the Transmission of ancient Books; Life and Opinions of Wickliffe; History of Enthusiasm; Sermons on the Character and Conduct of the Apostles; The Veracity of the Gospels and Acts, argued from undesigned coincidences; Considerations on Miracles; Philosophical Evidence of Christianity, or the credibility of revelation from its agreement with facts in nature; The Comforts of Old Age; History of the Vaudois, and of their Return to their Valley in 1689; Opinions and Writings of Justin Martyr; Life of Archbishop Cranmer; Life of Archbishop Laud, and of his Times; Christianity a progressive scheme; The Leading Principles of Christianity; Sermons on the Lives of the First Promulgators of Christianity; Sermons by the most eminent modern Divines of Germany; Discourses on the state of the Protestant Religion in Germany; Testimonies of the Separate Existence of the Soul, in a state of consciousness, between death and the resurrection; The Last Hours of Eminent Christians; Key to the Old Testament, by R. Gray, a new edition revised; Epistle to the Romans, with a Paraphrase and Notes; On the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul and other parts of the New Testament; Caiu, the Wanderer, and other Poems; The Boy's Own Book, a fascinating and valuable volume; The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting-house; Sailors and Saints; The Hope of Immortality, a poem; D'Erbine, a novel of the De Vere class.

An article in the last London Quarterly Review, “On the State and Prospects of

the Country," (England,) is said to give a just view of the political, social and fiscal concerns of that nation. The wants and complaints of the people are great, taxes are high, business is dull, and many are without employment, and their sufferings are severe.—There is a call for some great effort on the part of government, to quiet and relieve the poor.

A dissertation has been lately published by a German, on the authenticity of the letters in the *Maccabees*, which purport to have passed between Areus and Archon, or chief ruler of Sparta. These letters are also quoted by Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian.

According to M. Champollion Jr. there are on the walls of the palace at Thebes some bas-reliefs, which prove that Sheschouk, an Egyptian king, was the conqueror of Judea, in the reign of Rehoboam, about 970 years before the Christian era.

Six young Africans, from the most distant parts of Ethiopia, have lately arrived in France, to be educated and made familiar with the learning, the sciences, and the civilization of Europe. The education of seven Egyptian youth, who have been some time studying in Paris, is proceeding very satisfactorily.

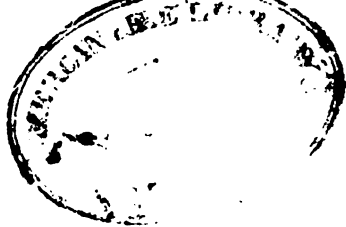
Cambridge University.—After about sixteen months vacancy in the presidency of this ancient Seminary, the Hon. *Josiah Quincy* has been placed in the presidential chair, to the general approbation of the public, and of the friends of Harvard. A new professorship also has been established, in consequence of a donation of Hon. Nathan Dane of Beverly, of \$10,000. Judge Story is elected for the place, with the title of "professor of constitutional, commercial, and equity law."

It is stated in the last Westminster Review, that there are seven daily morning papers, and six daily evening papers published in London. The number of copies of the morning papers is 28,000; which is about 5,000 more than there were seven years ago. Of daily evening papers, about 11,000 are is-

sued. Copies of Sunday papers are stated at 110,000 weekly. In the whole kingdom of G. Britain, it is estimated that 500,000 copies of newspapers weekly are issued; and the census gives 25,000,000 of inhabitants. The daily average of papers is about 18,000. One Sunday paper has 22,000 copies weekly, and is taken chiefly by the lower classes of people. Of the Atlas, a new and very large paper, 20,000 copies were sold on 22d of March. It contained the debates in Parliament on the Catholic question.

Books recently published in the United States.—Tales of a Good Woman; published in New York, and ascribed to Paulding—A Year in Spain, by a young American; published by Hilliard, Gray & Co. of Boston—The Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott; published by Wells & Lilly, of Boston—An additional volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. J. S. Buckminster; published by Carter & Hendee—Specimens of American Poetry, with critical and biographical notices; published by Goodrich & Co.—A View of the Constitution of the United States; by W. Rawle; second edition; published in Philadelphia—A Memoir of the life of the late Governor Clinton, by Dr. Hosack; published in New York—The Last of the Plantagenets—History of Free Masonry—Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of John Mason Good, M. D., a valuable and interesting work; published by Crocker & Brewster—Female Biography, or Memoirs of Illustrious Women of all ages and countries; published in Philadelphia, from the London edition—The History of Massachusetts, from 1790 to 1820; by Alden Bradford; published by Eastburn, Boston.

At the Session of the General Court of Massachusetts, in May and June, no very important measures have been adopted. This is, usually, a short session, and a great portion of business proposed is postponed to the winter session. A State tax of \$75,000 was authorized; which seemed to be necessary to keep up the credit of the Commonwealth. The subject of a Rail Road from Boston to Connecticut River, was referred to the next session.



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NO. IV.

THE CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

MEMOIRS OF GOETHE, *written by himself.* J. & J. Harper, N. York.

Continued from page 186.

THE same trait which has been remarked as distinguishing the other works of Goethe, strongly marks his autobiography. We refer to the unconscious simplicity, and almost carelessness, with which he expresses the most original and striking sentiments. In the works of ordinary writers there is a visible preparation for the fine passages. The style alters, and the language of the particular period which is intended to be forcible is inflated to a corresponding dignity. But our author's style, like that of every other master, becomes simpler as the meaning deepens. You might not detect it if you read carelessly. It is like a rare essence which escapes the organs of the rude, or the feat of a juggler which deceives you by its apparent ease. You go back and linger upon his pages, and wonder that their beauty or their power could have been hidden in such simple drapery. The artifice, for it is such, succeeds perfectly. The effect is proportioned to the surprise, and to the degree in which the imagination is left to amplify and supply. There is a beautiful instance of this in Goethe's history of his attainments. Speaking of his drawings, he says, "It was not so much the subjects delineated by my unskilful pencil that I saw in these productions, as the gay imagery that floated in my imagination while I was thus employed. I attached to every tree, leaf and plant, the remembrance of one of my short moments of felicity. Thus my portfolio became my most valued journal, and these rude sketches, embellished by my recollections, have always possessed so lively an interest in my sight, that I have never been able to determine on sacrificing them. Even now, I confess, this sacrifice would be beyond my

strength." Who that reads this beautiful passage does not feel that it contains within its brief limits the whole theory of circumstantial attachments? Who that has sketched a landscape, or painted a flower, or mused pleasantly over a book, and afterwards loved them, he scarce knew why, does not feel that this tells the secret—that it was not the value of the sketch, or the flower, or the book—not, as he may perhaps have feared, because it was his own work, and therefore a selfish affection, but because it recalls to him a thousand invisible associations—because the crowd of musing thoughts that floated with golden wings about him during that silent employment are all linked with it—because there is not a marked passage, or a trace of his pencil, that does not call up a spirit with a familiar face, and bring back to him, in all their light and beauty, the vanishing dreams that without it would have passed away forever?

But if this is true of the objects of idle amusement, how much more forcible is its application to *poetry*. Let him who has found pleasure in it answer. If he has followed it from a worthy love, not of the reward it brings, though even that has a color of nobleness, but of its own high ravishment—if he has forgotten in its flow the circumstantial world about him, and become, without one material association, an inhabitant of a pure ideal universe—if he has never numbered the measures of his verse by the silver it will win, or fettered and changed its high courses for the good will of criticism—if, however humble in other things, he considers his gift of poetry as something apart from the popular breath, and not dependent upon it for its life or its value—then will he treasure up even a fragment, or the faintest outline of a conception, and feel, like the enthusiastic and true-hearted Goethe, that its "sacrifice would be beyond his strength." We have seen this attachment to their own productions recorded in the lives of poets as weakness and egotism. Even the liberal D'Israeli speaks with a difficult forbearance of Shenstone's regret that his familiar letters had been destroyed by a friend. "I would have given," says this amiable poet, "more for the letters than is allowable for me to mention with decency. They are the history of my mind for these twenty years past." Nothing was ever more unjust than the name of egotism given to feelings like these.

The hours spent by men of such minds in production, while they are sacred from outward intrusion, are open to the whole circle of the affections. The mind without them would be like the light of heaven without its heat. They mingle their warm and glowing colors with the clear tracery and transparent work of fancy, and the whole history

of the heart, like the heroic deeds of olden time wrought gorgeously upon their rich tapestries, is woven into the intellectual fabric. Their holiest and best moments are therefore visibly recorded. The heart has been laid open and copied like a book, and the feelings to which we cling in death, and which we cherish, living, like a vestal fire, are inwrought and storied in poetry. It is the world to which the poet has fled from everything which troubled his peace. He has been slighted by the proud, or neglected by his friend, or hurt by the severity of the unfeeling, and in poetry he has forgiven and forgotten them. He has been depressed by the many nameless and unaccountable influences that settle so heavily and without warning upon the spirit, and poetry has lifted and dispersed them. He is indebted to it for his daily cheerfulness—nay—for his very endurance of life. How should he throw aside its sybilline leaves because a blind world cannot see their mystic meaning?

Throughout this delightful book there are traces of liberality in judging of the works of others—a freedom from the disposition to criticise, which are no less evidences of the author's goodness of heart than of elevation of genius. He says in one place, "It is a most fortunate thing for the young when they can defend themselves from the spirit of criticism, and yield up their minds to the impression of the beautiful and excellent without troubling themselves to discover and separate the accompanying dross." And again of Shakspeare, "I was the first to comprehend his genius with the liveliest enthusiasm, and my friends caught the contagion which lifted me above myself. All we wished for at the time was to enjoy him at our ease, and yield ourselves up to his fascination. We could not bear to scrutinize the talents of the man who afforded us so much pleasure, or to look for his defects. We took pleasure in greeting him with unbounded admiration." What a beautiful trait is this of intellectual greatness! How few there are who are thus willing to be pleased and to render to genius an unqualified and generous admiration. Who is there besides Goethe, who would not have taken so fair an opportunity to shew critical knowledge—who would not have found fault with the noble bard, and coldly analyzed the magnificent light of his mind, instead of dwelling on its influence, and opening his heart to it before the world for the entrance of its delightful offices. The carping, complaining spirit of criticism is at a far remove from such magnanimity. It is not the result of a healthful, clear vision. It is not the language of feelings willing to be wrought upon, or a fancy free to listen implicitly to the "voice of the charmer." It is the jaundiced eye, and the dull ear, and a

taste embittered and perverted, that can see and hear the beauty and harmony of genius, and not be ravished sometimes from the professional coldness. Not that we are advocates for indiscriminate praise. Goethe himself has criticised Shakspeare, and let him who would see a just and splendid criticism read his analysis of the character of Hamlet. He dwells upon its beauties, not its blemishes. He descends, like others, into the mine of poetical invention, but it is for its gems. The common earth and the baser minerals in which they are imbedded are thrown by and forgotten, not spread out and dwelt upon, and the fair crystals are separated, and held up exultingly to the light, that others may see and admire their perfection. This is the natural and true use of criticism. The abusive and sarcastic temper which has prevailed in the last age of reviewing was of a peculiar school, whose masters were embittered and unsuccessful authors—men who had talent to be severe upon what they had not genius to equal, and who, after walking in a vain competition with superior minds the scenes of the poetical drama, had come out with a bitter envy, to betray its secrets and destroy the pleasant illusion of its admirers. We are glad that this temper is passing away. We rejoice that, on this side the water at least, criticism must be fair and dignified not to meet with silent contempt. It begins well in a country whose pride is its clear-seeing and unprejudiced judgment, and we are proud when we remember that Wordsworth, and Shelley and Keats, had their first full harvest of fame with us. Even Byron preferred his American reputation, and Mrs. Hemans looks to our land for her fairest portion; and at this moment, Coleridge, and Southey, and the subject of our present remark, have a far more undivided and generous appreciation here than in England. It is natural that it should be so. We have no personal, no political animosities with them. They stand on their mere, abstract, literary merit. Their books are read with enthusiasm because they are true to the great universal standard—a standard which is in every human bosom, and which sits in candid and unfallible judgment whenever it is not warped by the immediate and unworthy atmosphere of personal prejudice. We sincerely believe that no durable wrong can be done to any writer in this country. There is an independence of dictation, a general and cultivated capacity for individual opinion among us, which turns back an ill-shot arrow upon its sender, like a silver shield. Scurrility and malignity only make their authors infamous, and there is no instance from one end of the land to the other of an abusive writer either successful or respectable. We look forward with sincere satisfaction to the coming age of litera-

ture. The arena is clear and open. The candidates for its honors are sure of a fair award. In the general diffusion of knowledge and free thought, there is not a spectator incapable of judgment—no many-voiced and rude mob to take up the cry of the envious and discourage the timid aspirant. If there is strength, or grace, or fair proportion among us, it will surely come out in so golden an era.

One of the most winning peculiarities of our author, to us, and one for which he has been more severely criticised than for any other, is his fondness for dwelling on the history of his childhood. This delightful evidence of a heart kept young and fresh under the wear of the world, has been made matter of amusement by the English critics—a class of men, who, with all their acuteness and real ability, never yet did justice to real feeling till the voice of universal sympathy with the writer became too audible to be misunderstood. We might be diffident enough to suppress our opinion before such authority, were it not that Wordsworth, the noblest and purest mind that has shone upon the world since Milton, betrays the same feeling and has breathed its beautiful spirit into an Ode whose majesty and harmony are unsurpassed in the whole compass of English poetry. We can easily conceive that men like Jeffrey and Gifford, who seemed to have been born with their hearts full of gall, were never happy till they arrived at an age when it was relieved by a discharge upon the fine and sensitive spirits whose life it poisoned. We can believe that *their* childhood was not happy. There must have been a smothered feeling within them, mistaken, we dare say, for the stirrings of ambition—a suppressed fever in their hearts—which could not be allayed under the retributive justice of boyhood, and which colored with its own bile every impression of loveliness. There was no corner for a safe and covert exercise of their noble faculties in the simple laws which governed that republic. Their sullen mien and bad temper were visited upon them with too sudden a retribution, and the mutual action of hate and cowardice, inseparable qualities in such minds, must have made it any thing but an age to be remembered pleasantly. We can easily forgive them for their want of power to comprehend the beauty and exalted happiness of the young! Goethe and Wordsworth were born with no such unhappy natures. To them, childhood was truly the morning of life, with all its natural and dewy freshness. The generous and loving elements of their character had a constant and spontaneous action. Care had not deadened, nor shame concealed, nor selfishness smothered them. Without knowing their names, or inquiring whence they came, the sunshine and the wind and the visible beauty

of the world, were let into their hearts like the expected and unquested light of Heaven. They were happy they knew not why, and generous because it was the first impulse, and brave and beautiful without consciousness or vain glory. They had no mistrust of their fellows, no misgiving of the love of those who fed and blessed them. They awoke with glad and gay hearts, and spent the day in their cheerful employments, and laid down at night with a happy prayer for the love and protection of which they did not realize the need, because they had never failed them. Who does not look back on such a period with delight? Who that has had his ingenuousness abused, his generosity repaid by ingratitude, his pity scorned, his confidence and love returned with hate and suspicion—who, in short, that has lived to be a man, and breathed the atmosphere of this grown up world, does not look back on his boyhood with irrepressible regret—dwell upon it, and linger on its recollections, and recount its simple pleasures with a feeling akin to that of a spirit receding from his sphere. We are aware that to many it seems but a period of crude and unripe impressions—a time of weakness and ignorance. We know that the mind strengthens with age, that the faculties are developed, and that the proportions of the body become fitter for use and labor. But we know also, that the better qualities of the heart are blunted in proportion to its illumination—that the refinement of these crude and imperfect opinions fritters away their freshness and beauty, and that the strength of the intellect and the vigor of the body are often bought by a loss of all the fervor of the one, and the exquisite enjoyment of mere life and motion which was the property of the other. We are not attempting now to prove that the child is superior to the man, (though we think it would admit of a fair argument;) we would only justify the retrospection—the regret of manhood. It is the course of Providence that we should mature and change; but if we were happier in our earlier days we would be allowed to remember and speak of them. We would do our duty as men—but in the intervals of severe labor, we would refresh ourselves with the memory of those

“ First affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.”

We are not sure that toil, and knowledge which is but a knowledge of evil, and bad passions, and disease, and care, are a fair exchange for virtue, and health, and fine impulses, and innocent pleasures. We are not sure that the dove which has soiled and broken its white wings

in keeping company with the owl is better for her wisdom. We would not exchange the feeling of the child who exclaimed "God has made a star," when he saw it spring suddenly in the west, for the maturer knowledge of the man, that it is a part of a system and revolves in its orbit.

We wish we could lend the reader our copy of Goethe. We would have him sympathize with us fully in our admiration. We have marked passages all over it which we would have him admire, and which we should delight to dwell upon. His childhood, his youth, his manhood, his literary experience, his singularly graphic drawings of his great contemporaries, his various adventures in the *belle passion*—all are full of nature and originality and interest. The episode of Frederica, the history of the "Betrothed," his intimacy with Madame Von Klettenburg, his *naïve* and fascinating description of his sister, are among the parts which at this moment recur delightfully to our recollection.

In a faithful history of a human life, there will be, necessarily, material for objection. But unless the faults are more apparent, and more calculated to have a wrong tendency, than those in the book before us, we should deem it a most unnecessary presumption to attempt their exposure. We are sure that no virtue can be endangered by reading it. We are sure that there are few books from which those who are disposed can gather more valuable maxims for life. We are positive that no person, of any susceptibility to moral beauty can read it without turning down its leaves, and marking its many pleasant passages, and laying it up as a resource from depression and a topic of conversation.

MARY.

I saw a tear run down her fading cheek
 Like to a dew-drop from the red rose shaken ;
 It seemed a pearl, of sorrow's own, to speak
 What yet her tongue could not—"I am forsaken!"

I saw her in that dreary lapse of doubt,
 When shades of wo and night were spread above her,
 When every gleam of hope was prisoned out,
 And none but me was left on earth to love her.

I would not own that she had ever sinned,
 That Heaven's pure veil had there been rent and broken,
 I gave those dreamings to the idle wind,
 And the sad girl my trusting heart in token.

Heaven bless'd the thought ; her spirit's dimness went,
 Like evening shadows from the sun's adorning,
 And smiles and tears were in her blue eyes blent,
 Like sun and dew on violets in the morning.

She turned from leaning on a broken reed,
 The dawning summer of her bosom made her
 A happier girl—more fully blest indeed
 Than if the garb of wo had not arrayed her.

And she was nearer than a mother's love ;
 If but my slightest feature told dejection,
 She hovered by me like a summer dove,
 And clad me in the sunlight of affection.

Two swift and sunny years she lingered here,
 As a light flower on autumn's withering bosom,
 And then she drooped without a pang—a fear,
 And slept in earth—a seed for Heaven's pure blossom.

Sleep, Mary, for the summer dews lay soft,
 In the bright turf above thy lonely pillow,
 The summer winds blow sweetly there and oft,
 And long, thin grass waves, like a sea-green billow.

Angel—for now thou art—if ever thou
 Among the stars art one—in distance trembling,
 Let thy sweet radiance fall upon my brow,
 Like a bright drop—thy joyous tear resembling.

Come and be near me in my evening dreams,
 Around my heart-strings, like faint music hover,
 Flit not away in morning's golden beams,
 But alway light the bosom of thy lover.

J. O. E.

THE RIVAL PILOTS.

ON the northeastern shore of Jamaica stands the port of Halfmoon Bay. A few low houses, some thatched, some shingled, scattered along the level beach of an open roadstead, give a forlorn aspect to the place, and the few trees that shade them are marked with the weather stains of the sea, and bent inland, as if about to flee to the mountains from the strong trades to which they are constantly exposed. Back of the town, is an extensive lagoon, shaped like a crescent. It terminates in points within a few rods of the sea, and thus completely locks the place in its pestilential embrace. In general, its waters are tolerably sweet, and afford shelter to multitudes of fish and alligators. But in August, it turns green, and noxious exhalations rise, and hang

in a hazy cloud over it, and, at length, spread a brassy shroud completely over the heavens. Then also the trade winds cease, or blow only in fitful and violent gusts. The ships in port, take the alarm, and unfurl their canvass, to seek the more salubrious North; fever begins its ravages; and for three months, Halfmoon Bay is the veriest pest-house in the universe. Back of the lagoon, the land extends in a dead level, for two miles; and is covered with the dense cane fields of the estates of Lewellyn and Frontier; it then becomes undulating, presenting picturesque dwellings of the rich planters; and another mile brings you to the spurs of the Blue mountains, which form the back ground to every view that can be had of the island from the shore. Notwithstanding, therefore, its actual dreariness, Halfmoon and its environs furnish one of the most charming views imaginable. The rich cane fields, with their hedges of blossoming lime, looking like the parterres of a garden, the amphitheatre of its hills sweeping round so gracefully, with their white crests of beautiful seats, and all swelling gradually till their bright green fades into a dim distant blue, and they become decidedly mountains of great elevation, impress the stranger, coming in from sea, like a paradise unfolding its arms to receive him in its embrace. But the moment he lands, he is dismally undeceived; and, if his errand is business, the deck of his ship, the barren beach, and the lake, infinitely more noxious than the Asphaltes, with its swarms of sand flies and moschetoës, are to be his haunts for weeks and months; and Tantalus-like, he may gaze upon the Hesperian gardens beyond—they are not for him. Add to this a white population unprincipled and dissipated; troops of idle blacks, who are cursed with freedom, and engaged in constant and noisy broils with the slaves and sailors, and you have some faint idea of the pleasant state of things at "Halfmoon-Purgatory," as it is sometimes called, a name as expressive of its merits as that of an Indian chief. The only title which it has to the name of "bay," is given by a high promontory on the eastern side; which, together with a slight projection on the west, forms an indentation of the shore something like a half-moon, whence its name in this narrative.

From the eastern headland there stretches a semicircular reef of rocks, nearly half across the entrance of the harbor; so that, notwithstanding the abundance of sea-room, it requires a skilful hand to bring in a vessel from the windward, (and they always come that way,) and moor her, without running upon the "Mermaids," for so the reef is called. But, notwithstanding its numerous disadvantages, Halfmoon Bay is the mart for one of the richest districts of the island. Fifty sail of ships resort here annually to receive and take home the sugars, et cetera, of the parishes of Saint Margaret's and Saint Mark's; and at Christmas, it is nothing unusual to see twenty sail at once, moored in the harbor. Still, the arrival of a ship is not an every-day occurrence at such a port. The gun at the windward, as it comes sailing down on the trade wind, operates like an electric shock upon every man, woman and child in the place. The merchant drops his pen and seizes a spy-glass; the planter mounts his mule, and is seen

winding his way, at a calculating pace, to the bay ; there is a rush of the *profanum vulgus* to the wharves ; and even the poor slave is permitted to suspend his toils a moment, and gaze at the lone wanderer of the deep, as she comes, walking the waves in beauty, round the eastern headland. It is, in fact, the only event which ever breaks the dull monotony of the place, where the ease with which the means of life are obtained enables the mass of the inhabitants to lead a life of basking idleness.

But none feel that gun's magical effect like the men for whose ears it is intended. These were James Henry and Thomas Glen, the rival pilots of Halfmoon. The echoes of the far-off call would scarcely cease, before their *gigs* would be seen cutting the water, as if life and death depended on their speed. There is nothing more animating than a boat race. The dancing boat skipping from wave to wave, like a live inhabitant of the sea, and throwing high the spray ; the breathing silence, determined looks, and quick, nervous strokes of the rowers ; the intense anxiety in the face of the helmsman ; his low exhortation, and fierce rebuke, hurled at the head of some laggard at the oar, are all picturesque ; and then, the animating shouts from the shore, and the stripping, the bet, the laugh, the taunting cry of victory, and the craven silence and dropped oar of defeat—all concur to give an electric start to the blood, such as the votaries of the turf never knew.

It must be confessed, however, that the excitement produced in the veins by the well contested races of Jim Henry and Tom Glen, often ran higher than the pitch of pleasure ; giving to the life stream that quality known by the significant appellation of *bad blood*, and not unfrequently resulting in a pitched battle between themselves, or a ferocious skirmish among their partisans. Idleness is the mother of busy-bodies. It will not be surprising, then, that in a community inactive as that of Halfmoon, every man should be glad of something, a quarrel even, to give a little motion to the stagnant waters of existence. Accordingly, there was not an individual in the place who was not a decided partisan of one or the other of these nautical heroes. Songs as rude as the beings who sung them, and satires coarse enough to hit the obtuse understandings of the population of a West Indian sea-port, were all the vogue ; telling how Henry and his crew lay intoxicated in their boat, to the windward of the Mermaids, when Glen passed him in a gallant ship ; or how Glen run the brig Abrona on the reef at noon-day, and with as good a wind as ever blew.

But this singular spirit of party was not confined to the rabble. The gentry of the place, led, at first, by that involuntary election which the mind makes whenever any contested point is presented, were drawn by degrees into a strife, commenced by blackguards, till at length they became, *de facto*, principals in the affair. Henry Gladding, Esq. was owner of the splendid estate of Frontier. He was also largely engaged in commerce, having a warehouse, shops and wharf at the bay. The pilot, Henry, when not engaged in the duties of his profession, was employed by him as overseer of the gang that labored

at the wharf, and as captain of his droggers and lighters. And, in addition to this accidental connexion, as Henry, though rough as a rock, was an honest fellow and a skilful seaman, he would very naturally patronize him in the line of his profession. Gladding's influence thus gave Henry a decided advantage over his rival; for, as he received advice of the sailing of his regular traders, he could calculate very accurately upon the time of their arrival. At such times, a fishing mania would seize Henry; and you could see him prowling round "the Mermaids" with his lines and nets; but ten to one, he would return with a noble ship, instead of a mess of snappers or green turtle.

The business of our tale renders some farther account of Gladding necessary. He was a young man of some thirty years, and a fine specimen of that *rara avis*, the real English gentleman. He was a model of masculine beauty; tall and graceful, with a front like an emperor, and a certain military precision of movement, which gave a calm dignity to its port, without diminishing its ease. There was a fire in his dark eye, which is uncommon in northern men; and a loftiness of expression in the whole cast of his countenance that was rather distancing, and would make a stranger pause and take a second look, before he ventured on familiarity. Few, indeed, were ever admitted to a place in his heart; but these found it glowing with the best affections of our nature, which, at the date of our narrative, were in their finest and fullest flow; for he had just returned from England, and transplanted to the sunny soil of Frontier, one of the fairest flowers that bloomed on the banks of the Severn. In a word, he had wedded the lady of his choice. To place her in an independence suited to her worth, he had left his native land at the age of twenty-two, to dig for pelf under the burning sun of Jamaica. Unparalleled success attended his labors. He took the tide of circumstances at the flood, and it bore him on to fortune. I said that he was a man of fine feelings. But hearts that are capable of loving much, have generally an equal capacity for the opposite feeling. This was particularly true of Henry Gladding. There was no eccentricity in his passions, but he loved or he hated with his whole soul. He was also tinctured with something very like aristocratic pride. He would reason as calmly and consistently as a man could on natural equality, and then turn round and treat one whom he thought his inferior, with all the *hauteur* of an Austrian noble. Pride, indeed, was his foible; and yet it was not the pride of pelf, but of intellect; a high consciousness he had of his own worth, and of the moral inferiority of most of those with whom he came in contact. Any one who knows the miscellaneous materials which go to make up West Indian society, must be aware, that circumstances will often push into the society of gentlemen, men, whom neither their education, breeding, nor talents, entitle to that distinction. Minds like theirs could never harmonize with Henry Gladding's, and he took no pains to conceal the strong disgust with which they inspired him. It was frequently shown unseasonably, and to his injury; but, with him, feeling and expression were synonymous; and the waters of the bay might as easily remain smooth under the trade wind, as his

brow avoid knitting, and his lip curling, whenever meanness crossed his path. This manifest disrespect could not but be offensive to all who were its subjects. The consequence was, he had many inveterate enemies, who cursed him in their hearts, and murmured their discontent behind his back; for few had the courage to do it to his face, or to stand the dreadful explosion of wrath which would follow.

But he had small time to waste upon them. He was a systematic man of business. The morning found him on horseback, among his cane-fields, observing the progress of his crops; mid-day, in his counting-house at the Bay; and regular as the evening, he would return on the wings of love to Frontier, to cherish his beautiful exotic, whose sun was his smile. She was a sweet girl, and just the being for one of Gladding's temperament to love. Artless and confiding as a child, it seemed the end of her being to love him, and you would be struck with the idea, when first you saw them together, that his existence was absolutely essential to hers. O these women! the flowers of man's thorny pathway! what a brute must he be who would crush them! More than an idle ornament, when, with the delightful prodigality of their nature, they lavish upon man the overflowing treasures of their hearts, and put into his hands their whole stock of earthly happiness, how heartless must he be, who would trifle with the sacred deposit! Happily for Harriet Moore, she had fallen into tender hands; and rude though he might be to others, as the tornado of the burning zone, to her he was the breath of spring. It was delightful to observe the change that the short ride from Halfmoon to Frontier would produce in his countenance. The clouds, which contention, or the perplexities of business would often gather there, would begin to break away, the moment he left the pestiferous precincts of the place; and when he entered his hall door, the sun could not be more open than his smile; and when he met the mild eyes of his wife, and gazed into their liquid depths of blue till his own filled with tears, that look of assured and mutual love was past description. We would willingly dwell upon this picture of domestic bliss, but it is foreign to the business of our tale. We will therefore hasten to introduce to the reader one more personage.

Among those who had sometimes taken umbrage at the lofty bearing of Mr. Gladding, was his neighbor, Wentworth Bruce, of Lewellyn. He was a man of versatile talents. He could put on the gentleman, or any other character that suited his convenience, but was, withal, deceitful as the prince of darkness. His passions were as violent as Gladding's; but in him it was a smothered flame, and you had to learn his displeasure from a thousand low acts of malice and petty hostility. It seems that Bruce had been concerned in some domestic troubles in the family of a Mr. Phillips. Phillips divorced his wife; Bruce married her. Phillips married again, and soon after died; Bruce divorced his lady, and took the widow. It was a subject of general scandal, and among other offensive things, Gladding was reported to have said, that he thought Bruce wondrous fond of John Phillips' leavings. This was officiously reported to Bruce, and left a lasting sting. Still, how-

ever, he made fair weather of it, and met Gladding with his usual smile and bow. He took indeed a pleasure in backing Glen, for no other assignable reason but that Henry was supported by his neighbors; and Gladding's boats, that were left riding at the wharf, would sometimes be found "stove" or stranded on the beach, in the morning; but as this was not an uncommon accident, it was laid as usual to the surf; and as Gladding could show nothing to the contrary, he remained quiescent.

It was at this conjuncture, that a ship arrived from London, bringing out, to Gladding's order, one of those beautiful gigs used by the Thames watermen. The contest was over. Within two months from the receipt of this noble present, Henry anchored in the port six vessels; and Glen, by taking a two days cruise to the windward, succeeded in getting one. Violent altercations followed; for Henry did not display much magnanimity on the occasion, but took every opportunity of aggravating the mortification of his rival. Glen bore it well, for his rude nature; but he looked unutterable things, and it was evident that he was only waiting for the wheel to come round, to take a signal revenge.

It was on a clear, windy afternoon in July, that a large brig suddenly made her appearance in the offing. No gun had announced her approach; no one had seen her double the eastern headland; but there she was, as if by magic, and standing into the port under a press of sail. At that moment, Henry was engaged with three men in repairing the rigging of a large drogger, which lay at anchor about two hundred yards from Gladding's wharf. The small boat had been sent to the upper part of the bay, for some tackling; and the gig was lying at her usual moorings, at the head of the wharf. A loud shout came over the water from the windward, and turning round, Henry saw Glen standing in the stern of his gig, and waving his hat in triumph. A glance at the offing, and quick as thought he was in the sea, followed by the other three; and all were seen blowing like porpoises, and swimming at a prodigious rate towards the shore. Just then a crowd of men rushed upon the wharf, one of whom jumped into the gig, and loosing the fast, met the swimmers about half way from the drogger. A loud hurra burst from the multitude, the moment they were seated at their oars.

"And now," said the deep voice of Henry, "a dollar for each man!" and the boat went off over the bay, like a glancing shot from a cannon.

Glen was already past the shipping, and steering dead for the brig, across the line of the reef. Henry, on the contrary, pulled for its outermost breaker; thereby gaining a decided advantage by throwing himself directly in the vessel's course. No man was seen distinctly; for the breakers of the Mermaids were running high, and throwing a mist of sparkling spray between us and the scene beyond. The brig, however, hove to, as usual, and then came steadily on to her moorings. The gig of Glen was seen skulking back on its former way, its master standing in the stern and throwing his arms about, with the charac-

teristic violence of a Creole, and apparently venting his rage in curses on his crew. Henry was then doubtless on board the brig, but his boat was not seen in tow, as was usual, and the whole affair looked rather mysterious until Captain Milne landed with Henry in his jolly boat.

"I was on the look-out for a pilot," said the Captain, "and at length saw a boat putting off across the reef. She attracted the attention of all hands, for she came with a long and strong pull. The man in the stern, in particular, as I viewed him through the glass, made me think of some horsemen I have seen, whose bodies get along faster than their horses. Just then, there was a cry of 'a boat ahead!' and 'round to!' came next, in a voice that would have done honor to an admiral. Looking under the trisail boom, sure enough, there was a boat directly ahead, and not thirty yards off. 'Down with your helm!' I cried, 'down!' But it was too late. The next sea hung us directly over her, and we crushed her as I might an egg-shell—thus!" This was accompanied by a significant clenching of the hands, and a contraction of the muscles of the face, as if a cold shudder ran over the seaman at the recollection.

It seems that Henry, when he observed that he was not seen on board the brig, rashly determined to board her at full sail. He never wavered till there was only one large wave between them, and then it was too late. The next moment the brig appeared hanging over them on the top of the sea, with her bows and bowsprit high in the air, and many feet of her keel and bottom glittering in the sun, and then descended upon the boat in the trough of the sea with a force that would have sunk a ship.

"I had run forward," continued Captain Milne, "on observing the imminent peril of the boat, and had returned, as quickly, to the quarter deck, to see what became of the men, when a figure, which, to appearance, had come out of the sea, clambered over the taffrail and jumped upon deck. 'Pilot, captain!' said he, in the same grum voice which had hailed us. Hat he had none, and the brine was trickling from his hair over a face which glowed like a red hot shot. Had the sea-god himself made his appearance, he could not have been more in character, nor my ship's company more amazed. 'In the name of wonder!' I was beginning to say, when a loud hurra came from the other boat. Glen, it seems, had observed the accident, and was coming on with loud shouts. Henry very coolly lifted his dripping arm, and waving it to and fro, gave him the sign manual of the profession, that the ship was supplied. 'You can be of some use, however,' added he, in his dry way, 'you can pick up my men, which will be just the same thing, you know.' To confess the truth, in the hurry of the moment, for it had all happened in a minute, I had myself forgot my errand ast. Looking off on our starboard bow, as we then lay with our head to the wind, were several black objects, heaving and setting in the sea, which there was no mistake in taking for negroes' heads. 'The poor fellows will drown before we can let down the boat,' thought I, and I hailed Glen; for they were not far from him: 'Hal-

loo, there !' said I, 'pick up those men !' But what was my astonishment to see the fellow, after shaking his fist at us with a malignity of expression in his face, that was visible at a hundred yards, deliberately take his seat, and turn the boat's head to the shore. 'Can it be possible !' thought I ; 'pass up my blunderbuss!—Now, you dog, pick them men up, or I will put a slug through you.' The cowardly hound obeyed, and then came towards us. 'The least they can do,' said he, resting on his oars at a little distance, 'is to row me ashore ; for my men have had hard duty of it.' 'I have no objection if *they* have not,' said I, and, to say the truth, I should have been willing to have paid the rascal for his trouble, had he shown a little more humanity at first ; so we filled away, and they returned the way they came, across the reef. But, what I consider the marvellous part of this day's work," continued the captain, "is Henry's getting on board. From the style in which we run him down, and the fact that there was another pilot within hail, no one dreamed of the possibility of his taking us into port, if he even escaped with his life. It was a wonderful instance of good luck that any of the crew, in those circumstances, should get on board, and an absolute miracle that he should be the pilot. These, however, are the facts to which I and my men are ready to qualify. It seems that Henry had the idea that we saw him, until we got quite near him. On discovering that we must go over him, he dove just as the brig was in the act of pitching, and passing under her, rose directly under the rudder. He caught the rudder chain, passed thence to the cabin window, and would have entered it, but thought himself rather too wet for a lady's state room, so passed on to the fasts of the stern boat, from thence to the deck, and took the brig just as Glen thought him gone to the bottom, and the job his own. It was a sweet morsel out of the mouth to Mr. Glen, and I can hardly blame him for being sulky."

"I wish from my soul that his master, Bruce, had been there," cried Gladding, with a smile of exultation which told how much he was delighted with his man's success.

While he was speaking, his four negroes who had been off with Henry came up, with their garments bloody, and their backs most shockingly lacerated. The ruffian, Glen, had taken them into a lumber yard in the rear of Bruce's counting-house, and, with the aid of the negroes who were then at work, had given them an hundred lashes each.

"And where was Mr. Bruce, the while ?" demanded Gladding, with an intonation which he always had when greatly excited.

"Me see misser Bruce at de window, sir," said one of the sufferers, "and he tell Tom Glen drive de dam nigger out o' de yard."

"And me see him laugh, sir," said another of the exasperated blacks.

It was enough. A bright day in June does not undergo a greater change from the sudden rising of a tornado in the west, than did the face of Gladding. The blood rushed into it till it seemed ready to burst through the skin, and we were waiting to see what course his

wrath would take to vent itself, when he stepped suddenly to the desk, and directed to Bruce the following note :

"Sir,—A brutal outrage has been committed, on your premises, by Thomas Glen, and other men in your employ, and I have reason to believe by your connivance, on the persons of four of my negroes. Whether such conduct is peculiarly becoming to a man in the commission of the peace, and who consequently represents the king's person, and whose *honorable* character has been so long and so well known to the public, is not for one in my humble station to determine. But you cannot mistake this language, sir ; I demand these wretches, whom you suffered thus to maltreat my men, to be given into my hands, for punishment ; or else punish them yourself, as you are in duty bound to do, in a public and exemplary manner. With regard to the part which yourself acted in the tragedy, I shall have the honor of making it the subject of a personal interview hereafter. I have the honor to be, &c.

HENRY GLADDING."

It was rashly done ; but his ire was up, and he thought not of consequences. In an hour, this answer was returned.

"Sir,—Whether I am responsible for the actions of Thomas Glen, is not for one of my humble capacity to determine. I leave it to the perspicuity of my gifted neighbor. One thing I shall beg the privilege of deciding for myself ; that is, on the expediency of flogging my slaves—any demands which may be made to the contrary notwithstanding. If Mr. Gladding has any quarrel with Mr. Glen, they must settle it between them. I wash my hands of it. As to any part which you say I have had in the matter, all I have to say, is—'*prove it.*' I have the honor to be, &c.

WENTWORTH BRUCE."

"Mr. Gladding and Mr. Glen !" said Gladding looking at Milne in unaffected astonishment.

"By my soul ! a queer conjunction truly," cried the captain, laughing ; "you are rising in the world, friend Gladding."

"The coward !" continued Gladding, without heeding the thoughtless merriment of the seaman, "coward ! to add insult to injury, and '*prove it* !" The caitiff knows that a slave cannot testify in a court of justice. 'Tis a burning insult, and he shall have cause to repent it."

The next day, there was a general muster of the regiments of Saint Margaret's and Saint Mark's at Green-Castle. The evolutions and inspections of the day were ended, and the troops dismissed. A group of officers, of whom Bruce was one, were just in the act of dispersing, when Gladding, attended by Milne, rode up, and, without further ceremony, charged him with aiding and abetting Glen in the barbarous treatment of his slaves. The suddenness and boldness of this charge astounded Bruce, but he found his tongue in time to give it a flat denial.

"'Tis false, and you know it !" cried Gladding, in a voice hoarse with passion ; and aiming a blow at him with his heavy riding whip,

would have felled him to the earth, had not some of the company interposed.

Bruce's powers seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the assault, and the almost unearthly rage of his adversary. He sat pale and mute as a statue, and sustained a torrent of abuse, and a hurricane of curses, such as had never lighted on the head of man before. Gladding, after he had exhausted every epithet that would cut and gall to the core, sat and gazed at him, in the sublimity of his anger, as if daring reply; then with a look of ineffable contempt, and a smile of triumph, he wheeled his horse and departed as rapidly as he came. Bruce still sat like one stupefied.

"If Mr. Bruce is satisfied, *I am*," at length said a voice near him.

He started as from a trance, and saw the two last of the company moving off the field, and regarding him over their shoulders with a look of no doubtful meaning. Like a wound which at first benumbs sensation, the barb of this public disgrace at length began to rankle. The sneer of scorn was visible before him, and the accent, the laugh of derision, rung in his ear. He dashed the spurs furiously into his horse's sides, and took the road to Lewellyn. He arrived there, pale as death, and with foam upon his lips. He then sent for Mr. Bailey, of Glenallan, and they spent the night together.

The next day, there was riding to and fro between Glenallan and the bay, and long conferences between Mr. Bailey and Captain Milne. The day however passed off calmly. I spent it at Frontier, and never had I seen its master do the honors of elegant hospitality with more grace. He was calm and cheerful, without being gay. The storm of passion had passed, without leaving any of that listlessness and exhaustion which generally follow paroxysms of the kind; and a calm, like that which prevails in nature after an elemental conflict, had settled on his spirit. After dinner we took a ride over his beautiful domain. He had made it a paradise. Nature had gratefully seconded the improvements of art, for never were her energies developed and guided by a more skilful hand. We rode through fields of cane, separated by hedges of lime and lemon, with their white flowers and golden fruit; we visited the sugar works, where the mill was going to the cheerful song of the negroes, and the juices of the cane flowing in rivulets to the boiling house; we looked in upon the several processes of boiling, cooling, and crystallization; in a word, he led me over the whole estate with a minuteness that surprised me, for I had seen it all before.

We had returned through the garden where were collected all the luxuries and rarities of this wonderful climate, and were standing on the steps of an alcove, overgrown with the luxuriant vines of a blossoming grenadilla. Here Gladding paused and looked around with an expression which I shall never forget. It was not sorrow, and yet his eye was moist; nor was it joy.

"It is a pretty estate," said he, with a sigh, "but man must leave all, and who knows the hour?"

tuition, it was known that Gladding had fallen in an affair of honor with Wentworth Bruce. His own pistol was clenched in his right hand, and not discharged. But I would have appealed to all then present, and confident am I, that not one, but would have united with me in execrating the wicked practice. Not one, but, over that bleeding body, would have forsworn it, and forever. We may sit by our firesides, and prose upon duelling as we may. But come and look at it upon the field of blood; let the victim be the brave, the good, and the friend of your heart—the life-stay of beauty and innocence;—view it as I viewed it on Dover Beach, and it comes home! and if you are not ready to embark on a crusade for its extirpation, then have I mistaken my fellow creatures!

The law of the land made it necessary to hold an inquest over the body. They came, with all the formality of the law; they examined the case with the profoundest sagacity, and the verdict was rendered with a gravity befitting the occasion, and in a tone like an oracle, “That Henry Gladding, of Frontier, came to his death by being shot by some person or persons *unknown*!” There was not a man in the two parishes of Saint Margaret’s and Saint Mark’s but knew that Gladding was shot by Bruce; but none could swear to it, for none had been present at the duel but the seconds, and two black boys, servants of the principals; and there was not a man of them that did not know that Robert Milne and Francis Bailey were seconds in the affair; but, again, no man could take his oath on it, and the boys were slaves and could not swear.

Such is the mockery that is made of law, in the face of reason; a cloak to shield the vices of society, under which the unprincipled may stab with impunity at the happiness of domestic life.—I said that the people came; they wept; but their tears were dried with the dew of that fatal morning, and their wounded hearts soon closed. But there *were* tears that ceased not to flow, till their fountain was exhausted; and a heart, whose wounds could not be bound up, for it was crushed, and bled inwardly. But I forbear. In a grove of oranges, at Frontier, stand two marble monuments; and the last tear I shed in my country, fell upon the grave of Harriet Gladding. S. H.

“*I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.*”

Weep not that death draws nigh!
 Oh! the spirit is faint with its feverish strife,
 And waits for the fall of the twilight of life,
 With joy in its upward eye.
 Earth is its rayless cell—
 But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
 Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
 In bonds no more to dwell;—

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies when its toil is done—
And its breath flow free, as a bird's, in the sun
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

Oh! not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the 'hoary head,'
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Bangor.

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TRAVELS IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY, IN THE YEARS 1825 AND 1826.

By Henry E. Dwight, A. M. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1829. pp. 454.

THERE are few tasks which require such varied talent and accomplishment as first rate travel-writing. This peculiar department of the craft of letters has been so overrun and attempted by all sorts of locomotive people, that its original and proper standard has in a measure become debased. The interest we feel, not only in the chance information which any traveller may gather by mere contact with another nation, but always in that species of personal adventure which has the semblance of truth in proportion to the simplicity and want of refinement with which it is told, reconciles us to anything in the shape of a book of travels; and in this way, many narratives have sold largely, and become, to a degree, authentic references, whose authors are about as worthy of credit, and as limited in their knowledge, as a near-sighted soldier on a field of battle. We have only to imagine the author a stranger in our own country and our own city, to understand the qualifications necessary to acquire liberal information. There are as many different topics upon which investigation would be useful and interesting, as there are classes in society, or extended pursuits. He should be a scholar, to gain admittance to the haunts of literature, and appreciate its state of advancement. He should be a practical man, of sufficient general knowledge to compare the agriculture and rude arts of the country with his own; a connoisseur, to estimate its pro-

gress in works of taste ; a good observer, to judge of general manners, and separate national from individual peculiarities ; a man of liberal and unprejudiced mind, to see and represent with fairness ; and, above all, a gentleman, and of good address, to gain admittance to society, and form a fair opinion of its refinement and general tone.

With such a standard, it is not remarkable that a first rate book of travels is a rare thing. We know of no such by a stranger upon our own country, and but one among those of our own countrymen. Cooper's "*Bachelor*" is generally, we think, an enlightened and candid portrait of us, though we might concede to its objectors that it gives our best look. We have had but few Englishmen among us capable of appreciating either our manners or institutions, and never yet an author of an English book with any approach to candor. Most of those we see are entitled to anything but a place in society. We are willing to allow to England a superior degree of general refinement in manners and breeding ;—but, in doing so, we condemn ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who come among us. Our own gentlemen, in the mass, are infinitely better bred, and better educated ; and the exceptions to this remark, for the last six years, may be reckoned upon our fingers. We really believe the higher class of English gentlemen (the French obsequious politeness notwithstanding) to be the best bred class of men in the world ; but, with the half dozen exceptions now within our recollection, the representatives of that country who have been among us, are, of all strangers, the most illiberal and ignorant of the common forms of society. Captain Hall has had, perhaps, the fairest opportunity of seeing us as we are. He was received into the very bosom of every polite circle in the United States. He was admitted to every institution, and furnished with every information necessary and desirable. He was treated with a hospitable and generous attention, which, if gratitude could do it, would blind his eyes even to our defects ; but we shall be very—very wide of our mark, if his forth-coming book of travels do not prove the most specious and crafty injustice ever done our infant republic. He is not, if his deportment in this country is any criterion, the man to see anything without prejudice. His breeding upon the quarter-deck has brought with it none of the professional candor. He is, if we have not totally mistaken his character, a cold, shrewd, conceited man—brave, doubtless, and a good seaman—but no more fitted to judge of the refinements of society, and no more ready to suffer America to compare, however the truth may be, with England, than the bravest and dullest

main-top-man who still turns his quid with a curse upon "Yankee lubbers." We have no personal or national animosities against Englishmen. We have seen and known from that country some of the most enlightened and polished men it has been our happiness to meet—but the inducements to travel in this country are of so little force with our misrepresented character abroad, that it is rare for any other inducement than gain that we are visited; and we are, of course, overrun by English clerks and factors, men who are distinct from every other class in the world for their entire confinement to their own business and branch of business, and who, lifted, they scarce know how, to a sudden consideration as strangers, assume a rank they never pretended to in their own country, and give our honest citizens sufficiently edifying specimens of high life in England.

We have digressed somewhat from our original subject, but the impatience shewn by many who did not personally know the author, for the book of Captain Hall, and the general falsification of English travellers, have made us somewhat testy whenever the subject approaches us, and we beg indulgence. We have no fear for the effect of the books of ordinary travellers. But the representations of an officer high in the British service, and the author of a previous book, which has obtained some credit, will be believed by all who are not enlightened upon the character of the writer.

To return to our first topic. In a book of travels, it is not enough to have accurate information merely. The measurements of churches and ruins, the population, size, and external features of cities, the extent of libraries and the progress of the Arts are all well in their places, though too great minuteness in these things is a common and wearisome fault. The feeling toward the author of a personal narrative, is somewhat peculiar. Our feelings are interested for himself. We read his book as if we knew him and was listening to a friend's description. We enter at once into his sympathies. We like those who impress him favorably, and dislike those who are rude or disagreeable to him. We are as interested for the favorable conclusion of an adventure as himself, and adopt his partialities and his aversions, both personal and local, with readiness and ardor. These feelings have, or ought to have, a natural bearing on the style of such books. They should be written in such a manner as to engage and interest these kindly sympathies. The author should not confine himself to things about him. He should give us the impressions they make upon himself. We are with him there, by the old ruin or in the mighty cathedral, and we would have him tell us his sensations, and

describe the influences that affect a stranger standing for the first time there. We go out with him among the people of a strange nation, and we wish to know, not what their costume or their features are, so much as how they looked to his eye, and what thoughts were stirred in his heart, by their curious fashion, and dissimilarity to his own. We accompany him to the mountain-top, and descend with him into the valley, and stand with him by the stupendous chasm, or precipice, or fall, and we want to know, not so much the measurement of their heights, or the manner of their form, as the melancholy, or the surprise, or the awe, with which he was affected while gazing on them. The pleasure of reading travels, we take it, is not to store up a mass of foreign localities and dimensions, for, aside from the natural distaste for such dry acquisition, it is extremely difficult of retention ; but it is to be so carried into the country described, by the author's vividness of description, and power of familiarizing it to our imagination, that we conceive ourselves there, and experience all the natural sensations of surprise and strangeness. It is only thus that we can realize description with sufficient power to retain it. A book without this quality gives us the same idea of a country that a skeleton does of a human figure, or a chalk outline of a landscape in June. A book *with* this quality in any perfection is as rare as it is delightful, and such a book, we rejoice to say, is the one before us.

Mr. Dwight went abroad with every advantage. He is the son of the late President Dwight—perhaps the only American theologian who has obtained a wide reputation abroad—and, by the law of all foreign society, was entitled, from this circumstance, to a reception which few distinctions attainable by a young American could have won. He was at an age when the equipoise was just settling between the ardor of youth and the judgment of manhood—and of course open to every fine influence, at the same time that he was not liable to be misled by a false enthusiasm ; and his education, as was natural from the singular good sense and practical character of his father, had been far more constant and well directed than is usual in our country. With these advantages, and personal qualities of the most winning character, he could not fail to travel to manifest advantage, and his book is a sufficient evidence of his improvement of it.

We limit ourselves very unwillingly in our extracts. It is difficult to make them at all. Passing over much that is interesting, we select a passage which shows the vein of freshness and familiarity of which we have been speaking.

"I never realized, until after my arrival here, the superior enjoyment of an American to that of a European, when visiting these monuments of a distant age. The latter is familiar with castled scenery from his infancy, their images having been impressed upon his eye, long before he knew by whom they were erected. He first views them as walls of stone, but why they were elevated thus he knows and cares not. He never walks or rides, without seeing them crowning the neighboring hills; and from long familiarity, he in time regards them with as much indifference as the rocks that lie beneath them. Even when more advanced in age, and after he has become acquainted with the history of the Barons who attacked and defended them with so much valor, he finds it difficult to behold them with any romantic feeling. Although his mind may be excited when he reads of their prowess, it is still difficult for him to identify his feelings with objects which have been familiar to him from his earliest recollections. The emotions of an American, however, are of a more vivid kind; in the brightest days of his boyhood, he became familiar with the stories of gallant knights, drawing their swords in defence of helpless beauty; he then dwelt with delight and admiration on the valor of the conqueror, and drew, with the colors of imagination, towers and battlements, until every idea associated with these scenes became dear to his mind. With recollections abounding in legend and chivalry he visits Europe, and beholds those objects which he had so long desired to see, and around which his imagination had so long delighted to rove. He views them not as ruins of what they have been, but he is transported back to the period when they were in their glory. His imagination soon restores the towers and walls which time had levelled, peoples the castle with its chieftain and his band, and stores its saloons with helmets, swords, and bucklers, the trophies of their valor. Such were my own feelings nearly two years since, when first viewing one of these ruins, and notwithstanding I have seen more than two hundred since my arrival, I cannot now look at them without feeling a new impulse given to my blood, when stopping to gaze upon their crumbling walls, or standing on their lofty towers." pp. 16, 17.

And again:—

"I know of no solitude, excepting the pathless forests of the Western States, that is more powerful on the heart, than that felt by an American, ignorant of the languages of the continent, on his first arrival in a European metropolis. Every house, street, face, the costume of the inhabitants, the geography of the city, in one word, everything, is unlike anything he has seen or heard before. He sallies forth, and no eyes but those of the coachman, shoeblack, or beggar, or some one of the legal or illegal class of pickpockets, regard him. He sees endless currents of bodies moving in a thousand different eddies, hears the rattling of a hundred wheels, mingling with the confused sounds of an unknown language, coming from criers of every age, costume, and deformity. He rambles without any definite object, turns corner after corner without knowing why, loses his way, and then finds that he is too ignorant of the language to ask for it. If he is fortunate enough to recollect the name of his hotel, he stops and looks for a long time at the streams of moving bodies that are rapidly passing by him, to select some one of whom to inquire his way. Having discovered an individual moving less rapidly than most of those in view, he puts on a bold face, and touching his hat as an apology for the interruption, he repeats the name of his hotel. He now finds that he has fallen into a new dilemma, for his pronunciation is so different from that of the native, that the latter does not understand the drift of his inquiry. He makes a reply, but the former is equally in the dark; for he mistakes the 'What did you say?' "I do not understand you, sir," of the former, for a direction. Having met with such indifferent success, he concludes to thank him, and again touching his hat, passes on, with the hope of soon meeting some one, to whom his vernacular is familiar. Keeping his eyes fixed on the moving crowd, he at last selects one who has the look of a student, and puts the same question in his own language. The stranger not understanding him, addresses him with *parlez vous Français*; the traveller shakes his head: *Sprechen Sie Deutsch*; another shake of the head: *Parla lei Italiano*; the head again moves horizontally. He then asks him what language he does speak; whether he is a Pole, Russian, Spaniard, or Englishman.

The last word brings forth a reply ; " I speak English." With a bow he answers, *Je ne puis pas parler la langue Anglaise*, and he proceeds on his course. Resolved to make one more effort, he stops a third time, tries again to repeat the name of his hotel, or commences a language of signs, in which he is equally unsuccessful. Then luckily recollecting that he has a pencil in his pocket, he writes down the name of the hotel, as he thinks it is spelt. Here adapting the orthography to that of his own language, the stranger is equally in the dark. Eventually guessing out his dilemma, he repeats the names of different hotels, until he mentions the one he has so long been searching for. An affirmative nod of the traveller informs him that that is the object of his inquiry. He accordingly tells him by signs and words, to turn down one street, up another, cross a third, and then take the first left hand. Should he not mistake the word left for right, he eventually arrives at the place of his destination ; wondering how he could ever have thought of travelling in a foreign country, without having first learned the language, and lamenting *ab imo pectore*, that the idea of the erection of the tower of Babel ever entered the mind of man." pp. 38, 39.

The book abounds in passages of this description, and a delightful feature it is. We pass over many interesting topics, among which are a valuable account of German libraries, an enthusiastic and tasteful chapter on music, and an account of the university "duello," which has been extensively copied in the daily prints, and come to the following observing comparison of German and French character.

" The Germans are a people of intense feeling ; inferior in this respect to no other nation of Europe. But their passion is too profound to be easily agitated by external objects. A high excitement is necessary to affect their hearts, so that the countenance shall become an index of their feelings. This apparent want of susceptibility to all the objects of sense, except music, is visible everywhere. The clergyman, the soldier, the man of fashion, the player, and the mademoiselle, in their manner, motions, mode of utterance and conversation, all remind you that you have passed the Rhine, and have left behind you the land of *naïveté*. The countenance partakes also of this want of animation. While the face of a Parisian will glow at the description of a new fashion or opera, or of the new carriage of the king, that of a German would be scarcely as animated were he to hear of the revolution of a nation, unless he held a large amount in the public funds. Although the remark may be generally true, that where there is feeling or intellect it will be visible in the countenance, it certainly is not applicable to the Germans. Their faces are the least expressive of any nation in Europe, and even when deeply interested in conversation, their countenances are not indices of their minds or their hearts. A French savant derives many of his thoughts through the medium of external objects. Everything which passes before him is observed ; a German lives more in ages which have passed away, or in countries far removed by place and character from his own. The former passes a part of his time in society, at the theatre, in the public promenades ; the latter lives in his closet, in ruminating upon distant ages, or upon the imaginary world which he has created. One, who passes every twelve hours out of twenty-four in tracing ancient and modern languages to their sources, or in studying everything connected with the antiquities, mythology, philosophy, &c. of other nations, will be unfitted to derive much enjoyment from the present, or to add much to the general charms of society. Accordingly, you rarely find the German literati excelling in conversation. In this respect, both themselves and the citizens at large, are inferior to us, and much so to the French. Many of the Parisian bourgeois will converse eloquently on the knot or color of a cravat, will describe in a most graphic manner a lady's dress, or a promenade in the Tuileries or Luxembourg ; and while they may not convey one interesting thought, will throw around the description an animation and a sprightliness that will make you listen with pleasure, and with admiration of their colloquial powers. Their countenances in the meantime will display every degree of light and shade, in proportion to the plea-

sure or disgust felt in witnessing the objects they describe. To make the picture more distinct, their hands and arms are thrown into a great variety of gestures, of grace and elegance ; all of which are like fine accentuation in the mouth of the orator.

" A German when describing the same objects will often become embarrassed, will place his body in an awkward position, and most of the time will have his eyes on the floor. Before he has finished his description, he will probably make several long pauses in his conversation, and apparently hesitate whether to stop or to proceed. The Parisian is so accustomed to conversation from his childhood, that he does it with the same ease and adroitness as a soldier performs his drill, and so early does he discover that grace is indispensable to his reputation, and indeed to his being endured in society, that it soon becomes a part of his being, and he rarely, if ever, suffers from embarrassment. In truth, awkwardness is almost unknown in France. Even the postillion salutes the peasants and village girls (who stop their labor in the fields or put their heads out of the window, as soon as the crack of his whip announces his approach,) with a touch of his hat *à la mode Parisienne*, while in the class above him, there is an interchange of as many bows, civilities, and curtesies, as among the highest classes of society in other countries. In France every one is perfectly acquainted with etiquette. In whatever situation a Frenchman is placed, he feels free from embarrassment, and has the full command of all his powers. This perfect self-possession is one of the principal reasons why they excel all other nations in conversation, and why every one of them amuses if he does not interest." pp. 162—164.

We must make a very long extract from Mr. Dwight's account of the professors of the German universities, and the comparison with our own. Humiliating as the comparison is, it is obviously a fair one, and may be useful.

" With us, as in Germany, the professors are chosen for life, but here the resemblance ceases. In the United States we give them a sufficient salary to enable them to live pleasantly ; and when once chosen, they realize that their fortune is made, that they have reached the ultimatum of ascent. Here they receive only half a subsistence for themselves and families ; and whether they acquire the other half or not depends entirely upon their own efforts. They perfectly understand, that nothing but a reputation for talents and attainments will fill their lecture rooms, and that to acquire this fame the most indefatigable application and industry are necessary. Every department has its four or six professors and teachers, who deliver lectures on subjects so nearly similar that a constant rivalry is produced. For example, to a student pursuing Greek literature, it is of very little importance whether he reads Sophocles or Euripides, but it is very necessary that the professor whose lectures he attends should be thoroughly acquainted with the author he attempts to explain. These gentlemen perfectly understand, as well as the stage and steamboat proprietors of our country, that if they are negligent they will be deserted. This is not a little increased by the division into ordinary and extraordinary professors and teachers. The latter class, who are paid nothing by the government, but are only permitted to deliver lectures, receive a Frederick d'or from each of the pupils, and are almost universally stimulated by necessity. Besides this, they feel all the ardor of youth, and the consequent longing for reputation. To acquire subsistence and fame, they make unwearyed exertions. Before them they see the extraordinary professors, whose title in the eyes of the students gives them a prior claim ; and to overtake them in the race they strain every nerve. The extraordinary professors see below them a number of young men, putting forth all their energy, while above them they behold the ordinary professors who have reached the highest point of ascent. This class are placed under the influence of two most powerful stimulants, the fear of being overtaken by the teachers, and the desire of surpassing the ordinary professors. The ordinary professors see below them two classes, at different distances, rapidly rising towards them, often almost treading upon their heels, and not unfrequently taking the lead in the number of their auditors, as well as in

reputation. Under such a stimulus, they very rarely fall asleep, or relax their efforts, until age or debility arrives.

"This continued strife has the happiest effect on the literature of this country, and in this respect, the German universities are better organized than any others in Europe. It is folly to suppose, that the mere influence of principle will induce most professors who do not feel great enthusiasm in their departments, to make the necessary efforts to arrive at excellence. They will often find bad weather in winter, and real or imaginary debility the rest of the year, an excuse for relaxation or indolence.

"American professors are usually stationary from forty-five to fifty years of age, until their decease; or, to indulge the utmost charity, they advance very little after that period; here, they are continually acquiring fame by new attainments, and they are rarely unoccupied, even at seventy.

"In the United States, the professors usually write but one course of lectures, which is delivered from year to year, until it loses with even themselves half its interest, from its monotony; here, there are very few who do not deliver two, three, and even four courses on different branches of their profession at the same time, which occupy them as many hours during three, four, and even five days of the week. With us, a professor is usually chosen at a very early period of life, and long before his attainments have qualified him for his station, with the hope that his talents and industry will justify the appointment. If, as is sometimes the case, they are chosen at a more advanced age, they are selected from one of the professions, in which they have been so long occupied, that they have had but little time to devote to anything but the practical part of it. This is particularly true of theology and medicine, and is almost equally so in the department of law. Though they make very good clergymen, lawyers, and physicians, very few of them, however distinguished are their talents, make able professors. A man designed for such a station, like an officer in the army, should be educated for his profession, and should go through all the gradations of ascent, until he arrives at the highest chair of instruction. It is almost as unsafe to choose a professor of theology, of law, or of medicine, because the person chosen was a good preacher, lawyer, or physician, as it would be to elevate a common soldier to the rank of general, because he performed his drill with great precision. The one requires as long a course of study and of diligent application as the other. Happily for Germany, a very different course is pursued here. Before an individual can reach the humble station of teacher, he must exhibit fine talents, and an amount of learning which few of our professors possess. In this station he remains a long time, and years must roll away, unless his attainments are very uncommon, before he is raised to the extraordinary chair. Previous to this elevation, he passes six, eight, ten, and sometimes fifteen years, in the most diligent research, relying entirely upon his own efforts for success.

"When a professor at length takes the first ascending step, he is not considered qualified to receive the compensation or title of an ordinary professor. Here he remains many years, dependent upon the three or four hundred dollars that he receives from government and on the fees of his lectures for subsistence, until he shows the same decided superiority over his brethren of the same class that he did when, as a teacher, he was called to the extraordinary chair. Even this is not enough. The German universities are all rival institutions, and the custom is universal of appointing those who fill the prominent places in any one of them to a similar place in another. To induce them to leave the chairs which they occupy, large pecuniary offers are made, and to these are not unfrequently added titles and decorations. The government of the university are thus under the necessity of retaining them by similar offers, or of seeing many of the students following the professor to a neighboring institution. Learning and talent are thus thrown into the market, and become as much an article of commerce as any branch of manufactures. They are usually struck off to the highest bidder, unless the peculiar excellence of the library, as at Gottingen, or of the hospitals, as at Berlin, should induce the individual to make a pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of the greater facilities which his actual situation affords for arriving at eminence." pp. 178—181.

We have exceeded our limits, but we will take one more passage, to show the poetical cast of the author's mind, and give at the same time a specimen of his style.

"The peculiar charm of an Italian landscape, however, is felt when the sun is approaching the horizon. Our evenings are often intensely beautiful, from the piles of clouds which the sun draws around him, and which he often lights up with a radiance, which an Englishman might almost mistake for a view of a brighter world. Near the Alps, at Venice for example, when the sun retires behind the Friuli mountains, he veils his dying glories with clouds of as gorgeous a coloring, as are seen with us. When no summit is near to attract them, the sun of Italy rarely sets in glory, as it usually disappears without a cloud to reflect its beams. But in the rich tints which are thrown over the landscape, he fully compensates the Italians for the loss of our brilliant sunsets. About half an hour before the sun reaches the horizon, a flood of golden light is shed on every object. This soon assumes a rosy tint, like the light blush on a maiden's cheek, when it soon changes to a deeper and deeper red. A purple of exquisite softness gradually succeeds it, its hue soon changing to one of a more intense beauty, which, floating over the landscape, transforms every object to this loveliest of colors. It is at this time that the bay of Naples is seen in all its glory. At this hour the range which bounds it, and Vesuvius, the *beau ideal* of mountains, are melted down into a softness which is indescribable. Long after the bay is shaded by the hills of Baiæ and Iechia, this purple light floats from the sides and summits of the opposite mountains, as if the sun was unwilling to leave a scene so lovely."

p. 352.

We think this book calculated to be a standard one on the country which it describes. It is ground which has been well occupied. The two best volumes of modern travels we know have taken it for a theme—"Russell's Tour," and a small but delightful book, "A Ramble in Germany." The latter is full of those delightful, wayside thoughts, which make the author and the reader so intimate, and within a narrow compass comprises a wonderful amount of interest. We have had neither time nor disposition to find fault with Mr. Dwight. Rather than be so unfashionable, however, as to dismiss a book without objection, we will mention the occurrence, here and there, of collegisms like "*quantum suff.*" and "the stove *emitting its caloric*"—blemishes which a less hasty publishment would have corrected. The style generally, is singularly pure, and the whole volume leaves upon the mind a relish of scholar-like and racy simplicity.

SUMMER.

LET us go forth, pale student! Nature hath
Voices for thy worn spirit, and a pulse
Beating in concord with a weary mind
O'erspent with its vain toil! Awhile forsake

The lore of bygone intellect—the dreams
 Of old Pythagoras, and his, who died
 The martyr to a high philosophy
 At sunset's quiet hour! Let us go forth!
 For by that quivering flush upon thy cheek,
 I know that thou hast pondered cunningly
 Upon the old world's wisdom! 'Tis not well
 That one who hath a spiritual thirst
 For that deep fount whose element is mind,
 Should waste on dogmas of the olden time
 Life's brief and perishing taper. Let us forth
 Upon the paths of Nature.

Sweetly breathes
 The noontide winds among the green arcades,
 Form'd by a master hand. Glad summer's voice
 Trills in the babbling brooks and in the notes
 Of twice ten thousand warbling choristers!
 Look how the grain bends to the breeze's kiss;
 And watch the sunlight sparkling thro' the shade
 Of yon old time-worn wood! Now mark yon scene!
*A simple cottage slumbering on the breast
 Of a green valley, like a pale white cloud
 Living among the soft blue depths of heaven!**
 List! on the wind's wing comes the silvery note
 Of some untutor'd girl, and hear! 'tis mock'd
 By viewless echo 'mong the distant hills!
 Look now around, pale scholar! see the sheaves
 Piled in the winnowed meadows, and away
 Over the lovely landscape, mark the girls
 "Binding the corn!"

The twilight hastens on—
 Come let us watch from this enamell'd bank
 For the first star! Shadows are crowding fast
 Over the silent valleys, and the birds
 Fly in strange order towards tomorrow's dawn!
 Thy cheek, young student, hath a healthier hue—
 Thy step is more elastic. It were well
 That thou did'st oftener wander from the crowd,
 Holding brief commune with the living things
 That pant in nature's bosom. Time soon steals
 The polish from young temples. Thou wilt be
 Too soon among thy fathers, that thy strength
 Should all be wasted in the mazy paths
 Leading to wisdom's temple. Live awhile,
 And gaze among the crowd in thoughtfulness!

* We cannot help putting this exquisite picture in Italics.

Soon wilt thou then grow weary of the palm,
And deem its glories idle. I have been
Long time a delver into hidden mines,
And find that glory is not happiness,
Nor wisdom, as the world unravels it;
The food for peace!

R. M.

Philadelphia.

LOOSE THOUGHTS ON BIOGRAPHY.**Ex vitio alterius sapiens emendat suum. PUBLIUS SYRUS.**

MORAL maxims present to the mind in a condensed form a vast amount of practical wisdom. They are general rules for the regulation of moral conduct, derived from a cautious examination and comparison of the results of different dispositions of events, and the tendencies of dissimilar principles of action. They are an epitome of the knowledge, which the uniform experience of ages has collected, and which, after diligent sifting, has been universally adopted as unquestionable truth, and left on register for our improvement. But they possess little efficiency—do not exert that controlling agency over the tenor of our lives, which they ought to exercise, and without which they are to us unmeaning hieroglyphics. For though their intrinsic value, and the authority by which they are recommended, give them strong claims on our attention, they are seldom understood, or if the abstract proposition be assented to, are seldom appreciated; and this intrinsic value is immense, for they touch our daily interests, claim the right of governing those feelings which are daily brought into action, and come to us in a shape which renders their application easy and indubious; and their authority is high, for the unvarying experience of all ages attests their correctness, and amid the endless and numberless disputes respecting the nature of virtue and the foundation of moral distinctions, these only remain inharmed and unquestioned. We are taught them from our childhood, and grow up in the belief of them, and when they come before the mind, assent without hesitation, and almost without reflection to their truth, and go away and forget them. The proposition for example, that ‘honesty is the best policy,’ as it is evidenced by the observation of every man, and strictly logical inference from it is on all hands acknowledged to be true. But how few model their conduct on this principle. How few are there I mean, who maintain that severe integrity which shrinks more from the falsehood than from the impu-

tation of it, which will not suffer itself to be seduced to the smallest deviation, by any prospects of emolument. And yet, where do we hear more frequently the above mentioned maxim than from those who sometimes make a compromise between duty and interest, and smother, for the sake of gain, the expostulating voice of conscience? The fact is that general principles seldom fasten on the mind, and become a part of our habitual train of thought, and incorporate themselves with our modes of action. Were this the case they would possess a mighty efficiency, and impart their complexion to our whole character. Now let these same truths be presented to us in a visible and palpable form; let them come in the shape of actions, and they acquire a mysterious and unfailing virtue; otherwise they would float in the mind inert and useless; but now they bring with them a vivid apprehension, and solemn and permanent conviction of their reality and importance, and operate with unwonted energy and effect.

In analyzing the two processes generated by truths in their abstract form, and when bodied forth in action, we notice this distinction. In the former case our conceptions are vague and confused; in the latter definite and vivid. This dimness of our conceptions results from the generality which is the essence of moral maxims. To this distinction we are disposed to refer the difference of effect produced by the two modes of contemplating truth. For we have observed that the man whose conduct is characterised by scrupulous rectitude and resolute consistency, usually possesses a clear and nicely discriminating perception of moral distinctions; while he whose course is marked by an unstable regard to truth and virtue, or a uniform neglect of the distinction, lives in a circle of perpetual moral occultation.

From these remarks we might infer the necessity of caution in the selection of associates; but the topic is too hackneyed, and the propriety of such a course too devious. We might also infer the necessity of caution in the selection of books. Apart from incidental remarks, which we may convert into means of self improvement, and apart from the knowledge we derive from its perusal, we find on laying down a volume, that a general impression remains on our minds, a new direction is given to our thoughts, or a new current of feeling is set in motion—an effect very analogous to that produced by our companions. None but base passions can be brought into action by the perusal of a work saturated or tainted with pollution; while high and fervent aspirations after moral perfectness, are the result of an intimate communion with those ethereal spirits, who seem to belong to a higher order of intelligences, and who sometimes deign to visit our world on a holy errand of love and mercy to lift our thoughts above the din, and vain imaginings of earth, to

the contemplation of rich and ravishing and enduring realities. An intimacy with the writings of such men, produces not only a purification and elevation of our moral nature, but exalts and enlightens our reason. Our moral tendencies twine about our reason, and impede its operations and distort its conclusions; and the prejudices which these propensities almost necessarily engender discolor the objects of our reasonings and infect our reasonings themselves. But this moral exorcism—this casting out of the spirits of darkness within us, clears away the mistiness that clouded our intellectual vision, and confers a wider range, and stronger grasp, and keener subtlety of thought. From the perusal of many works we derive only an accession of knowledge; the intellectual man grows like a crystal, by accretion. But such writings impart power. They go down into the secret chambers of the soul, and with mysterious incantations, break the spell that benumbed and ‘prisoned up’ its glorious faculties, and bid it put on its native panoply, and gird itself for the stern conflict. Some leave us in a state of sickly languishment. Some beckon us to untried and forbidden tracts, and leave us on the threshold, with no torch of evidence to guide us in our wanderings.

But we would confine our attention to the utility of a judicious selection of biographies. The doctrine we have endeavored to establish teaches the inefficacy of moral essays. Though this seems to us, a legitimate consequence, we would not interdict nor censure them. We believe them important auxiliaries to the cause of truth and virtue. For we deem it of the highest moment that the boundaries of right and wrong be clearly and definitively settled. The correctness of our conduct depends on the accuracy of our moral judgment, and if this judgment be not truly informed, there is an end of all propriety of action. Then we shall push our prejudices or first-formed and favorite notions too far; and shall narrow or widen the field of virtuous feeling.

The portraiture of a quality then, though it may illumine our reason—may teach us where to go, does not possess intrinsically a renovating virtue—cannot stir up the deep feelings of the heart. Tell an unlettered man of the pleasure of philosophical investigation, of the rapture experienced on the discovery of a new train of reasoning or the developement of a new truth, and perchance he will be led to seek the enjoyment; but it will be the result of his confidence in your testimony, not of an appreciation of the delight you have described. But place in the hands of a youthful student, who can see nothing but barrenness in scientific pursuits, who manifests not (as in the other case supposed) an indifference merely, but a positive aversion to study—place in the hands of such an one, the memoirs of Milton, or Parr, or Jones, or White, the self devoted martyr of science; however listless he may be, the nature of the

subject will attract him, and as he goes on, he will note with the most intense interest, his hero's course, from the lisping of infancy to the expanding views of youth, and the profound erudition of manhood. As he enters their study and marks their self denying zeal, their nightly watchings, never tedious though they weary out the stars, their years of unremitting yet untiring worship at 'the shrine of wooing lore,' he will see more clearly and feel more deeply, that there is joy, deep, absorbing, pangless joy, in 'beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.' New principles will be called out. He will perceive the vastness of their attainments, and viewing in their light his own deficiencies, will be mortified by the humiliating contrast. He will see too that those attainments gave them a command over the opinions of men, and gained them an imperishable name; and the conviction of these truths will sound a loud appeal to his love of praise and power.

But the influence of biography as a stimulant to exertion does not constitute its sole importance. It not only gives us an onward movement—creates or revives a desire of higher attainments, but guides the motion—furnishes means for the gratification of that desire. It brings an individual before us, not only in his hours of joyance and inspiration, in the elation of hope and the exultation of victory; but also in the darkness of his soul, when he is stung by disappointment, crushed by despondency, and worn down by the agony of inward or outward conflict. We are admitted to the *adyta* of his feelings, and watch the flux and reflux of his opinions, the strong or feeble pulses of his passions. We find him at one time cautiously analyzing his thoughts and emotions, the philosopher and the moralist. Again we see him yielding to the impulses of a wayward nature, seduced, and prostrate. Again, we see him losing sight of lesser objects, fasten his eye on some bright spot in the dim future, and sinewed by the eagerness of desire, and spurred on by the incitements of hope, stretch forward; every muscle tense, every nerve strung, and as he nears the goal, we see the restlessness of almost satisfied wishes, and at last, the gladness of consummated expectations. In this we conceive lies mainly the practical superiority of biography over history. The historian presents us with only a tissue of heroic achievements or isolated exhibitions of magnanimity. These standing as they usually do, disconnected from their causes, are generally regarded as manifestations of superhuman power, which a peculiar combination of circumstances only can create, and which no other combination of circumstances can require. A great mind will seize upon these moral phenomena, and set them up as models. But a mind of ordinary dimensions demands that the whole machinery be developed, the internal workings of the soul, thoughts, emotions, habits, and principles of action. Biography meets and answers this

demand. History we are told, is 'philosophy teaching by example,' and the remark is true. But it teaches on too great a scale. It teaches us to regulate the affairs of nations—to govern others, rather than ourselves. It is chiefly occupied in the narration of events. It sketches character by a few rough strokes, and seldom descends to that nicer pencilling which we most need. Biography shows a panoramic view of the inner man—the budding and blossoming and maturation of the intellect, the dawn of the moral being, with its mild and delicate beauty and its noon tide, with its severer graces and austere majesty.

In contemplating the character of an acquaintance, we are often constrained by our prejudices to palliate his foibles and even vices, or are induced by some hastily conceived disgust, to undervalue his excellencies; and by the subtle but resistless power of association, are compelled ever after to hold them in disesteem when found in others. But when we look upon a character displayed in a biography we look through no distorting and discoloring prism. We examine it dispassionately, analyze its features one by one, balance its excellencies and defects and suspend our admiration till reason has given her decision. This is the method of perusing character, by which only, we can be permanently benefited. When qualities are exhibited in our presence, we are impelled to their adoption or rejection, partly by prejudice and partly by an instinctive propensity to imitation. But when exhibited by persons with whom we have no immediate connexion, while by awakening our attention and engaging our sympathies, they possess all the efficiency of those which fall under our personal inspection, they have this advantage—they give us an opportunity to subject them to the test of reflection and experience, before we decide to transfer them to ourselves.

There is need of caution in the selection of biographies. For there are characters which ought never to be described, masses of putrefaction, from which steams up a loathsome smell of rottenness; and there are biographies, which, while in the estimation of discerning men, they have consigned the authors and subjects of them to everlasting contempt, have spread far and wide the defilement of error and the contagion of example. It would seem, that we could never embrace a corpse swollen and blackened by decay, whatever might be its adornments. But alas! there are passions in our nature which such revolting scenes may inflame, and their disguise, though thin, often cheats the unpractised eye of the hidden foulness, till the infection has been communicated. The lives of ordinary men present little that is interesting except to those who know them intimately. The biography of one is the biography of millions. It is true, that there is in the character of such men much that is worthy of imitation. It is true also, that in our pursuit of what is grand or

splendid in intellect or morals, we should not lose sight of the less dazzling, less obtrusive accomplishments, which charm us in the daily intercourse of life, and which are essential to the entireness, and constitute the finish of character. But minor virtues meet us in every corner of society. We need not have recourse to books to find them. But those sublime intelligences whose characters attract an intense, absorbing admiration, are beings of rare occurrence. Like the companionless eagle, each inhabits a solitary eyrie. Sometimes they are like stars radiating from their measureless distance above us, the light of wisdom and virtue, and moving on, harmonious and joyous, in their appointed and glorious orbits. Sometimes they come among us like comets—eccentric in their direction and ominous in their appearance—eccentric, for they stray from the ordinary sphere of human action, and wander on darkly and cheerlessly, in the dreariness of their chosen circuit—ominous, for they are sent in wrath, fiery, desolating plagues, that dry up the well springs of joy, and scorch and wither all life and beauty. It is from the exhibition of such characters that we expect the most extensive and permanent results. There is a persuasiveness in the example of such a man as Howard, an incitement to high and determined action which we could not, if we would, resist; and thousands, we doubt not, misled by an imagined excellence and greatness in the character of such a man as Napoleon, have wantonly sundered their strongest sympathies, and crushed their tenderest affections. But the most exalted are never free from the leaven of human frailty. Hence we learn that the ascent to virtue is steep and toilsome, and that dauntless resolves and tireless perseverance are necessary for its attainment; and we learn too that the prize which shines at the termination of the journey, and sheds its light along the rugged pathway, is a rich recompense for every effort and every sacrifice. The darkest depravity too is always relieved by some bright trace, some ennobling feature. Here lies the danger. Could we find a being, whose life was a continuous expression of unholy passions, who had disrobed himself of all that distinguishes men from demons, and seemingly entered into a dark covenant with infernal agencies, we imagine that we should regard him with a feeling of unmixed scorn. But he has not cut himself loose from our sympathies, though he has renounced all title to affections. There is a grandeur in the fierce and the unrelenting consistency of his determination, in his utter disregard of lesser motives, in his callousness to ordinary inflictions, in his stern and proud defiance of the powers of goodness, that compels admiration and almost reconciles us to his enormities. There is a moral miasma rising from this association of rare virtues and vices almost too rare to be perceptible, which may generate remediless disease. Caution may prevent it; but we are too often

heedless, and catch the disorder, while we are admiring its marble paleness or hectic flushings. We often find qualities which are vices only when in excess, to which, the world through an excess of clarity, a generous though unjust feeling, has given names that are calculated to mislead the unwary reader. Wastefulness is denominated generosity, levity and wassailing, spirit, and sometimes real crimes are overlooked as the effervescence of youth. These names are dangerous. They have a serpent's venom, with his beauty and power to beguile. That these errors are not exposed is the fault of the biographer. It cannot be justly charged on biography. He should delineate the character as it is, with all its lights and shades. But he need not become the pander of sin by veiling its hideousness. He should take a microscopic survey of the character he designs to portray, and transfer to his canvass a faithful likeness; every feature should wear its native complexion, and stand out in its original relief. A bird's eye view is not enough. We wish to be admitted to the cabinet of the soul and witness the deliberations, adjustment of plans, the mode of disciplining the intellectual forces, and marshalling them for combat; and after to go out to see the triumph or discomfiture of this mighty array of preparation. We love to stand behind the scenes, and see the springs and trap doors—the process of the exhibition that had amused or terrified us. Hence we set high value on autobiography. We love to watch the movements of the mind in the heyday of youth, to trace in its pastimes indications of future greatness, and follow from its origin in some casual remark or almost unnoticed incident, through every stage of its developement to its consummation, the masterpiece of a giant intellect. We can often discern, or think we can through these expressions of unaffected feeling and unconcealed tendencies, in the boy, the star that is to rule the destiny of the man. We catch a glimpse of the spirit of poesy, in his lovely companionship with nature, in his quick perception of her numberless forms of beauty, in his passionate devotedness, in his keen sensibility, and in the free goings out of his affections. We see the future chieftain in the rough arbiter of youthful disputes, and the future philosopher in the boyish sceptic. We love to sit down with the author, as with a familiar friend and have our sympathies drawn out and our love won by his recital. It is thus that we peruse with thrilling interest Cowper's Memoir of himself—the record of his strangely fitful emotions, his feverish fluctuations, his sudden transitions from the bright sunlight of unclouded reason, to the fearful gloom of insanity. We go out with him in his solitary walks, and when he rejoices in the kindness of nature's influences, the 'soft south' breathes on us with a gentler impulse, the skies wear a livery of deeper azure, and the lark sings a more joyous hymn. We accompany him in his retirement, and in his dejection we are deject-

ed, and can find a solace in nursing with him his leverets. We would rather read the treatise of Marcus Antoninus 'of the things that concern himself,' we would rather rescue from oblivion, the diary of Sir Samuel Romilly or the remnants of the 'Remembrances of Whitelocke,' than many a forgotten classic. And when in the works of a great man, who has left us no other memoir of himself, we discern here and there glimpses of his life, we cannot but regard them as rough sketches by a master's hand, his favorite ideal, and prize them among his most valuable relics. Such are Milton's disclosures of his feelings and purposes in the preface to the second book of 'Reason of church government,' his debates and expostulations with himself, when he conceived that 'God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous, or a jarring blast.' The account of his studies, too, in the introduction to his 'Apology for Smectymnus.' 'I betook me,' says he, 'among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood or of his life, if it so befel him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn.' * * * 'So that even those books, which to many others have been the fuel to wantonness and loose living, proved to me so many incitements to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue, which abhors the society of bordelloes.' We esteem such relics as these, in which the stateliness of the author is put off, and the man shines out, so highly, not so much because the effect they produce is widely diffused, but because it is deep and lasting. If their authors have searched out the laws of the material world, or if they have gone out into the 'spiritual universe, and brought back a chart of its unexplored regions, their labors are appreciated, for their application is general and easily understood. But in studying these hasty draughts of their feelings and modes of thought and action, we are admitted to a closer fellowship with them, we hear from their own lips a narrative of their journeyings, are stimulated by their success to tread in their footsteps, and are harnessed for the undertaking by their example.

In autobiography we find not only a more minute but a more accurate revelation of the inner man. The biographer is usually compelled by his relation to the subject of his memoir, to give us an outline merely of the character, and that often a faint one. He may tell us that his hero was of a melancholy temperament, and detail its external symptoms. But he cannot paint truly, transient moods of feeling; for he knows them not. He cannot paint the

sudden glow and extinguishment of desire, the growth and decay and almost imperceptible transference of affection, the vehement outbursting of indignation or remorse curbed and silenced by painful coercion, the stricken hopes long cherished but untold, which induced an unwilling estrangement from his fellows.

But we may be told that the autobiographer has the strongest motives to represent himself in the fairest light, and may therefore be justly suspected of concealing his more odious qualities, and of exaggerating his fair ones. Were the disclosure made to vindicate his character or conduct, we might entertain such an apprehension. But when, as is usually the case, the memoir is but a diary drawn up to determine his progress in mental or moral culture, and intended for his own inspection only, or when it is designed for the gratification of his friends or the instruction of his children, the ground of the objection vanishes, and the suspicion cannot stand. On the other hand, the biographer is also exposed to bribery from prejudice, passion, or interest; and may with equal justice be accused of misrepresenting facts or of misstating them; and if he be not misled by partiality, he is always in danger of being blinded by ignorance, for the documents on which he must rely, are usually the letters and works of the individual whose character he is describing, and his best external testimony is the reports of interested friends or equally interested enemies. Setting then the chances against one another, we find the balance in favor of the man who describes himself. Accordingly we come to the perusal of an ordinary biography with a feeling of distrust—a disposition rigidly to scrutinize the fact narrated, and to give a hesitating assent to the correctness of the representations and inferences. But we sit down to the narration of an autobiographer as to the conversation of a friend whose integrity we cannot question, and whose accuracy we have no reason to impeach; and apart from the minuteness and feelingness of this statement, we find its impressions deepened by our unreserving confidence in his fidelity.

This reasoning may account for the fact, that the characters exhibited in works of fiction possess so little assimilating power. We find in fiction almost everything peculiar to biography, distinctness of outline, minuteness of detail, every trait of character, clothed with all the vividness and reality of action. But between the evidence which accompanies them and that of biography, there is a wide difference. The novelist aims only at verisimilitude in his story and demands of his hearers only a passive acquiescence. He describes a personage which may or may not have existed. His chief solicitude is to make the actions and qualities of this personage harmonize with each other, and correspond to the circumstances in which he is placed. We read a fictitious narrative therefore with

the same feelings with which we witness the personation of a character on the stage. Our judgment is temporarily suspended, and our credulity, our love of the marvellous allowed to govern. We yield ourselves to the full influence of an illusion. We can at any moment recollect ourselves and break the charm, and the spell is effectually broken at the termination of the play, when we are constrained to feel that it was all deception. But biography commands us not by its plausibility, its internal symmetry, for the character of an individual is often a medley of discrepancies strangely but intimately blended; but by an external evidence for the truth of every part, an evidence to which we are compelled to assent. The portion which we may reject for defect of testimony, does not constitute a portion of the biography. Another reason for this difference of effect may be that our relation to every individual of one species induces us to study more closely a veritable narrative than a legend of romance. This bestowal of superior attention on such delineations of character, gives us a more discriminating view of them, and fixes them more firmly in the memory, and thus augments and perpetuates their effect.

The noblest end of biography, and indeed of every kind of writing is the melioration of our moral nature. For our glory consists in the perfection of that, and our happiness mainly depends on it; for sensual pleasures are transient in their duration and by frequent repetition destroy themselves; the delights of fancy are limited in their extent, and unsatisfying; reasoning, though it gives birth to some of our most exquisite gratifications, fatigues and exhausts; and those enjoyments only which result from the exercise and due cultivation of our moral faculties, retain their freshness and grow in intensity forever. Every science may be made to contribute to this end. We said too that the object to which every branch of human knowledge ultimately tends is the science of man, meaning the philosophy of the intellect. These propositions are not at variance. For the laws of mind are ascertained by an inspection of the sciences, since they may be considered as exhibitions of the mode in which men analyze, combine and classify the objects of their thoughts, and these with their collaterals, constitute the science of the intellect. They may be made to conduce to moral improvement, in various ways. They may be made to conduce to this end, through the intimate connexion between our mental and moral constitution, by throwing light upon the powers of the mind, and enabling us to wield them with greater skill and efficiency. The nature of this connexion we cannot now discuss; but our meaning will be apprehended, from the fact that a distinct perception of speculative truth is generally accompanied by a corresponding distinctness of moral perception, and delicacy of moral feeling. Moreover the sciences are but

compilations of the laws of nature. These laws force upon us a conviction of the attributes of the great Architect divine, and teach us the relations we sustain to other men, and the duties consequent on them ; and thus, whatever tendency to the promotion of virtue there may be in natural religion, is derived from these laws. Again, the subjects of the sciences teach every one its lesson. Whether they be incidents in the natural or moral world, portions of the sensitive or animate creation, a man may consider them in such a manner as to rise from the contemplation a wiser and a better man. Every species of writing, then, may be said to promote moral improvement, for we may glean good from all. But too often we are compelled to search long and tediously, amidst filth and pollution, for the expected good, and find it after all, a scanty recompense for our ill-starred labor ; too often they come to us in the guise of a friend and with his smiles, but there is a dagger in their sleeve. There may be beauty in the rich greenness of their verdure, and fragrance in their abundant blossoms, but the hiss of the adder is heard from beneath. But we would award a praise, infinitely higher than that of rhetorical beauty or strict logic, to a class of works whose legitimate and almost sole tendency should be to refine our moral nature. Hence we place the highest value on religious biography. In the memoir of the scholar we are made acquainted with the intellectual man alone. We are instructed respecting the control of his mind, habits of inquiry and progress in the career of discovery, and are sometimes admitted to the secret laboratory of the soul, and permitted to observe the workings of those hidden energies whose emanations we had been accustomed to admire. We retire from the scene with an accession to our knowledge, for the pathway to the fountains of truth has been pointed out to us ; and with our resolutions invigorated, for we bring back a truer notion of the extent of human capability. But the biography of a religious man opens to us the inner temple of the soul—the repository of tender and rich and sublime affections, and we may go in and gaze with unalloyed and tireless admiration on its magnificent beauty—an arsenal of spiritual weapons, bright burnished, whence every man may take a model for his own accoutrement. In the biography of a religious man we find a more valuable information, and lay down the volume with a more salutary impression on our hearts—more valuable information, for we read of the loftiness and glory of moral worth, and the triumph of moral victory—with a more salutary impression on our hearts, for our thoughts are expanded from the littleness into which they are too apt to shrink, and we are reminded that we have just begun an onward, upward and eternal flight. Difference of opinion or practice constitutes no solid objection to this species of biography. For though we may censure the creed of others as

containing too little or too much, though we may condemn their state of feeling as too cold or fervent to extravagance, though we cannot always imitate or sympathize, we can always admire; for in all this diversity of thought and feeling we see the strugglings of a noble nature, thrall'd by its infirmities and sins, to attain communion with Him who is the fountain of goodness and blissfulness, and a likeness to His stainless purity. Besides, there is something beautiful and ennobling in this recognition of dependency, in this acknowledgement and bewailment of waywardness and imperfection, and in this high purpose of reaching after perfection. We can admire therefore the devotion of the untaught savage who mingles his voice of solitary thankfulness with the universal anthem of created things. We can admire the wild and fiery zeal of the enthusiast, who, misled by a warm heart and unchastised imagination into the darkness of mysticism, at one time, overwhelmed with a view of his own uncleanness, prostrates himself in the abjectness of unwarranted self-abasement, and agonizes for a visible token of deliverance, and again, exalted by the conceit of a supernatural illumination, ventures where the awed Archangels 'veil their faces.' We like the Book of Martyrs, with its awful demonstrations of the strength of man's endurance, and of the power of truth. We love to follow the pious man into his retirement, and witness the earnestness of his broken petitions, and heartfelt ascriptions, his tears of penitence and joy; for our minds are overshadowed by a deep consciousness of the Divine presence, and overspread with a serene joyfulness; and the truths, that in the tumult of our daily employment had flitted before us in distant and shadowy procession, assume the form of near and palpable and solemn realities, and we return to the duties of life with a stronger determination, and lighter heart, and more elastic step. We love, though the scene is exquisitely painful, to watch the Christian in his dying hour, and we derive an unction from the sight of a fellow mortal laying off the cumbrance of earthly cares and the slough of mortal weakness, and entering a new existence in renovated beauty; and looking forward in glorious prospective, we see him exchanging 'corruption for incorruption' and 'progressing upon the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over measure forever.'

We would recommend biography, not merely to quicken the footsteps of him who loiters in the pursuit of truth, not merely to diffuse a deeper, richer, finer tone of feeling. It is a debt we owe the great and good, to preserve in our hearts, as a sacred deposit, the memory of their worth. We owe it to them as benefactors. They are the benefactors of our race; for their example points with impressive gesture to the height which man can reach, and with resistless eloquence commands to climb. We owe it to future genera-

tions to transmit every memorial of their worth. We are taught from our earliest infancy to lisp with almost veneration the names of Washington and Franklin. We are proud to call them countrymen, and guard their reputation with a jealous eye and faithfully teach our children the invaluable lesson. With juster pride, may we claim alliance with those Heaven-born spirits, and with deeper reverence may we guard and transmit their virtues, whose bright course has given us higher apprehensions of the destiny and dignity of man, and kindled within us a quenchless desire to attain the one and fulfil the other.

MICHELL.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS FANNY V. APTHORP.

'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just given to the upward sky,
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming, with a strange,
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
That she will no more come—that from her cheek
The delicate flush has faded, and the light
Dead in her soft dark eye, and on her lip,
That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
Of the damp grave has fallen! Who, so lov'd,
Is left among the living? Who hath walk'd
The world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright, brief journey, gather'd up
Such treasures of affection? She was lov'd
Only as idols are. She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And, in the light and music of her way,
Have a companion's portion. Who could feel,
While looking upon beauty such as hers,
That it would ever perish! It is like
The melting of a star into the sky
While you are gazing on it, or a dream
In its most ravishing sweetness rudely broken.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is not a more curious subject of speculation, than the origin and progress of literary fame. Sometimes it bursts out in a sudden blaze, dazzling the understandings of men with unexpected splendor ; sometimes it kindles with a gradual flame, and grows, by degrees, steady, strong and brilliant, till, from being unseen or disregarded, it fixes the attention of all ; and sometimes, like the sepulchral lamp, it burns long amid damps and darkness, till some lucky accident discovers to the admiration of mankind that unextinguishable brightness, which defies obscurity, neglect, and even time itself.

Such, in general terms, is the story of literary celebrity ; but as no general terms are comprehensive enough to embrace the infinite variety of nature, the history of every great writer's reputation has peculiarities of its own. This is the case with Shakspeare. He was known and acknowledged, in his own times, as the great master of the English drama, but neither himself nor his contemporaries seem to have considered the fame of this preeminence a matter of much consequence. Shakspeare himself appears to have trusted his reputation, without anxiety, to the traditions of the theatre ; and his most zealous admirers, content with the applauses called forth by every successive representation of his dramas, suffered the most remarkable productions of English literature long to lie hid in the obscurity of play-house manuscripts.

The few plays which were printed during the poet's life, those precious quartos so eagerly sought by all book collectors, were published, probably, without the care or knowledge of their author, and were, doubtless, soon confounded with the other pamphlets, prosaic and poetical, with which the English press teemed, even so long ago as the age of Elizabeth. The first secure foundations of Shakspeare's fame were laid seven years after his death, by the gratitude of the players. They published a complete collection of his dramas, deformed, indeed, with a thousand errors and corruptions, but copied, probably, with tolerable fidelity from the only existing manuscripts.

The closing of the play-houses, and the dispersion of the players, which happened not many years after, put a final period to the celebrity of many authors of the first school of English dramatists. Their plays had never been published at all, or only published in separate pamphlets, and when the stage ceased to keep them before the public eye, they soon dropped out of notice. But Shakspeare was destined to a better fate ; his works were printed, and though his contemporaries were far from supposing him the great poet he has been esteemed by after times, he doubtless had many readers

and many admirers. The ever-memorable Hales of Eton maintained in a company of wits, that whatever sublime or beautiful passages might be produced from the ancient poets, he could point out in Shakspeare corresponding passages of at least equal excellence : Milton, in one of his early poems, expresses his admiration in lines like these :

What needs my Shakspeare, for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
Under a starry-pointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument ;—

and, at a later period, after a new era in English literature had begun, Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, praised “ the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul,” in a style of eulogium perfect enough to fill all succeeding panegyrists with despair.

Such was the testimony of scholars and poets ; but this testimony must not be received without some abatement ; for when Milton, in his preface to *Sampson Agonistes*, after enumerating a variety of facts in honor of the drama, tells us “ this is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which, in the account of many, it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes ; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic, sadness and gravity ; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd ; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people ;”—all may see, under the disguise of general censure, a direct condemnation of Shakspeare. And what sturdy admirer of our great dramatist will allow that Milton's poetical creed is quite orthodox, when, at the close of the same preface, he mentions “ *Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides* as the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy.”

As for Dryden, he was too much a panegyrist by profession to praise by halves. It is not always easy to discover his real sentiments, but with all the applauses which he lavishes on Shakspeare, he seems to have regarded him more as a wonderful child, than as a perfect master of the dramatic art. He was too deeply versed in French criticism to admit Shakspeare's claim to a rank among classic writers ; and he thought it no inexcusable arrogance to assist in altering his plays, and accommodating them, as the wits of that age expressed it, to the present civilized state of the English stage. The stage, indeed, at this time, was so much the patron of foreign refinements, that Shakspeare's plays never found a place there till

they had undergone some such transformation as has been just alluded to ; and, of those who studied them in the closet, the number could not have been large, nor the curiosity ardent ; for, during the seventeenth century, the plays were only twice reprinted.

The publication of Rowe's edition makes an era in the history of Shakspeare's reputation. This was the first edition in which any attention had been paid to the correction of the press, or the arrangement of the text. It was not executed with remarkable skill, but the mere name of being the first editor of Shakspeare, is perhaps an honour more enviable than any fame which Rowe derives from his own dramas. About this time the reputation of the poet seems to have shot up with a sudden growth. The curiosity of the public was aroused ; its attention was awakened ; the plays began to be generally read, and edition succeeded edition in frequent succession. Such men as Pope, and Warburton, and Johnson, did not disdain to arrange the text, amend its corruptions, and clear its obscurities, while a host of minor critics dug amid the rubbish of forgotten literature for materials to illustrate difficult passages, and explain peculiar allusions. The plays were brought anew upon the stage, and the skill of Garrick was exerted to express, by action, the conceptions of the poet ; to admire Shakspeare became the test of a true Englishman, and that fame, which had been, perhaps, hitherto, in some danger of being swept away by the stream of time, began now to be securely protected by national prejudice and prescriptive veneration.

The poet, however, did not obtain this universal homage, without many to object and gainsay. The critics talked long and loud of the violation of the unities, the absurdities of tragic-comedy, the neglect of decorum, the confusion of chronology, and the unauthorised intermixture of classic and Gothic fictions. These objections were warmly urged, but, as most of them are founded on a factitious system of taste, they have long ceased to have much influence. It seems now, to be admitted on all hands, that the English Drama is a distinct species of composition, differing entirely, in its origin and theory, from the drama of the ancients, and to be judged and estimated by general principles of taste, and not by the rules of Greek or French criticism.

That the construction of the English drama is open to some objections, must be admitted, and though these objections were waived, it will be impossible to deny that Shakspeare, in the execution of his plays often violates the principles of good taste. For, notwithstanding he possessed a most delicate perception of poetic beauty, a soul alike capable of the deepest pathos, the grandest sublimity and the most exquisite humor, yet taste, like all those other powers of the mind, which are not so much essential to existence, as of use to adorn

and elevate life, is not matured without artificial assistance. This assistance Shakspeare never had. He was not bred a scholar and consequently had no models to study ; for in his age the English language would supply none. English literature was then in its infancy, and though the poems and novels, the chronicles, ballads, romances, and translations, which he appears to have read so diligently, might fill his mind with images and furnish him with ample materials for poetry, they could advance him but little towards a philosophical knowledge of the art of writing. The consideration of these circumstances, will enable us to account for Shakspeare's faults, without falling into the vulgar error of supposing, that between taste and genius there is some natural contrariety ; that the impetuosity and extravagance of the one, and the regularity and correctness of the other are as distinct and incompatible as the elements of fire and water. It is not so. Taste, actual or potential, is ever the companion of genius, because to acquire a skill in solving literary problems, is but one way of exerting those vigorous mental powers, which genius implies. It is true, that taste originates in an intrinsic perception of beauty : But in this respect, nature seems never to be defective. False notions on matters of taste, are never owing to a natural insensibility to the difference between beauty and deformity ; they arise either from lack of judgment, of acuteness to discriminate, of comprehensiveness to combine, or else, from want of a sufficient familiarity with the objects on which taste is exercised, and a sufficient acquaintance with what may be called, the philosophy of literature. Writers on jurisprudence tell us, that law is the perfection of reason : *Lex est summa ratio*. Lord Coke affirms, that the common law itself is nothing else but reason ; but by this, as he assures us, he must be intended to mean, not the undisciplined reason of unlearned men, but a reason, in some respects, artificial, attained by long study, observation and experience, and accommodated to the artificial state of human society. So it is with the rules of good writing. Criticism is founded on principles implanted by nature in every bosom, but in its details, it is a study and an art, and like other arts, can only be acquired by a regular course of preliminary discipline. Shakspeare sinned against good taste, not by the fault of nature, but because, from the circumstances of his life, he possessed little opportunity of studying the theory of literary composition ; and perhaps, was not very anxious to improve the opportunity, which he did possess. It is not improbable, that he looked upon poetry, with the disgust, with which men are apt to regard the trade by which they live, and that when once his task was done, the players satisfied, and the audience pleased, he felt little inclined to spend his leisure amid the dry details of criticism, or in abstract inquiries into the nature of beauty. J. J. .

Yet in the matter of good taste, the public certainly have some claims on a man of genius. We may not assent to that doctrine of the German philosophers, which confounds taste with morals, and considers a violation of one a transgression against the other ; but as truth is valuable, even when its application is not obvious, and error, even in trifles, dangerous, those who labor to entertain the public, ought not to feel themselves at liberty to misguide it. In some respects, sins against taste are of more dangerous tendency, than sins against morals. When morality is attacked, conscience gives the alarm. The poet may bestow on vice every charm, which has power to allure, he may paint her crowned with roses and surrounded with delights, and passion may tell us, she is beautiful and good ; but the faithful monitor within says no ! and warns us to hate her as a deceiver, and shun her as a pestilence. Against the enticements of bad taste we have no such defence ; we are the slaves of every great name ; such is the infirmity of the public judgment, that when once it has become the fashion to praise and admire, most men praise without discrimination, and admire what, at best, ought only to be pardoned.

Yet temptation to do wrong is never wanting. Strange as it may seem to those, who instead of studying human nature, take up, on trust, such principles as float about the world, supported on the surface by their own levity, it is doubtless true, that Shakspeare owes much of his universal popularity, to those very faults, which his more intelligent admirers have occasion, so often, to lament. "I have seen," says Dr. Johnson, "in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that Shakspeare has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer had accumulated as a monument of honor ;" and it is not long since a German author of some celebrity, subjoined to an essay, in which he delivered to his countrymen the principles of dramatic poetry, a translation of *Love's Labour's Lost*, as exemplifying the perfection of dramatic art. Many a reader of Shakspeare, who "has not ear nor soul to apprehend" his true and legitimate excellence, may yet be delighted with his bombast, his exaggerations and his conceits ; a punster will admire his puns, and a quibbler his quibbles.

A pun is not, as Addison would have us believe, essentially bad. There may be such a thing as a good pun, and a good pun in a proper place is a good thing. But the misfortune is, that Shakspeare neither makes good puns, nor makes them in proper places. When for instance Romeo tells his friends—

———you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move ;—

who knows whether to laugh at his wit, or sympathize with his sadness? and what reader of sense was ever yet delighted with the eternal jingle of *dolour and dollar, heart and hart, dear and deer*?

Shakspeare's success as a punster is not such as will be likely to make many imitators; his fondness for false, overstrained and far-fetched thoughts, and his frequent indulgence in what Addison calls mixed wit, is of much more dangerous tendency.

It is a doctrine of *Bohours*, that truth is the foundation of all beauty, and that nothing pleases long which is not just. This doctrine has been approved by the best critics, as expressing the fundamental principle of literary excellence. Shakspeare understood it well, as applied to another art, as any one may see, who will read Hamlet's advice to the players; he understood it as applied to the drama, and in the general conception and expression of his characters, was always directed by it. He drew from human life, not servilely indeed, yet with a devout observance of nature. Like the Apollo, his personages may have a higher stature and a nobler form than ordinary men, but proportion and propriety are never forgotten. We find, in his dramas, no misanthropes, all love and all malignity, no philosophizing pedlars, nor prophetic gypsies. What the plays have of supernatural is not the puny offspring of a fancy, mechanically set to work to produce something surprising. It was part of the religion and philosophy of the age. No poet of this day can manage witches and fairies, very much for the same reason that no controversialist of the times is skilful in the subtleties of scholastic dilectics. In all greater things, Shakspeare is the faithful votary of truth, but in lesser matters he often deserts her. Great crimes no man of virtue will be guilty of, but who can resist the allurements of that little sin that easily besets us? False thoughts turn out, on a philosophical analysis, to be nothing better than quibbles; yet poor as they are, they are not wholly destitute of a power to please. Like discords in harmony, if once or twice introduced in a long composition, instead of offending, they may pass, perhaps justly enough, for an inferior sort of beauty. But to calculate on pleasing any judicious mind by an unmingled tissue of fantastic thoughts and overstrained sentiments, is to forget that falsehood pleases only while she wears the garb of truth, and that artifice becomes contemptible, the moment it is detected.

It is hard for an indulgent critic to condemn the following speech of Henry VI. over a dying soldier:—

The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colors of our striving houses,
The one, his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presents.

And the vivacity of a young lady's imagination may perhaps excuse these lines of Juliet's soliloquy ;—

Come night !—come Romeo ! come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come gentle night ; come loving black browed night,
Give me my Romeo ; and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night.

But if we once launch out into troubled waters, we are inevitably carried along by the current ; if we once allow ourselves to overstep the modesty of nature, it is impossible to say how far depravity of taste may carry us. In that beautiful scene in King John, between Herbert and Arthur, the touching pathos of the boy's entreaties, is often neutralized by a miserable spirit of quibbling. When Herbert tells Arthur that he can revive the sleeping fire with his breath ;—the young prince replies,—

And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceeding, Herbert,
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eye
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tare him on,

Who can read these lines, and not feel inclined to cry out with the lively Boileau, on a similar occasion—*Quelle extravagance ! Tout les glaces du Nord ensemble ne sont pas, a mon sens, plus froides que un pensée.*

If the passage just quoted is cold and extravagant, what follows is arrant nonsense ;—

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that base vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cocatrice ;
I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer I ;
If he be slain, say I ;—or if not, no ;
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

And what better can we say of the following speech of Byron, in Love's Labor Lost?

Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth ; while truth, the while,
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile :
So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by loosing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his head
And give him light, that was it blinded by.

Such are the absurdities into which those who desert truth will find themselves betrayed.

Let not the admirers of Shakspeare complain, that his faults are too ostentatiously displayed. Faults, to be avoided, must be known and censured. To criticise obscure authors is useless, for no one is likely to be misled by their errors; it is the faults of great writers, which are dangerous, and to point out these faults is one of the most important functions of criticism. A beautiful image, or a noble thought strikes at once, and needs no comment to make it admired; but to distinguish between gold and tinsel, the paint of nature and the varnish of art, the glitter of falsehood and the light of truth, asks more sagacity than every reader or every writer possesses; and no one need be ashamed to sharpen his perspicuity, and quicken his acuteness in the schools of criticism. There is no cause to fear that criticism can diminish that admiration of Shakspeare, however enthusiastic, which is founded on reason; for though we cannot, perhaps, say of him, what Longinus says of Homer, that were all his faults collected together, they would not equal in amount the thousandth part of his beauties, we may say, that notwithstanding his faults, he is the greatest of the English poets, and that there cannot be found in any other writer, in any language, such numerous examples of every degree or variety of excellence.

Of Shakspeare's style, the most obvious peculiarity is his great fondness for metaphor, his constant endeavor, while he forcibly expresses a principal idea, to present us at the same time with two or three collateral pictures. It is to this turn of mind, that we owe so many of those fine passages, which are forever quoted, but which quotation never makes tedious.

For example,

———hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh leaf of the crimson rose,
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.—

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice driven bed of down.—

Sweet, rouse thyself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous folds,
And like a dew drop from a lion's mane
Be shook to air.—

These passages are certainly beautiful, but perhaps, there is nothing very peculiar in them. Similar beauties may be culled from the works of other poets. But we meet with some passages of metaphorical expression, equally beautiful, and at the same time so novel

and uncommon, that we may safely challenge them, as peculiar to Shakspeare.

Witness the following extracts.

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!

—But alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it; and gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully,
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

—If I do prove her haggard,

Though that her jessies were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.—

This same fondness for metaphor, sometimes leads the poet into harshness and obscurity:—

—I never yet have heard

That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.

—He did believe

He was the duke out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative.

And sometimes betrays him into debasing a noble thought, and connecting it with one mean or ludicrous:—

Othello tells his friends.

Were it my eve to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.

Macbeth exclaims,—

Come thick night,

And pall me in the dunneest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry hold! hold!

Shakspeare's blank verse is far superior to that of any other poet,—superior even to Milton's. It is infinitely varied; 'coming o'er the ear like the sweet south,' when a lover whispers his mistress; lofty and full toned, when Brutus harangues the conspirators, or Henry addresses his army; and as the occasion demands, slow and solemn, smooth and even, rough and harsh, easy and familiar, changing its music as the summer sky changes its colors. This praise, however, does not belong to all the plays. Timon, Cymbeline and Coriolanus are written in a style of versification often so deficient in rhythm as to be scarcely distinguishable from prose; and in all the plays, passages are continually met with, which a little attention to

the measure would have essentially improved. For Shakspeare's rhymes much cannot be said. These are fetters which he never learned to wear gracefully. Homer says, that the day a man becomes a slave, he loses half his masculine vigor; we may say of Shakspeare, that whenever he submits to the thralldom of rhymes, the muses seem to desert him. When we meet with a rhymed passage, we shall generally find mean thoughts meanly expressed. This remark, however, like all other general remarks, is to be received with some allowance. There may be found in Shakspeare rhymed passages of undoubted excellence, and the inimitable sweetness and simplicity of his songs cannot be too highly praised.

His prose is admirable. It is pure, idiomatic English; easy, yet forcible, it always satisfies the ear. The words seem to drop, as if by instinct, into proper places. With all his carelessness, Shakspeare does not always employ blank verse, prose and rhyme indiscriminately. It would be difficult, perhaps, to give any other reason than the whim of the poet for the few rhymes that occur in the first act of *Othello*, or to tell why Brutus addresses the people in prose and the conspirators in verse; but it is easy to discover why, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom and his companions speak in prose, the lovers, for the most part, in blank verse, and the fairies in rhyme; and that, in *Much ado about Nothing*, prose should be the style of the witty Benedict, seems very fitting, since he confesses that he has no talent for verse, and can find no rhyme for lady but baby, and none for school but fool; very ominous endings, as he justly observes. Yet it is too much to expect of Shakspeare a strict adherence to rule for a whole play together; the fairies sometimes forgot to rhyme, the Athenian lovers after marriage deviate into prose, and Benedict himself, in one scene, runs as smoothly as the rest "in the even road of blank verse."

The most remarkable characteristic of Shakspeare is his compass and variety. We find in his dramas specimens of every kind of poetry, and every sort of speculation. He describes human life in all its glory; its pomp, and show, and circumstance; its gaiety, pride, and magnificence; its romantic incidents, its strange surprises, its animating adventures. He describes it, too, in all its bitterness; its pains, crimes, and sorrows; its follies, weakness, and inconsistencies; its blighted hopes, its deceitful pleasures, its insignificant duration. Not dazzled by its splendor, nor disgusted by its meanness, calm and unmoved, he seems to contemplate all its mingled contradictions, with the impartiality of one who feels himself much above it. To borrow the illustration of Lucretius, "he looks down, as from a serene and lofty elevation, upon the delirium of life, with the same feeling of complacent security with which one beholds, from the shore, vessels struggling against the storm, or, from

a place of safety, armies joining battle on the plain. But his calmness does not show itself in a fixed insensibility ; he is not, like the wise man of the Epicurian philosophy, unmoved by human changes, because he is careless of them. His self-possession appears rather in the flexibility with which, for the moment, he enters in every passion and every sentiment. Whether we are sad or merry, grave or gay, the dramas of Shakspeare will equally serve our turn ; we may find something in them exactly accommodated to every complexion of the mind. Yet with whatever solemnity we begin to read, our seriousness will generally soon be relaxed, for the genius of Shakspeare is sportive and riant ; he loves to dwell on the bright side of things ; he enlivens the gravest scene with some flash of wit, and relieves the saddest by some play of fancy, or touch of humor. He delights to gladden life ; to throw sunshine on its dreariest wastes, and strew its flintiest paths with flowers.

SUNRISE.

Look on the sky ! look while its glories last !
 See the Sun's harbingers ! Those purple hues—
 Those roseate tints—that golden girdle vast,
 That fades into the blue, and strives to lose
 The splendid in the delicate ! Who that views
 These varied wonders, does not grieve, to know
 That they must vanish with these twinkling dews,
 Soon as the Sun his dazzling orb shall shew,
 He whom they herald forth—He by whose light they glow ?

Look on the silent lake ! it pictures forth,
 Chastened, the brightness of the morning sky.
 From polished South far up to utmost North
 The mingled colors of the rainbow lie,
 Seen through the early mist that lightly by
 Floats on the breeze. The coming Sun will cast
 A brightness on it that will blast the eye,
 And these bright splendors will no longer last
 Than their bright types in heaven. The Sun approaches fast.

Now fade these gentler beauties—every tint
 Lost in a blaze of undistinguished light,
 And he who did these pictures fair imprint
 Upon the sullen sable of the night,
 Now dashes all into confusion bright.

But who will grieve, when to our eyes is given
All nature in a moonlike splendor dight—
A lake from which each shadowy mist is driven—
A glory-shedding Sun, for a soft-painted Heaven!

Life dawns in beauty on the gloomy past.
Such joys as this world gives are strewn around
In fair profusion; promising to last
Till the dread trump its warning note shall sound.
But life's delights are still a weakness found,
As rainbows glow not in the clear blue sky,
And he to paltry things is meanly bound
Who joys not that the "perfect day" is nigh,
When all delights are merged in simple bliss on high.

M. R.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE are few things of a more miscellaneous character than an Editor's table. Not to speak of the necessarily universal nature of his own productions, there is a periodical renewal of variety spread before him to which nothing but the Ark of the deluge will afford any fitting analogy. The liberal principles on which literary notices are conducted in our country, make it a profitable courtesy to our good friends, the booksellers, to send us the copies of their new publications—the only price paid for a criticism, which, brief though it be, makes the reading world aware at least of their existence, and, we flatter ourselves, sometimes of their value. At the summons of that indefinite personage, therefore, whose prototype, like himself, too often comes for the "last article" we array before us our tributes for the month, and ponder over their freshly lettered backs till we re-conjure the reflections which occurred to us while reading them or, if we have not yet inserted our folder between the leaves, draw from the character of the author, or the brief but polite note of the bibliopole, some safe and general conclusion with regard to their merits. This last part of our conjunctive, we regret to say, is oftener true, though we shall be excused when the reader remembers that the majority of books sent us are any thing but adapted to our "vein," or attractive even to that faint propensity of our nature which unites the "useful with the agreeable," (we translate the phrase lest we should be said to smell of our Latin grammar.) Not that we feel bound to say something of them all—much less to say always that which is favorable. There comes to us

now and then a volume of which our acquisitions do not enable us to judge—a Hebrew Grammar perhaps, or a Treatise upon Callisthenics or the last speech of orator Emmons—and, now and then, a volume of poetry by some timid fledgling of an author which we pass over in silence rather than look coldly on—remembering our own sometime sensitiveness and the encouraging kindness with which we were treated by the body of which we are now an unworthy member. Occasionally, too, we are required to give an opinion upon a work, of which, however we may form a judgment in our individual capacity, we cannot, though we make small pretension to modesty, feel ourselves a fitting critic in the public eye. We dare not sit down, for example, to find fault with Scott and Goethe and Irving, on the strength of our own untried judgment. We do not like to say (though we have been driven to such daring of late) that Wordsworth is our “magnus Apollo,” and Bryant and Dana the princes of American poetry. We are a little delicate about writing our admiration out in full of Mrs. Sigourney and the authoress of *Hobomok*, and upon the general merits of American literature we have not the courage to face, as we gladly would the formidable array of evil speaking and croaking seers. Our opinion upon these subjects, particularly upon contemporaneous poetry, would clash loudly with that of our elders, and difficult though it be, we have not been so seldom warned of presumption that we feel at liberty to break a lance with such formidable antagonists. We console ourselves with reading anew the “Dying Raven” of Dana, and the “Coral Insect” of Mrs. Sigourney, and the limpid and wild beauties of Percival, reflecting the while, that if the thrill which they send through our bosom as we read is a false impulse, and the neglect they experience in criticism be merited, we shall by and by arrive at the true standard, which is, we confess, if this be it, a most distant consummation. But we have rambled away from our subject with the influence of this most restless of months upon us, and like a tied bird we must obey our string, and remember the peg to which we are fastened. We were speaking of books.

First under our hand lies Mr. Leggett's *TALES OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER*. If it lay within the bounds of criticism we would object to the title of this book. The scenes are quite too stirring, and the nautical narrations especially are told with too technical an air to be the production of so gentle a craft as schoolkeeping. Without staying to dispute upon this, however, as an author has an undoubted right to be arbitrary in such matters, we pass on to the tales themselves. Mr. Leggett writes a free, rambling style, telling his story

right on without any apparent effort, and telling it well. There is much more freshness in the invention of his plot than in the cast of his periods. The "Rifle," with which every one is familiar, "Near Sighted," a story of much interest, and one or two others, are very finely contrived, and shew proportion and judgment. We take an extract from the commencement of the "Watch in the Maintop" as affording a fair specimen of his manner.

"When I was a reefer, I once had the evil fortune to sail under the command of a captain, who, in nautical technicals, was very justly termed the hardest horse in the navy; or, in other words, with a tyrannical ignoramus, by the name of Crayton, who I sincerely believe was cordially hated, by all who did not despise him too much to allow of the former feeling. Among other vexatious means which he devised for the purpose of annoying his officers, was that of having a regular sea-watch of midshipmen, night and day, in the tops, of which there was about as much need, in those piping times of peace, as there is for a ringtail in a gale of wind. It happened on one clear moonlight night, when we had a spanking wind on the quarter, and were cutting along through the blue sea, with as much sail set as we could cleverly stagger under, going at the rate of about *nine, two*, that it was my turn, when the mid-watch was called, to take the main-top. This was no very disagreeable place, after all, when the weather was pleasant, and the wind steady; for (be it spoken in a whisper) we would sometimes on such occasions, so far infringe upon our military duty as to stow ourselves snugly away, in a coil of rigging, and snooze out an hour or two of the long and solitary watch. For my own part, I had done this so often that the timidity and caution at first attendant upon any deviation from discipline had gradually worn off; and it at last became so customary, that as soon as I had got my head above the rim of the top, I was casting my eyes about to see which coil of rigging lay the snuggest for my bunk.

"On the occasion to which I now particularly refer, however, I did not feel disposed to sleep. Knowing that I would have the mid-watch to keep, and not feeling very well, I had retired to my hammock at about seven bells in the evening, and by the time that the lights were doused at eight o'clock, had fallen into a sweet and refreshing slumber. The noise on deck of their taking in studding-sails, when the wind freshened, did not waken me, and by the time that the first watch was out, and an officer sent down, to call the relief, I was so completely renovated by my sound and uninterrupted repose, that I had no disposition to renew my slumber. When I got into the top, I took my seat on a coil of rigging where I could lean back against the fancy-lines, and throwing my arm over the toprail, I was soon lost in contemplation of the beautiful scene.

"I believe I said before that it was bright moonlight. As far as the eye could reach, not a sail was in sight: but on every side around us stretched the blue, interminable waves, till they met, and seemed to mingle with the heavens. The sky above was gemmed with many a star; and large bodies of fleecy clouds every now and then drove across them, for a few moments casting a deep shade over the ocean, which, as the moon again emerged, seemed, to a fanciful view, to dance and sparkle with joy for the recovered radiance. As soon as the watch was all mustered, the boatswain's mate was ordered "to pipe down," or, in other words, to blow that peculiar note on his whistle which signified to the poor fellows who had been on deck from eight o'clock, that they might now seek their hammocks, and snatch a short repose, before they should again be summoned to their wearisome duty.

"The noise of the retiring crew soon subsided; the hail of the lieutenant who had just taken the deck, to each of the stations where look-outs had been appointed, bidding them keep a bright look-out, had been made and answered; and the watch—forecastle-men, waisters and after-guard—had all quietly smuggled down under the weather bulwarks, before the quarter-master reported one bell. The maintop-men were not slow, in perceiving that I was more wakeful than usual,

and instead of stretching themselves out to sleep, huddled together in a corner of the top, and began to amuse themselves by telling stories—or, in their own phrase, by spinning yarns. Jack Gunn, the captain of the starboard watch of maintop-men, was the first called on, and with true sailor alacrity he immediately complied. There never was, from the time of the *Argo*, down to the frigate now on the stocks at the navy-yard, a more thorough man-of-war's-man than that same Jack Gunn. He had sailed in all kinds of crafts, from a Dutch lugger to a Yankee Line-of-battle ship; he had fought under the flags of all nations, and it was even surmised, from occasional words, that he would accidentally let fall, that he had handled a sabre under the blood-red standard of piracy. Whether this was so or not, he made no secret of his having been often engaged in desperate adventures on board of smuggling craft; and the number of suspicious looking Frenchmen who recognised Jack, when the cutter to which he belonged, was sometimes sent ashore while we were lying at Cherbourg, bore no very favorable testimony in relation to his former pursuits. Yet for all his recklessness of character, and for all the many unwarrantable enterprises in which he had been engaged, Jack was a good fellow. His vices were those which resulted from ignorance and thoughtlessness; his virtues were the warm impulses of a naturally excellent heart, which, properly matured and cultivated, would have made him an ornament to his profession and his species. I do not believe, for all the many scenes of blood and rapacity which he must have witnessed, and in which he most likely took a large part, that Jack ever did a deliberately cruel action in his life. As a sailor, he had but few equals, and no superior in our ship. He did not eat, drink, nor sleep, like other men; but was always ready, whatever he might be about, to spring on deck, and lend an active hand in anything that it might be requisite to do. If a squall struck us in the mid-watch, and it was Jack's watch in at the time, it made no difference; the surge of the ship and her heeling were sure to wake him, and the first thing you would know, there he would be, out on the weather yard-arm, before the quarter-deck midshipman had got half way to the fore cockpit to tell the boatswain to call all hands." pp. 204-208.

Mr. Leggett has recently abandoned the "Critic," a periodical which he conducted with singular industry and ability, and, we believe, has started as professional author. The enterprise is honorable to him, and we believe it by no means impossible to live by the profession. We are glad to see the growing confidence in the disposition of the public to encourage literary effort, and we are assured that as a general thing, no productive talent will in the present period, go unrewarded. We wish our author every success both for his own sake and for our own reputation as a literary people.

"*GEBEL TEIR, or the Mountain of Birds*" is a singular book, containing under a pleasantly told fable of a delegation of birds from every country to a general assembly, a series of shrewd observations upon the politics and condition of the prominent nations of the world. The manner of the writer is extremely graceful and chaste, as will be seen by the following extract from the commencement.

"The feathered delegates had already carolled their morning hymns with the returning light, and were winging their way on all sides to the Mountain of Gebel Teir, on whose ancient rocks as they stooped their flight, in a thousand varieties of motion and figure, the wondering Arab might indeed have supposed, that all the birds of the universe had congregated. This animating picture was however reserved to only here and there an insulated seer, who possessed the faculty of second sight; to the ordinary race of mortals who only discern at first view, the



spectacle was wholly invisible, and in the usual course of ignorant incredulity wholly distrusted. Glorious indeed is the privilege of beholding this reunion! The rapid rush of the wild pigeon, the skimming gyration of the swallow, the majestic cowering of the eagle, the heavy flapping of the raven, and the flickering velocity of the humming bird, all were blended in seeming confusion, yet unerring order. The gleams of nature's most brilliant colors, the mingling, crossing, fleeting shadows of the great and the little, chequered the earth, and reflected or obscured the sunbeams as the crowds settled down on their accustomed perches, to compose their wings in graceful foldings, and recover from the panting flutter of their morning excursion.

"The last of the delegates were just taking their places, when the senior President gradually descended to occupy his station. A vast Roc held this office by perpetual choice, and as he poised majestically to his place, his outspread form threw a shadow like that of a passing cloud over the assembly. Once alighted on his feet, his still extended wings could only be compared to the wide spread of canvass, bearing before the wind a huge ship of war with steering sails on either side. The wings however, that suspended his ample body in the fields of ether, were in a moment folded, and he stood an imposing President, with a dignity of size and majesty of power, that would cause the proudest chancellor in the most voluminous wig and cumbersome robes, to dwindle to a sparrow in comparison." pp. 14, 15.

After listening to accounts, from native birds, of the United States, Spain, Turkey and Greece, England and France, the assembly are astonished by the entrance of a bird, "whose appearance was sudden and whose coming was noiseless and unseen." This is the Egyptian Ibis, come "to make his annual return from the shades below." After some account of himself, the mysterious visitant proceeds thus:—

"To instruct and incite the younger members here present, I will mention a few of the sights that gladden the eye in the Elysian fields, where birds who have shown themselves faithful in their duties, vigilant sentinels when stationed on that service, valiant defenders of their nests and careful providers for their young, enjoy the unceasing delights of Elysium, on a wing that never tires. They are there secure from attack and from suffering, in a blissful region, where peace forever dwells, and violence or want can never enter.

"In these abodes of ever-during felicity a deep harmony and universal participation increase the charm of every delight. Among the varieties of ethereal enjoyment it is one to see the tenants of Elysium attended by the semblances of all those creations of their genius which ennobled their existence in this world. It is one of the rewards allotted to them that these embodied shadows shall there follow them; and the pleasure is mutual, as each purified from envy and all earthly passion, enjoys the creation of others, as well as his own. There the Grecian poets and artists, are accompanied by the classic designs they invented. Homer is followed by Achilles, Nestor, Ulysses, Ajax, and a crowd of others. Sophocles and Euripides are attended by Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Orestes, Jason, &c. The clouds and birds hover over Aristophanes. The sculptors have for companions their Apollo, Venus and the Graces; and the painters their representations, even to the grapes that deceived the birds, and the curtain that deceived the artist. Virgil sees Æneas, Creusa, and Ascanius, Dido, Nisus and Euryalus, and all his heroic and pastoral characters. Raphael is surrounded with the beautiful mothers and children, he painted for Catholic worship, and Michael Angelo here compares that awful scene which he spread on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, with the reality that exists around him.

Petrarch sees his laurel covered with sonnets to Laura, who sits beneath its shade. Dante with Beatrice here realizes the scenes he tried to discover in this world; Ariosto has his wild gay imaginations of ladies, magicians and knights to recreate his fancy. Cervantes is accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, and all the characters of his brilliant genius. Rabelais has Panurge and his grotesque

companions, and Fenelon is escorted by Mentor, Telemachus, Calypso and Eurylia. Spenser has his allegoric visions. But of all who are thus gratified and contribute to the general light, none is so distinguished as Shakspeare, around whom every creation of fancy, the gay, sad, heroic, terrific, fantastic, appear in a hundred forms. Falstaff and his buffoons, Autolycus and his clowns, Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Desdemona, Lear, Macbeth, Ariel, Miranda, Caliban, the Fairies of a Midsummer's Night, and the Witches of a Highland Heath, all attend his beck. Of late new groups have made their appearance, as yet without their master. Some of these in all the various measures of poetry, others in the more serious steps of prose; and these were multiplied so fast, and exhibited so much invention, that it was at last thought they would realize the prodigies of any other imagination.

"The heroes and statesmen who are rewarded with a residence in these blissful fields, have yet one mark to designate their errors. They are at times partially or wholly enveloped in an appearance of mist, which impedes them from seeing or being seen by others. When this is examined, it is found to consist of an infinite number of minute, vapory pieces of paper, to represent their delusive statements, and their intrigues of ambition and rivalry; when this is dissipated, there appears over their heads in aerial letters of light, the great and useful measures they prosecuted. The mist that encircles our heroes is composed of an innumerable quantity of weapons of destruction, in miniature; as every man that fell in battle in a useless war, is here typified by a sword, ball, or spear, or if he perished of disease, by a small livid spot. Some are thus surrounded more than others. An illustrious chief recently arrived who extended his march to this spot where we assemble, is sometimes wholly enveloped: when the mist breaks away we see in the air inscriptions of 'religious toleration,' 'road over the Alps,' 'protection of the arts,' &c. But among all those who as a statesman or a warrior, walks these blessed groves, there is but one combining both attributes, whose majestic form is forever unshrouded; around whom there never flits the representation of a delusive statement, or an effort of personal intrigue, nor a single minute resemblance of a destructive weapon to signify that a soldier perished in a battle fought with ambitious views; over his head appears in mild radiance an inscription: 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

"The form of the Ibis, had now vanished as suddenly, and silently as it first appeared; the influence of the hour replaced the feelings of awful attention by which it had been suspended. The nocturnal birds, the owls, whippoorwills and bats began their career of nightly occupation and watching, while the rest of the immense assembly soon had their heads under their wings, and presented a more numerous collection, than could be formed by the afternoon patients united, of a thousand somniferous preachers." pp. 155—150.

The views of these feather'd legislators are, we think, generally sound, and their language, as we have before remarked, is chaste and graceful. There is occasionally, however, a tendency to alliteration and long words which troubled us, as for instance, "Pompey perished as a patriot," and "under the ferocious stupidity of implacable fatality"—careless passages which might be excused in the heat of argument upon Gebel Teir, but which an honest reporter was bound to make euphonous.

We next have "THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE," in "*a Course of Lectures delivered at the Utica Lyceum, by Alexander B. Johnson*"—so far as we have read, an ingenious book. We find written upon the "fly-leaf" however the sensible and necessary request, "will the editor favor the author by reading this book!"—an indina-

tion of knowledge upon editorial practices which we were not aware had got generally about, and, upon the hint of which, we lay the book aside with a promise of a review in a moment of more leisure.

We have before us a choice and rare book, "*A COLLECTION OF POEMS, chiefly manuscript, and from Living Authors, edited by Joanna Baillie.*" It is almost enough to say of anything, that the powerful mind of this lady had a share in its production. She is, beyond all competition, the first female of the age, and, we think, the first dramatist, without distinction of sex. We cannot go now into an analysis of her works, but it is one of the subjects we propose to ourselves in future, and, in the meantime, we take up the volume just mentioned, which was published by subscription for some charitable object, and of which one or two copies have, by chance, found their way to this country. There are many things in this collection which we should feel gratified to present entire to our readers, but we pass over everything else to come to a most singular production, from which we shall make copious extracts. We take the first two or three pages as they stand, with the introduction.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

[From the German of Schiller.]

"The most original and beautiful, perhaps, of all Schiller's poems, unequalled by anything of Goethe's, is called 'The Song of the Bell,'—a varying irregular lyric strain. The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighborhood of the Hartz, and the other nine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and a felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected."

Vivos voco.—Mortuos plango.—Fulgura frango.

Fast immur'd within the earth,
 Fixt by fire the clay-mould stands,
 This day the Bell expects its birth :
 Courage, comrades ! ply your hands !

Hotly from the brow
 Must the sweat-drop flow :
 If by his work the master known,
 Yet—Heav'n must send the blessing down.

The work we earnestly prepare,
 May well an earnest word demand :
 When cheering words attend our care,
 Gay the labour, brisk the hand.
 Then, let us weigh with deep reflection,
 What by force must be achiev'd ;
 And rightly scorn his mis-direction,
 Whose foresight ne'er his work conceiv'd.
 'Tis this, that human nature graces,
 This, gifted reason's destin'd aim,
 That in itself the spirit traces
 Whate'er the hand shall fitly frame.

Billets of the fir-wood take,
 Every billet dry and sound ;
 That flame on gather'd flame awake,
 And vault with fire the furnace round.
 Cast the copper in,
 Quick, due weight of tin,
 That the Bell's tenacious food.
 Rightly flow in order'd mood.

What now within the earth's deep womb
 Our hands by help of fire prepare,
 Shall on yon turret mark our doom,
 And loudly to the world declare !
 There its aerial station keeping,
 Touch many an ear to latest time ;
 Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,
 And tune to holy choirs its chime.
 All that to earth-born sons below
 The changeful turns of fortune bring,
 The Bell from its metallic brow
 In warning sounds shall widely ring.

Lo ! I see white bubbles spring :—
 Well ! —the molten masses flow.
 Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling,
 Quick'ning the fusion deep below.
 Yet, from scoria free
 Must the mixture be,
 That from the metal, clean and clear,
 Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.

Hark ! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringin'-
It welcomes the beloved child,
Who now life's earliest way beginning,
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.
As yet in time's dark lap repose,
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,
While tenderest cares of mothers born
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.

The years like winged arrows fly :
The stripling from the female hand
Bursts into life all wild to roam ;
And wandering far o'er sea and land,
Returns a stranger home.
There, in her bloom divinely fair,
An image beaming from the sky,
With blushing cheek and modest air
A virgin charms his eye.
A nameless longing melts his heart,
Far from his comrades' revels rude,
While tears involuntary start,
He strays in pathless solitude,—
There, blushing, seeks alone her trace ;
And if a smile his suit approve,
He seeks the prime of all the place,
The fairest flow'r to deck his love.—
Enchanting hope ! thou sweet desire !
Thou earliest love ! thou golden time !
Heav'n opens to thy glance of fire,
The heart o'erflows with bliss sublime.
Oh that it might eternal prove
The vernal bloom of youthful love !

See ! the pipes are browning over !
This little rod I inly dip ;
If coated there with glassy cover,
Let not the time of fusion slip.
Now, companions !—move,
Now, the mixture prove.
If each alike, in one design
The brittle and the ductile join.

For where strength with softness joins,
Where force with tenderness combines,
Firm the union, sweet the song.
Thus, ere thou wed no more to part,
Prove first if heart unite with heart :
The dream is brief, repentance long.

Sweet, 'mid the tresses of the bride,
 Blooms the virgin coronal,
When merry bells ring far and wide
 Kind welcome to the festival.
Ah, that life's fairest festive day
Fades with the blossom of our May!
That when the veil and cestus fall,
The sweet illusions vanish, all!—
 The passion,—it flies,
 The love must endure:
The blossom,—it dies,
 The fruit must mature.

Forth the husband must wend
To the combat of life;
Plunge in turmoil and strife.
Must plant, and must plan;
Gain get as he can.
Hazard all, all importune,
To woo and win fortune.
Then streams, like a spring-flood, his wealth without measure,
And his granaries groan with the weight of their treasure;
And his farm-yards increase, and his mansion expands.

The poem goes on, describing the different processes with singular graphic beauty; and giving episodes of real life which are suggested by the uses of the Bell. We will extract the closing passage.

Come all! come all!
Close your ranks, in order settle;
Baptize we now the hallow'd metal:
 "Concordia!"—Such her name we call.
To harmony, to heartfelt union,
It gathers in the blest communion.
Be this henceforward its vocation;
For this I watch'd o'er its creation,
That while our life goes lowly under,
 The Bell, 'mid yon blue heav'n's expansion,
Should soar, the neighbor of the thunder,
 And border on the starry mansion.
Its voice from yon aerial height
 Shall seem the music of the sphere,
That rolling lauds its Maker's might,
 And leads along the crowned year:
To solemn and eternal things
 Alone shall consecrate its chime,
And hourly, as it swiftly swings,
 O'ertake the flying wing of time:

Shall lend to Fate its iron tongue,
 Heartless itself, nor formed to feel,
 Shall follow life's mix'd scenes among,
 Each turn of fortune's fickle wheel—
 And, as its echo on the gale
 Dies off, though long and loud the tone,
 Shall teach that all on earth shall fail,
 All pass away—save God alone.
 Now, with the rope's unweary'd might,
 From its dark womb weigh up the Bell,
 That it may gain th' aerial height,
 And in the realm of Echo dwell.
 Draw! draw!—it swings;
 Hark! hark!—it rings.
 Joy to this town be heard around!
 Peace unto all, the Bell's first sound!

We have exhausted our room, and have only to mention several smaller books:—Mr. Ray's *ANIMAL ECONOMY*, a well digested manual, with no fault except that technical words are used with too little explanation—*COULOMB'S INTRODUCTEUR FRANCAIS*, a condensed and improved French Grammar adopted in Yale College and spoken well of by the Professors of that Institution—and *IRVING'S COLUMBUS ABRIDGED*, by the Author, and of course authentic—a neat edition from the press of the Carvills. We have omitted several new books rather than pass over them in this hasty manner, and we trust their authors will, for the present, excuse us.

We have received volumes of manuscript poetry—some good, some bad, and a great deal indifferent. From the good we have selected that which we present this month to our readers, the bad lies in our drawer, subject to the command of the perpetrators, and from the indifferent we can pick here and there a fine passage or a musical line which makes us regret its total rejection. We often wish we had the author of such contributions by us, that we might whisper in his ear some of those secrets of trade which are only learned behind the editorial curtain, and which assist wonderfully in hitting the popular palate. There is many a fine thought lost to the world, like many a fine spirit, for the want of a modish dress. We cannot be responsible always for their reception, however we may think them “sans reproche” and it is often very much against our will that we condemn them to obscurity. Here, for instance, is the long story of Joseph and his brethren, blank versed in some hundreds of lines, and covering twice the space which it does in the affecting and inimitable prose of the Bible. The handwriting has a pretty Italian grace about it, and

the frequent apostrophes and digressions to sentiment mark it as the production of a lady. The descriptions of Joseph are beautiful, and the opening which we quote below is in a sweet vein of pastoral philosophy, but the narrative is stiff and a failure. There is nothing more difficult, or which tests the powers more severely, than descriptive poetry, and we would suggest to our fair correspondent, with all deference, the propriety of deferring farther attempts in it till her style is more mature. It requires the most elaborate and patient skill to run into each other gracefully the little circumstances which compose description. But here is an extract, and we see nothing in it which need discourage the writer from a fair promise.

THERE was a time
 When pastoral life was not a fable ; when
 The sons of men dwelt in the " liberal air,"
 Or 'neath a tent found shelter from the heat ;
 When the shrill pipe ringing among the hills
 Beguiled the lagging hours of shepherd life ;
 When 'neath the arch of heav'n as night distill'd
 " The tears of love " upon " fair nature's breast,"
 Men, hardy men, guarded the peaceful fold,
 And, as the lazy hours crept wearily,
 They turn'd their eyes and thoughts to those far worlds
 That gem the brow of night. And oh ! what thoughts
 Would fill their glowing minds, unhackney'd yet
 In that scholastic lore, which dims the fire
 Of fancy, and restrains the buoyant wing
 Of young imagination, and perverts
 The mind, that else would see alone a God
 In those bright heav'ns, his fairest workmanship,
 With systems falsely wise, and theories
 That darken while they seem to light the soul !
 Who, uninspired, shall tell the glowing thoughts
 That rose in their untutored hearts, unsought,
 When, on those silent plains, vast, wild and lone,
 Fresh in their new creation, and so still
 The flutt'ring leaf was heard to quiver ere
 It left the bough, and overhead the stars
 Looked from their thousand chambers, and appear'd
 So near, man almost held his breath to hear
 Their choral symphonies—those shepherds sat,
 And inspiration drank into their hearts,
 'Till rose the mighty mind, and seemed to swell
 With its high thoughts unearthly ; and within
 Its cage, the imprison'd soul flutter'd, and strove
 To try its pinions in a higher sphere.

In the really beautiful stanzas which follow we recognize the hand of a certain poetical editor. We thank him cordially. He could have given us no higher evidence of his good opinion of ourselves and our periodical than to commit to us jewels, which, we presume, (as we have never seen them equalled in his own paper) he thinks too fine for his own wearing. We have read few better things of late than

STANZAS WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

SILENCE has come down and cast
Her spell o'er all the sleeping world ;
From where the mountains veil their heads,
Amid thin ether flags unfurled,
Across the forests dense and wide,
O'er-reaching plain and far hill side,
Through deep-down glens where breezes sleep,
And darkened waters slowly creep ;

Where flowers lift up their drooping heads,
To drink the gently falling dew,
Which fairies, in a noiseless shower,
Are pouring from their home of blue ;
When every bud, and blade of grass
Drink beauty from the gales that pass,
And o'er the breast of Nature fling
The rich and lovely robe of Spring.

The sounds that stirr'd the city air,
And on the lightly passing gale
Were wafted to the forest shades
So like a troubled spirit's wail,
Are voiceless now. And o'er the spires
Which point to yonder quenchless fires,
Silence, from her azure height,
Sits musing on a cloud of light.

And now, when evening's spreading shades
Have deepened darkly into night,
And through the wide cerulean,
The stars of heaven are burning bright,
I love to make the turf my seat,
To spend an hour in musings sweet,
And let my roaming fancy free,
Among the myriad stars to flee.

Imagination soars afar—

Thro' wide, wide ether realms I sail,
Upon a cloud's frail gossamer,
That flits along the dancing gale ;
And changing forms of love and light,
Come floating to my raptured sight,
Arrayed in all the robes of love
We dream have fallen from above.

In such a silent hour as this,
I picture visions on the sky,
Fleeting, and bright, and shadowless,
As the frail clouds on which they lie ;
And when I turn from all these bright
Illusions that so charm the sight,
Those gorgeous realms of castle building,
Glowing with Fancy's brilliant gilding ;

Tis falling from a lofty height
To these dull joyless views of earth ;
Tis all so cold and comfortless ;
And there is such an utter dearth
Of scenes which make our bosoms glow,
And all that makes our pulses flow,
That I could wish I dwelt among
Those cheating scenes in mid air hung.

FELIX.

It is the fashion to abuse such poetry as that which follows—to call it puerile and girlish. It is not exactly the popular thing, therefore, to publish it. But we confess to a pleasure in such things—sometimes, and in a limited degree. We like to change our hobby, as the knights of old changed theirs. We like the palfrey after the war-horse. We are willing to laugh upon good occasion—to trifle when we are moved to it—to poise the jereed, (borrowing an Orientalism) after hurling the javelin. We believe there is refreshment and relief in changing from the grave to the gay—that we are no more effeminate for putting off our armor for the dance—that we may use the gifts of gracefulness and mirth which are given us by Him who does all things with proportion, without diminishing the noble strength or the graver caution. He must have a bad heart or a weak mind who fears the exposure of such moments. He must have a wearisome life who never relaxes from his main endeavor. He must have little of that “loving humanity” which distinguishes the noble and just, who pretends to look upon such things with scorn, or takes them as the measure of him

who uses them. For the satisfaction of our readers, however, and of ourselves in another mood, we hope to hear from our correspondent in his graver vein.

A WISH.

O, that I were a perishing rose,
Though I lived but an hour of a morn in June,
To scatter my leaves on the first wind that blows,
Or wither in the fainting heat of noon.
What is this wearisome dole of years,
That man should prefer it to one bright hour,
Bending beneath the sorrowless tears
And the dainty perfumes of the morning flower !

No sigh but the zephyr's would pass me there,
Or the glad young breath of the flower-loving maid,
Whose budding lips none other might share
Than the flower in their own sweet hue arrayed.
And what if she plucked me from my stem ?
It would be to be wreathed in her clustering hair,
And I, in that innocent diadem,
Should shame the pearls that monarchs wear.

And happier eyes would smile at my hues,
And lips of my own pure red would kiss
The spicy breath, and the silver dews,
From out their hiding place of bliss.
And then would she paint in unwithering bloom
The image of me, to gaze upon
When the fading red, and the soft perfume,
And the dews of the summer morn are gone.

When the dews of the summer morn are gone,
I should wither away—and so shall the rest ;—
But the pillow for me to die upon
Would be the affectionate maiden's breast.
Oh, then, that I were a perishing rose,
Though I lived but an hour—a summer hour,—
To scatter my leaves on the first wind that blows
Through the scented shade of the maiden's bower.

G.

Catskill, June 29, 1829.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

THERE are great complaints, on the continent of Europe, as well as in England, of the depression of business, and of "dull times." The merchants complain of poor markets and low prices, and the people, generally, of heavy taxes and high duties. In some places, the labourers, who have been usually employed in manufactories, are now without occupation and food. The monopolists are at a stand; for they have carried their system to the *ne plus ultra*, and a reaction has been produced. The advocates of free trade are increasing; but this change is attended with its immediate evils. The dispute is still kept up between the two sects of political economists in Europe as well as in America: But the liberal system will probably prevail.

The politicians of England and France are speculating, with intense interest, on the great contest between the Russians and Turks.—They do not entirely approve of the ambitious views, which some suppose are entertained by the Russian court. If Russia should entirely subdue the Turk, or obtain possession of his provinces in Europe, she would be so powerful, as to be an object of continual fear to the neighbouring nations. The policy will, probably be to prevent the conquest of the Turkish territories in Europe, (excepting Greece) by the Emperor of Russia. What part Austria will take in this contest does not yet appear. But her weight in either scale will much affect the balance of power in Europe.

The fourteen years of peace in (the greater part of) Europe, it is believed, have proved favorable to the cause of letters and science. The learned societies in Great Britain and France and Germany are very active; and bestow a liberal patronage on the efforts of literary and scientific individuals. Even in Spain, efforts are making to multiply and to extend the means of knowledge. It will not be improper boasting, however, to say, that the legitimate object of civil government, "the greatest good of the greatest number," is more fully accomplished and attained in the United States, than in any other country of the earth. The people of these States have always duly appreciated the advantages of a good education. Every one is interested in the support and perpetuity of our republican institutions; and all are sensible, that the people must be intelligent, to maintain and preserve them.

Two English Episcopal bishops, sent to Calcutta, have died within a few years—bishops *Heber* and *James*. Dr. *Heber* was a very learned, pious, and catholic man. No one could be more entirely devoted to the duties

of his sacred office. These were uncommonly arduous; for his diocese extended many hundred miles. Bishop *James* survived but a very short time after his arrival at Calcutta. The writings of Bishop *Heber* have given him a just distinction among the learned and religious characters of the age. They are read in this country with great avidity.

The last Report of the Church Missionary Society at Calcutta states, that twenty-four natives were baptized last year in that place, thirteen of whom were adults. Some have received christian baptism at other places in India. Two of these converts from Hindooism are members of opulent families. They were subjected to the loss of caste, and were in fact disinherited. Afterwards, however, the father of one of them, being sick, read the christian scriptures, frequently, and received his son to favor and confidence. The new converts read the Testament much, and recommend it to others. It is also read in many schools attended by the native youth, and kept by Englishmen. There are about six hundred children who attend the schools kept in Calcutta, under the direction of the Missionary Society, and there are similar schools in other large and populous towns; in which the New Testament is occasionally read. Still the parents, generally, are very jealous of direct instructions and efforts to convert their children to the christian religion.

A steam boat has lately ascended the Ganges 850 miles. She was twenty days in the voyage up the river; and twelve, on her return. In some places, the current was so rapid, as to retard their progress materially. We believe this is the first steam vessel, which has gone far into the country from Calcutta. The natives were struck with wonder and admiration.

Letters have been received in Paris, from M. Champollion, written in Nubia, last January. He had ascended the Nile, as far as he intended. "The most he saw at Philæ was modern, that is, Greek or Roman, with the exception of one temple, more ancient, and of Egyptian structure. At Esseboas, he examined the Sphinxes, which adorn a monument built in the time of *Sesostris*. At Ypsamboul are some of the finest monuments of Nubia. There are two temples excavated in a rock or ledge, and covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics. The great temple of Ypsamboul is, alone, worthy of a voyage to Nubia. It would be a wonder, even at Thebes. The labor which this excavation cost, terrifies the imagination. The facade is decorated with four seated colossi, sixty

feet high. They are of magnificent workmanship, and represent Rhamses the Great." Several monuments of high antiquity have been lately demolished by the natives, through wantonness or ignorance.

A meteoric stone fell in Monroe county, in the State of Georgia, on the eighth of May, which weighed thirty-six pounds. Two heavy and distinct reports were heard like cannon, followed by a roaring sound for a minute and a half. The reports were heard at the distance of sixty miles. The stone penetrated thirty inches into the earth. The surface was black, the interior soft and of a gray color. It was found to be chiefly iron and nickel.

Manetho's original history of Egypt has been lately discovered among the papyri in the museum at Turin, in Italy. According to the learned professor, who made the discovery, the papyrus belongs to the time of the first of the Ptolemies. It is well known, that *Manetho* is the earliest and almost the only writer of Egyptian history. This document is said to contain a complete sketch of the history of Egypt in early periods. It is written in the hieratic or sacred characters. Much of it is evidently fabulous; for it ascends to the time of the supposed reign of the gods. The real dynasties commence with *Meres*, the first king, who is generally supposed to be Mizraim, a son of Ham. The manuscript states from what city each dynasty sprang, of how many kings it consisted, the number of years they reigned, and the names of all the kings, with short historical remarks. *London Weekly Review.*

It is predicted that the late act of the British Parliament, for the relief of the Catholics, will have the effect of checking the emigrations of the Irish. In a political view, this measure is honorable to the British ministry and Parliament: and the way is now open for well-educated Catholics, in England and Ireland, to rise to places of power in the government. But what important benefits does it confer upon the great mass of the Irish population? Will they have more profitable employment? Will their burdens be lighter? Will their means of living be improved? Their social condition will be substantially meliorated, it is believed, only when the rents and taxes are lessened; and their landlords are more lenient and generous.

A late London Magazine, referring to the duration of the pear tree, states "that there is one now in the grounds of the Earl of Fife, which is in a flourishing condition and bore fruit last season, which was planted more than five hundred years ago." There is one at Salem in this State, planted by Governor Endicott two hundred years since, which yielded, last year, an abundance of fair, good fruit.

A company of learned men from Sweden have lately made a journey through the most northerly parts of Europe and Asia. The mercury was frequently congealed so hard as to be, with difficulty, cut with a knife. They accomplished the object of their journey, which was to find the magnetic pole.

The two gold medals, bestowed by the Royal Society of Literature in London, were, in April of the present year, adjudged to Baron Sylvester de Sacy and Mr. Koscoe; both highly celebrated for their genius and attainments.

A large number of valuable works, both old and new, have lately been received for the Athenaeum in this city. The old ones are rare, and the new ones are selected from the most interesting publications of the day.— Besides books presented by generous individuals, many standard and other useful works are added to this library every year, by purchase with funds of the institution.

Speaking of a new work by Mr. Southey, the editor of the London Quarterly Review, with the title of "the State and Prospects of Society," Mr. Walsh expresses the opinion, "that it is unjustly severe and abusive of the character of the people in the United States." Southey has always been reluctant in allowing us the credit of any learning or refinement in this republican country; and is so uncandid as to represent the majority or all to be agreeable to the specimens of the lowest individuals, described by European travellers. He thinks, that as we have no showy ritual in public worship and no state religion, we must be all Hottentots and Pagans. Mr. Southey, probably, has a little spice of good old English bigotry and aristocracy in his feelings. But the more enlightened men, even in Europe, are ready to acknowledge, that religion may be maintained and prevail, without the support of the civil arm or the interference of government; at least, as to particular creeds, or outward ceremonies.

The editor of the London Quarterly Review says, "that *Jefferson*, *Madison*, and *Monroe* have sunk into the common herd;" and predicts, "that the memory of Gen. Washington will be forgotten before the present century expires." How unjustly do the friends of monarchy value the blessings of our free, republican institutions! We consider it the glory and honor of these great men to have retired voluntarily from public life, in their old age, and to mingle with their fellow citizens, who have the same rights and principles with themselves.

"The London Foreign Quarterly Review," published in April, contains, among other articles, the following,—On the language and literature of Holland; Antient national poetry of Spain; Scandinavian Mythology; His-

tory of the Ottoman Empire; History of English literature and poetry, by a Frenchman; Account of a MS. of the Gospel of St. John.

The North American Review, for July, may justly lay claim to very high merit.—Several of the articles are uncommonly interesting; and all are ably written.

Books lately published in London.—Natural History of Enthusiasm; The Protestant's Companion; Simon's Hope of Israel; Stratton-hill, a tale of the civil wars, in the time of Charles I.; Repentance, and other poems, by Brown; Scott, on natural and revealed religion; Bishop Heber's Sermons, preached in India; Kirby's Sermons on the temptations of Christ; Barder on Revivals in Religion; Hewlet's Scripture History; Bishop Kay's account of the writings and opinions of Justin Martyr, one of the most early christian fathers; Essay on the Coins of Scripture, illustrative of the truth of the sacred history; Stories from History of Scotland, by Rev. A. Stewart; Dangerous Errors; Devereux, by the author of Pelham; Outlines of a new system of Political Economy; Essay on Moral Freedom.

The London University is represented to be in a very prosperous state, and promises advantages to the youth of that great city fully equal to the early hopes of its founders. The bigoted Episcopalians object to the institution, because the articles and service of the church of England are not made indispensably necessary. But many eminent individuals of that political church, as well as dissenters, are warm advocates for the liberal plan, which has been adopted.

Mr. Murray (of London) has commenced the publication of "the family library:" a volume is to be published every month. The English reviewers speak of the plan with approbation. The collection is judicious.

Works lately published in the United States.—A View of the Constitution of the United States; second edition, Philadelphia—A Geographical and Statistical Survey of the State of Maine, with Maps; Portland—Tra-

vels in the north of Germany, by H. E. Dwight; New-York—Memoirs of the late Mrs. Susan Huntington; third edition; Boston—Memoirs of De Witt Clinton, late Governor of the State of New-York; by Dr. Hosack; New-York—A Practical Grammar of the English Language, by R. G. Greene; Portland—Stories on Connecticut, designed for the instruction and amusement of youth; by C. A. Goodrich; Hartford—Outlines of the History of England, on the plan of D. Blair; adapted to the use of Schools: S. G. Goodrich, Boston—The Ladies' Lexicon and Parlour Companion; designed for Schools and Academies; by W. Grimshaw; Philadelphia—Letters from Europe, in 1828, first published in New-York Observer; Crocker & Brewster, Boston—Specimens of American Poetry; S. G. Goodrich, Boston—An Analysis of the Book of Revelations; Philadelphia—Sermons on War, by T. T. Stone; Peirce & Williams, Boston—Sermons, by late J. S. Buckminster; Carter & Hendee, Boston—Sermons by late J. E. Abbot; Wait and Green, Boston—Natural Theology, by Paley; illustrated by numerous plates; Lincoln & Edmunds, Boston.

On the river Mississauga, in Upper Canada, there is an Indian village consisting of upwards of two hundred souls. They live in cottages, quite neat and convenient, having three rooms—and they cultivate the ground after the manner of the English. They appear quiet and happy; and have schools for their children. They are very averse from having the whites come among them, as they say, that they learn their children to swear and to drink ardent spirits.

At a late sale of West's pictures in London, "Christ Rejected," sold for three hundred guineas—"Death on the Pale Horse," for two hundred guineas, and was painted by Mr. West, at the age of 80. "Moses receiving the Law," for 500 guineas—"Ascension of our Saviour," 200 guineas—"Death of Wolfe," for 500—and the "Death of Nelson," for 850.

The third volume of Mr. Jefferson's Works has been published.

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NO. V.

THE POETRY OF RELIGION.

I WOULD not tread rashly upon holy ground. Religion is a sacred topic, and the discussion of it, in its vital bearings, is properly limited to the ministers of the sacred office. The walks of their inculcation, however, do not exhaust it. Like the universal air, its main and visible influences are not all that are felt and blessed. It is the peculiarity of the gifts of God, that, with all their fulness and extent, they reach the minuter need, and are adapted to the meanest capacity that craves them. The same sun that kindles the fire upon the altar warms the disregarded worm. The same moon that heaves the sea to its accurate limit guides the poor fisher to the shore. The same stars that in their linked spells are a mystery to the wise, awaken the sweet laugh of the child, and touch the hearts of the simple with their quiet beauty. The great results are not all that should be recorded of such blessings. The least of them flows equally from divine wisdom, and has been directed equally by divine skill. The simplest moral precept of the Gospel was dictated by the inspiration that wrote the Apocalypse with a pen of fire; and though the appointed ministers of religion are too much occupied with its great interests to dwell upon its fainter and less essential traces, I cannot but feel that they should not be forgotten, even though it were but to record them as part of a system of taste. To the more refined class of minds, indeed, religion would be far more acceptable, even from its ministers, if presented in its full coloring of loveliness. If its influence upon all that is beautiful in the universe, and its intimate connection with every standard of truth and proportion, were substituted sometimes for the bare and unqualified denunciations which are so much dwelt upon by our New England clergy, there can be little doubt of a happier if not a more general religious feeling. It is too much the impression that the standard of the Bible is vulgar—

that its requirements are unrefined—that its spirit demands sacrifices of taste, and a relinquishment of all that makes the poetry of life. The simplicity which the pure taste of religion requires in its followers, instead of being regarded, as it should be, the element and secret of beauty, is looked upon as the bare skeleton of life, and weighed against the tinsel gauds of the world like a self denial and a test. Nothing could be more mistaken. The humility of religion, paradox though it seem, tends to elevate and refine. There is nothing in its whole range which can jar upon the harmony of taste—nothing from its loftiest to its lowest precept which is not as purified as crystal from coarseness. The “pride of life” is forbidden, but not its grace or its beauty; for He who forbade it has clothed the lily, and “Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” It is wonderful to look about us and see how the indirect and mild influences of religion are felt in every form of life, and in all the many and wide courses of thought—how every trait of strength and loveliness in mind and nature is enhanced and dignified by its impress. It is my object to speak of these influences. I cannot hope to detect them all—far less adequately to describe them—but there is enough open to every eye, and felt, though perhaps unconsciously, by every heart, to ensure at least an assent to the general bearing and propriety of my subject.

One of the least noticed and most pervading of the minor influences of religion is felt in Poetry. I do not refer now to the uses of Scriptural or religious topics, though eloquent reasons might be given for their preference.* It is upon the eye and spirit of the poet, in all the many-colored visions of the one, and the numberless spheres of the other's wandering, that its effect is most permanent and visible. Without fanaticism, without supernatural sight, without any of those dreamy gifts which are claimed by the beautiful but visionary creed of Swedenborg—in the simple power of the eye and the natural conception of the fancy—there is a reach, an inward and farther apprehension, a distinct power given by religion, which scepticism could never attain, and mere moral speculation never comprehend. Perhaps it cannot be fairly proved by example. The glowing Psalm of David—the triumphant majesty of Isaiah's Muse, and the subdued melody of the Ecclesiastes are full of its rare and searching power, but they are set aside by their inspiration. Milton has hewn out of it his immortal fame, but he stands alone, and it may be ascribed plausibly to his genius. There is no argument for it but in philosophy, and here the evidence is ample. It is founded upon that restless tendency of the human mind to reach after the unattained and

* On this subject I refer the reader with much pleasure to Mr. Hillhouse's Phi Beta Kappa Oration—an elaborate production crowded with passages of the most glowing and finished eloquence. Ed.

incomprehensible. The existence of an unseen, onward truth keeps the mental nerve ever strained. Perfect knowledge depreciates the difficulties it has overcome, and renders any object within the sphere of its attainment insignificant and unworthy. It is the distant and shadowy alone that can retain the respect, and keep constant and unwavering the inquisitive upward eye. The most common weakness of our nature is to undervalue that which we already have and know perfectly. The sceptic and the Christian, accordingly, look with a wide difference of impression upon nature. The first contemplates it in its mere visible form and action. It has beauty to him, and order, but they pass into his mind as bare qualities, without meaning or association. There is no belief acted on—no impulse of worship stirred—no conception of power awakened or filled. The impression made upon his eye enters merely and alone, and dies in his memory as a simple image of loveliness. His mind stops, and his speculations rest there. It is far otherwise with the latter. There is a deeper meaning for him in every object of contemplation. The order of the seasons and their glory are eloquent of God. His outward eye and ear are as much ravished as the infidel's, but, unlike him, there is a correspondent ravishment within—the deepest and highest of which his nature is capable. The light of common Providence, which is to the one but a chance meteor, beautiful but wandering, kindles the heart of the other like an altar, and fills him with blissful and enthusiastic wonder. There is no change so slight that it cannot interest and instruct him, for he knows that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice." His sphere of thought is widened; his chain of knowledge has another link, and Nature, glorious as she is, is but a type of a better glory—a shadow of him whose least attribute stretches the mind to its limit, and is not then comprehended. There is an inexpressible dignity given thus to every creature and thing. It is the work of God and he may not despise it. The mean functions of the worm do not awaken his contempt. The simplest human being that can live is entitled to his regard. The faintest trace of design awakens speculation and reverence. He moves in a world whose exquisite machinery at every step excites his astonishment, and whose infinite variety never can pall or become common. The effect upon his ideas of nature is evident. Why are the stars wonderful, and the sea, and the sky? not from the simple shining of those faint lamps—not from the narrow limit of that visible circle—not from the apparent arch overhung—but because we know the wondrous magnitude and order of the stars, and the boundless extent and myriad inhabitants of the sea, and the unsearched depth of the illimitable and bright sky. It is their unseen and believed attributes that give them importance. If the eye measured them accurately, or the judgment defined them by

their mere visible features, the starry Heavens were but a spangled ceiling, and the sea a monotonous surface, and the sky a waste that a bird's flight might circle in a day. Who will say that the contemplation of them would then be as elevating, or the order of their changes work as powerfully in the fountains of human thought? It is thus, then, that religion acts upon poetry. It gives every object extent, every contrivance depth, every trace of beauty or strength or adaptation, a meaning difficult to fathom. The imagination finds the wildest of its rapt wanderings outdone by probability. The most elaborate coloring and the highest power of language are insufficient to arrest and embody the dim phantoms of conception. Every created thing is the nucleus of a shadowy sphere, and every circumstance that can occur in life has a train of consequences which dignify and sublime it. The faculties of the mind are stretched to their utmost tension, and Poetry, instead of stopping with Infidelity at the verge of the visible creation, makes it but a starting point for an adventurous flight, and stretches on, star by star, as it were, up the infinite ascent to its Maker.

Valuable as Religion is in its temporal effects to all classes of society, there is one point in which it is peculiarly the blessing of the poor. I refer to its *refining* influence. Apart from all the outward distress of poverty—its hunger and cold and privation—there is a work wrought upon the spirit by its hard necessities, which occasions suffering far keener than the body may feel or know. No one who has not felt or narrowly observed the process of poverty—the perpetual fettering of desire, the pinching, abstinent calculation, the daily smothering in the heart of impulses irresistibly strong—a duty not the less painful than it is silent and habitual—no one who has not looked upon the unalleviated and uncomplaining misery of the poor, pressing down, with its withering and leaden closeness, every nerve capable of sensation or enjoyment—no one who has not watched their self-denying and unbroken labor, continued when the strength is faint and the heart sick, and seen them, when released at the extreme moment, meeting, with the apathy of exhaustion, the caresses and poor comforts of their wretched home—no one who has not seen all this, and compelled himself to conquer his averted eye and look upon it with the steady gaze of sympathy, can have any idea of their intolerable misery—any adequate conception of its degrading, deadening influence upon the spirit and temper of humanity. And this is not merely a temporary forgetfulness of their natural capacities—not a cloud that darkens for an hour but may pass by. It is a gradual and final shutting out of light from the mind. It is the rending one by one of the exquisite fibres of life—dividing, with an edge keener than steel, affections nourished in youth, and wound about the heart with inexpressible tenderness. It is the pressing forever upon the

eye images of dismal want, and upon the mind a sick consciousness that will not be put by, of desperate, irremediable wretchedness. We are not in this country familiar with such poverty as this, but the effect extends proportionally to every degree of want. Wherever it is felt daily, it subdues the spirit, and shuts up in the mind its own everpresent image, and kills like a mildew the delicate fibres of refinement and feeling. And what is the remedy? The circle of common pleasures is invisible to the poor, for they have not its talisman of gold. It has no medicine for "those who have no money," and no "wine and milk without price." The beauty and fragrance and cheerful music of nature—gifts not for the rich alone or the powerful—are lost upon senses deadened by inward care. They all come in their proper seasons, and pass through their beautiful changes, but the poor have no heart to enjoy them. And is this all? Is there no other remedy? Has the clear-seeing Providence of God left a class of his creatures at the mercy of a chance they cannot govern, which may bring upon them, at any time, a blindness to the common light of Heaven, and a fetter for every sense capable of joy? Religion, as it is meant for all, so it is adapted to the necessities of all. It enters alike the cottage of the peasant and the hall of the noble, and brings to both the same priceless gift, but to the former it brings also another and not a trifling blessing. I will not dwell upon the progress of its pure refinement and its beautiful and certain elevation of taste. I will only direct your eye to the poor within the limits of your own walks of benevolence, and ask the result. You may select the religious portion of them without passing a threshold. An invariable neatness is visible about their dwellings. The humble vine creeps over the door, and the flower-pot stands in the window, and the curtain that shuts out the intruding eye from the low room is of snowy whiteness. The child that plays at the door is quiet and clean. The sound of labor is not mingled with noisy voices in the day-time, and at evening the psalm of the Sabbath service is heard, or the mother sits quietly in the porch, or reads by her faint lamp, the Book wherein her trust is hidden. Enter her cottage and you will find a meek cheerfulness in her manner, a mild expression in her face, and a tone, free at least from the violence common to her station, and if she has felt the heavier afflictions of sickness and death, often subdued and touching. Win her confidence, and she will tell you that it refreshes her in her severe labor to look out upon the pleasant sun and remember God's goodness, and that she finds now and then a passage in her Bible which opens her eye to some common beauty in creation which she had hitherto passed by—that the eloquent psalm of the King of Israel, or the glowing fervor of the Prophet has sent her out by night to see the Heavens that "declare his glory," and ponder the "sweet influence of the

Pleiades;" and that every created thing has assumed an interest to her, reminding her constantly of Him who made the "goodly wings of the bird," and "clothed the neck of the horse with thunder." New and delightful topics of thought are thus given her which wile away her care, and as she dwells less upon the low and degrading images of her lot, and more upon the beautiful contemplations of her Bible, an imperceptible refinement is wrought within her, and the narrowing and depressing tendency of her employments effectually counteracted.

There is a peculiar *tranquillity* in religion which unquestionably lengthens life. The wear of violent passions, even the common one of anger, upon the system, is too obvious to need proof; and the excesses of the more deadly need still less of comment. The precepts of piety bear particularly upon such indulgences. The distinctive feature of Christianity is its forgiveness to enemies, and the whole bearing of its morality is to nourish the kindly sympathies of our nature, and make the stream of common feeling flow calm and even. This is so true, that it is almost a test of religious sincerity. I have never yet seen an exemplary Christian whose countenance did not wear that winning calmness which betokens inward peace and a heart tempered with universal love. There is a spirit of violent sectarianism abroad which passes with some for zeal, but which enlists too much earthly passion and stamps upon the features of its possessors a harsh gravity too indicative of inward violence to be the result of piety. We are so constituted that the tenor of feeling may be read in the countenance, and as in old musicians the eye is always peculiarly liquid from constant pleasurable sensation, so in religion, the sincere and loving disciple of his Master's mild attributes is distinguishable by his serenity and gentleness. I had an impression when a child that none but beautiful women brought up their infants for baptism. It was the maternal look that had won upon my boyish fancy. The baptismal moment to a Christian mother is of too tender an interest not to call out the fullest expression of love; and the moist, uplifted eye, and the look of beseechingness and trust which almost always accompany that touching ceremony, affect me to this day indescribably. This tranquillizing influence is another proof of the wonderful adaptedness of religion to our common need. I have no doubt that years are added to the life by its temper of repose. The intimate connection of mind and body reduce it to a certainty, that the peculiar quiet of a heart governed by its mild precepts must be like a medicine to the "springs of health." The "silver cord" is not so soon loosed, and "the golden bowl" not so soon broken.

The tendency of religion to equalize, upon its own ground, the different ranks of the human family, is not the least of its minor blessings. Not that a difference of worldly rank is not proper and

necessary. The Bible itself enjoins obedience to such distinctions. But many as the differences are of wealth and power, there are points of universal assimilation, and it is well if we can meet and allow them on ground so holy. The humiliation which we were else weak enough to feel—perhaps to scorn—is not difficult in the presence of Him to whose glory our loftiest pride is dim and insignificant. We are willing, there, to uncover our heads, and stand side by side with the humblest creature that can pray; and often when the hymn ascends or the low response is murmured, the comparison between ourselves and some prostrate child of poverty is irresistibly humiliating. I know no more beautiful trait in the Providence of God. It is like a golden thread running through the whole fabric of life, connecting with the purest of common sympathies, the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly. Every Sabbath that brings them together under the same roof reminds them anew of their mutual relation. The connecting link is brightened, and the charities of the rich are stirred and vibrate to the same touch that awakens the “effectual blessings of the poor.”

The most attractive of the lesser influences of religion is that upon *female character and beauty*. Its effect upon the former is generally allowed, though still, rather as an abstract truth than a rule of practice; but upon the latter it is far from being properly appreciated. It is not too much to say that every possible manner and every cast of feature is improved by it, and that, not to the eye of the religious enthusiast only, but to every eye that can take pleasure in beauty. From the vivid *esprit* of the belle to the shunning eye and blushing timidity of the school-girl, and this without changing or suppressing one essential characteristic, there is no form of loveliness that religion does not heighten and adorn. I am far from referring now to any look of sanctimoniousness or unnatural gravity—farther still from commending that entire forgetfulness of every other duty, and that fanatical exclusiveness to religion to which the enthusiastic nature of woman sometimes leads her. I would have no innocent feeling suppressed, no timely mirth checked, no gaiety, or motion, or impulse, that a young heart may yield to without awakening a blush, fettered or stayed. I would have no restraint whatever put upon the manner, save such as her own chastened feelings and natural taste dictated and approved; but leaving it entirely to its native and beautiful impulses, I would have a sense of God's presence seated in the heart—a mild but deep sentiment of religious obligation pervading every hour of amusement as well as of duty—a remembrance that is neither a positive thought nor a possible forgetfulness—a floating consciousness of religious obligation—habitual and constant. I do not know that I can describe the effect of such a feeling. It differs with the thousand differences of manner and beauty. It softens without

suppressing the hilarity of the gay, and dignifies the timidity of the young without removing its winning grace. Female manner, itself, is of all things the most indescribable, and it would be vain to attempt a minute description of an influence so vanishing and rare upon its thousand changes. There is a nameless something, however, running through female manner—found wherever it is delicate and lovely—something that is not reserve nor coyness, but is like a soft shadow in a picture, or a mist upon still water, or a half transparent drapery upon a figure of grace—something, I know not what, which breathes through every motion and sentiment of its possessor, and without which, to a refined taste, there can be no loveliness and no delicacy—and this, vanishing and rare and indescribable as it is, is the invariable gift of religion—the result, I had almost said the test, of its inward influence. It flits through the expression of the face like a shadow, and comes at times over the brightness of the eye, and affects without checking every change of color or motion. It is not delicacy but a phantasm of something like it that is purer; it is not softness, or cheerfulness, or sweet temper, but a refinement of all these—an indefinable essence of a grace as lovely as it is nameless. How many women have I seen, who, but for the want of this single quality, were among the brightest and best of their sex! How many, who, possessed of beauty and talent and every polite accomplishment, passed on unadmired, no one could tell, though every one *felt*, why—denied the meed which others, far less beautiful and talented and accomplished than themselves, were winning, and totally unconscious of a deficiency which was too subtle to be explained, and which, when nature has denied it, religion alone can supply!

And yet this is but its outward show. Its effect upon the character is far more important, and of a far severer beauty. The heart of woman seems the natural home for religion. From the even and secluded nature of her pursuits there is much less to defile its native temple in the soul, and a readier openness to its entering light. It has a peculiar affinity with every quality that is desirable in her character. It is infused like a bright color into all her native virtues; and her powers of pleasing as well as of usefulness are enhanced incomparably. That unwearied patience, which makes sickness almost a pleasure with its tender assiduities—that meek submission to self-denial and want—that strange tenacity of affection that holds on through all sorrow, and all adversity, and grows only brighter with trial—that up-bearing, cheerful, elastic temper, which, in joy and sorrow is alike ready to contribute to the comfort of those to whom it owes love and duty, and to whom it is as essential and welcome as the daily and blessed light—all these religion deepens and exalts and purifies. There is, besides, a kind of fervor of character which alone can be given by this principle—an enthusiasm that is not ani-

final spirit or imagination, but which, looking on the object of its love and their linked interests as bearing upon an immortal destiny, and treasuring up every affection as a seed that is to expand and blossom hereafter, invests it with a dignity that involves every feeling and thought, and gives every token and impulse of tenderness an earnest truth, which nothing merely of this world can equal or resemble.

This is much to owe to a single principle. But religion enters still deeper into the lot of woman. There are periods of change and contrast peculiar to her sex, and over the operation of which she has no control, which try her character severely, and for the favorable result of which there is no certain reliance but in religion. Educated, if in the fashionable classes of society, upon principles which nourish to its utmost growth the strong love of admiration, there comes a time, and that early in life, when she must abandon it. Living almost exclusively for pleasure while her character is forming, and, if beautiful, used to a devotion from those about her which is like the anticipation of magic to her wants, there comes a time when she must forget it suddenly and wholly, for duties which cannot be disregarded or put by. Entering upon marriage with visions of romance in her eye, and a belief in the undying delicacy and unwasting fervor of the love that won her—feelings not the less in the heart that they are hidden and unexpressed—she finds earlier or later that her own affections are both finer and deeper, and that what was the very life of *her* heart, was but the holiday idleness—the way-side accident of *his*. Add to this the most trying circumstance of all—one that is surprisingly forgotten in the usual estimate of female allotment—the committing utterly and irremediably to another the whole treasure of her worldly happiness, and standing aside without the influence of a breath upon its destiny—abiding the issue, it may be of rashness or incompetency, it may be of desperation—and this without the relief of active occupation that makes it a comparative happiness to him—without anything but the bitter weed of patience to allay the mordent tooth of a passive anxiety. These are things that sweep like a whirlwind the channel of a woman's life. There is nothing in her habits or education which prepares her for their violence. What is to ensure her that the stream will return to its wonted flow? What is there that is born of fashion, or amusement, or even enthusiasm, that will govern the broken courses, and lead back the disturbed waters of feeling. What is to prevent it from settling into stagnant apathy, or wasting itself among weeds and darkness? I answer—nothing but the principle of which I have spoken—nothing but the elevating, tranquillizing, strong-hearted spirit of Religion!

There are other influences emanating from religion, no less worthy of mention. But I have said enough to suggest them to your mind, and I will leave them to your own profitable musings. I should like

to ramble with you over its thousand topics—to talk of the diminishing influence of its high attainments upon the poor pursuits of the world, and the consequent easy practice of the virtues—to tell you how it passes, like a silver nerve, beautiful but strong, through the whole machinery of life, staying the leaning weaknesses of our nature and shining brighter amid the rust of care—and I should love to go back with you to our early days, and trace the effect of its comprehensive morality, and recal the dignifying influence of its impressive and sublime mysteries. We should pass thus a pleasant, and, I trust, not unprofitable hour; but there is a limit to all things, and there must be a limit to this.

I AM THERE.

THEY sit not all alone around
 The dear remembered hearth,
 Where our glad childhood's earliest sound
 Went forth upon the voice of mirth;
 Though far, a wanderer from that ring,
 My name no gladsome lips may share,
 Love yet can touch a secret spring—
 A thought—and I am there.

They go not forth alone who stood
 Around my flowery way,
 When flood, and vale, and hill, and wood,
 Responded to our noisy play;
 For every one has written spells
 Upon the lonely heart—and where
 One of those fond companions dwells,
 I think—and I am there.

They go not up alone to meet
 The hallowed Sabbath morn;—
 The sound of their delightful feet
 Is ever o'er my memory borne;
 And, when my fickle spirit rose
 First on the breath of ardent prayer—
 Though seas and nations interpose—
 Each Sabbath I am there.

They sleep not all alone, who sleep
 Where all our loved ones rest;
 No oftener do the dewdrops weep
 Upon the earth above the breast

Which, silent now and breathless grown,
Once did my song and feelings share,
Than, weeping at the lettered stone,
In spirit—I am there.

And go I forth alone? Oh, no!—
The silence of my way
Is not the solitude of wo;
For night by night, and day by day,
There is a thrilling voice that speaks
Even in the stillness of the air—
Some lovely spirit's call, and seeks
My presence every where.

Cattskill, July 20.

G.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

ANY one who is at all conversant with seamen, knows that superstition forms a striking feature in the character of that numerous and useful class. Men of iron frames and nerves of proof, who shrink not

“When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests bow,”

are known to give credence to such tales of supernatural horror as ‘the Flying Dutchman’ and others that have not half the claims of that romantic legend upon the imagination. Have you been upon the ocean on a starlight night, with a few clouds hurrying along the sky, dark and swiftly, and the sea rough, but black as ink, and fathomless? On such a night, have you marked a group by the vessel's side, earnestly attentive to some tarry veteran, as with that low and almost whispered tone that is in such admirable keeping with the subject, and which seems to imply a belief in the old proverb, that “a certain character” is always nearest when we are talking of him, and with that accent and look of implicit belief in what he is saying which gives the supernatural its climax of effect, he doles forth the experience of some brother of the craft in nautical demonology? And if you became interested in the story, as the contagious influence of the scene and its associations will surely make you, and caught the sighing of the wind, as it traversed the melancholy waste; and the fitful song of the look-out in the top as it swelled and died on the breeze, like the accompaniment of a spirit of the air, you have felt most powerfully, despite your skepticism, the cold fingers of

superstition creeping upon your heart. Though your countenance may have worn the forced smile of incredulity, my life on it, you did not shake off that icy grasp so easily. Your dreams, for a night, at least, were of chimeras dire; and that mysterious tone and melancholy song have haunted you since. It would seem, that, removed from the haunted precincts of the churchyard, the abbey and deserted castle—"her ancient solitary reign"—superstition would not stop with the shore, nor seek her prey upon the solitude of the ocean. But she "can call spirits from the vasty deep," and the dead are strewn upon its bottom like pebbles. But were it not so, and were its sands sown with pearls instead of corpses, disdaining the natural law of associations she could call up a creation of non-descript monsters, like the incongruous visions of an incubus, or the hideous abominations of Hindoo worship. Such, generally, is the character of nautical superstition—wild as the domain over which it broods, unsystematised as the beings whom it rules with despotic power. The demonology of the landsman seldom seeks any other spirits from the shades, than those of departed men. On the wave, all fear of them vanishes, and the spirits, which even ghosts are said to dread, bear immediate rule. And why? There rise no monuments on the watery plain to tell, "*Hic jacet*," or to tether the spirit that has flown. Crime leaves no record there but in the living hell within the bosoms of its authors. The waves mourn, and sweep over the pirate's bloody track, and who shall point to the spot where the deed was done?

"Man marks the earth with ruin: his control
Stops with the shore,"

nor does there exist upon the wide blue sea, one solitary memento, to give to any act of his, whether good or ill, a local habitation. But the ocean—the glorious ocean, is full of poetry; and poetry and superstition are gathered from the same field, by the same minister, Imagination. The materials for each are the same, and take their shape and color after entering the mind, like the different modifications which light undergoes in eyes of different constructions; forming, on the retina of one, a confused and incongruous spectrum, and of another, a beautiful and faithful copy of all the objects of vision. Whether the fearful beauties of the deep, its flashing waters, and its clouds that brush the firmament like the sweep of mighty wings kindle in the soul the extatic dreams of poesy, or the living horrors and grovelling fears of superstition, depends altogether upon the character of the mind, and the light which has been shed upon it by education.

Once, poetry and superstition were nearly synonymous, and exerted a united influence upon the minds of men. Witness the fictions of

the ancient bards. Poets were the high priests of the invisible world, and palmed upon the simple minds of the age their own creations for divine realities. But thanks be to Heaven, the mind at length is free. Truth has set her seal upon all the efforts of human genius. The gilding has fallen off the absurdities of old, and superstition, stripped of her tinsel robe, stands alone, palpable and odious. Still, however, does she lurk in the bye-ways and corners of the earth. On the desert of the ocean too, she has a throne, surrounded with peculiar horrors, that shall last, while "they who go down upon the deep in ships," shall have among them so many of the weak and the ignorant. I would by no means put this imputation upon the whole of a class to which our country owes so much of its wealth and honors. Of course, I am speaking of common sailors. And neither would I impute it to *them*, were I not acquainted with its cause and its remedy. Every one knows a sailor's belief in omens. And many on his catalogue are true, and can be accounted for on natural principles. He understands the signs of the sky perfectly, and can predict the winds and weather in a manner, that, to a novice, is perfectly unaccountable. But he stops not here. He is led on to trust in others for which philosophy has no support, and of which the like would never be dreamed of on land, but by some bed-ridden ~~bedlame~~ of eighty. Thus, a whale, throwing up his flukes, brings a storm; a shoal of porpoises at night is accounted unlucky; and I have heard the captain of a New York brig order a cock's head to be wrung off, for crowing at the unseasonable hour of nine at night. These and the like notions being at times unluckily confirmed by striking coincidences, become matters of experience, and stand as high in a seaman's estimation as the signs of the weather. Thus, in the examples above alluded to, it was not six hours after the cock had crowed, his unlucky vespers, when it came on to blow the most violent gale that I ever witnessed. The whale had shown his flukes, and the porpoises visited us, on the same evening. This observation of signs and omens, which is the natural result of the solitude of his situation, is a principal cause of the sailor's inclination for the marvellous. He is shut out from all other cares but to know whether his wind is to be fair, and the seas smooth. To ascertain these, his eyes are abroad upon the book of nature, striving to read, in its various leaves, the sky, the stars, the clouds, and waters, the dim, but legible traces of his destiny. And if he is thus enabled to understand things which to other men are a mystery, and was once to himself, is it to be wondered at, if, at times, he thinks his vision can go farther, and there read lessons with which reason and philosophy have no fellowship? Is it to be wondered at, that, shut out from his race, imagination should introduce beings of his own to give animation to the dreadfulness that broods over the waste of the ocean? I have said that

the creations of the fancy depend mainly on the temperament of the man, and the structure and cultivation of his mind. To the man of well balanced mind solitude has no terrors. He can sit upon a lonely height, and look abroad upon the handy-work of his Maker, with the pleasure of an epicure at a banquet. He can luxuriate upon the means of life and happiness that are afforded to every living creature ; or, if the scene lacks inhabitants, his imagination will never call up beings that will defile this beautiful earth. But who are they that tremble at their shadow when alone ? Who that shrink in the solitude of the forest as if malignant eyes were fastened on them, and not *that* eye which watched over their birth, and never slumbers nor sleeps ? Who view, in each glancing star, or light from the marsh, presages of evil ; and hear, in each sigh of the wind, unearthly voices ? Who, but the weak in mind ? Who but those whose estrangement from society has nearly obliterated the faint traces of an imperfect education ? And who but such men are our common sailors ? The book of nature is open to both, but different are the lessons which they read there. To one, it is a sublime source of morals, and its pages are filled with pictures of the beautiful and glorious ; to the other, it brings terror, and the heads of monsters meet him whatever leaf he turns. Thus, the same fountain, it would seem, literally sends forth sweet waters and bitter. But it must be told them that nothing bitter flows from that exhaustless reservoir which the God of nature has opened to quench the immortal thirst. It is the corruption of their own palates. Correct these, and they shall know the pleasure which a rational man feels, whenever he views the ocean or the landscape, be it in sunshine or in storm—a pleasure, like a spring to the pilgrim in the desert, and which we must believe to be of that kind that will not cease to flow in upon the soul, in its eternal march towards perfection.

For me, the churchyard has no terrors. I have walked it at all hours and in every different mood. Not that I do not believe in the supernatural. There are accounts recorded of the walking in this world of the tenants of the next, to which I know not what to answer ; and, at which, to laugh or sneer, in my opinion, argues as much weakness as to take for gospel every old wife's legend. But I have walked it merely for meditation ; and the idea of encountering the spirits of the dead who slumber there, never crossed my mind. If thought of them arose at all, it was but to think of that eternal home to which they have gone, and the voice from the grave was not one of alarm, but of heavenly, though solemn warning. And never while there, have the frightful tales of the nursery obtruded themselves upon me. The dead have nothing to ask at my hands ; and the powers of the air, as well as their prince, cannot go beyond the length of that chain with which omnipotence has bound them. By this time I have perhaps raised a smile on the face of some sceptic—

tic, and am set down for as arrant a believer in ghosts and witches as any old woman in Cotton Mather's day, or the venerable historian himself. My creed on the subject, so far as it suited my purpose, I have stated. All tales of the kind are directly in the teeth of reason, and counter to our imaginary laws of the spiritual world; yet still I say, there are some so well attested, that despite of all my philosophy, I dare not gainsay them. And now to our story.

In the capital of one of our New England States, resides captain Sharp. Twenty-five years ago, he commanded a ship in the Russian trade; but he has long been retired from the sea. It is a most happy life which the seaman leads, when enabled to leave his boisterous profession, and to settle down, for the remainder of his days, upon a competency, in the bosom of his early home. When a squall rises he can lie and hear it; he has no topsail halyards to stand by. Such is the situation of Capt. Sharp. Let me add, that an hour's conversation will convince any one that he is neither an ignorant nor a weak-minded man; and that the patronage of the most eminent merchants in Rhode Island, in early life, and the unqualified esteem of a large circle of friends *now*, are sufficient testimonials in favor of his probity.

It was in the year 1804 that Capt. Sharp returned from a European voyage. The gentleman in whose family I reside, and whom I have known and respected for years, was then living at Pawtuxet, on the Narraganset Bay. He saw the ship pass up the bay, and on the day following called upon the Captain at Providence. The Captain received him with a warm greeting.

"I am glad to see you," said he; "I am glad to see every body—in a word, I rejoice that I am once more safe upon the *terra firma* of Rhode Island."

"Rather unnatural for a seaman, that last expression," observed Mr. T—.

"By no means—by no means;" said the Captain, "the most inveterate sea dog of us all, would be glad to be set on shore after *such* a voyage."

"Anything extraordinary?" inquired Mr. T—.

"Extraordinary? Yes—no—we have had seamen's luck, fair winds and foul, but, on the whole, a pretty fair run; yet," said he, dropping his voice, "I would not make exactly another such a voyage, for the best ship that sails out of Providence."

"You talk mysteriously," said Mr. T—.

"I do;" said the Captain; "and the mischief of it is, I must still talk mysteries if I endeavor to explain myself. As we are alone, however, you shall hear, if you have time to listen."

After a moment's pause he proceeded. "What I have to say, shall be, without note or comment, a simple tale of facts. An opinion

upon those facts, of course, I have ; but there is no necessity of my publishing it ; I shall therefore merely tell my story, and leave you and every one who may hear it hereafter, to put upon it what interpretation they please. We were bound, you will recollect, for St. Petersburg. The ship was in the stream, all ready for sea, excepting that we lacked a hand. In those days, before the embargo and non-intercourse, when we were reaping golden harvests on the sea while Europe was fighting, it was at times difficult to get experienced seamen. After I had waited a whole day, a short, white-livered fellow presented himself, and though I did not like his looks, I concluded to ship him. I love to see a man who will occasionally give me a full, square look in the face. If there is sometimes impudence in it there generally is honesty. There was not a man on board the *Charlotte*, who could say that he ever caught Michael Dodd's eye long enough to tell its colour. Though his frame was large, he was lean almost to emaciation, and pale, as I said before, like one in a consumption. Altogether, with his unsocial habits, hanging look, and strange mark on his right arm, that looked as if it were done with blood instead of India ink or gunpowder, he was a confounded disagreeable fellow. On the outward bound voyage, however, he did his duty tolerably well, though he was never known to give a right seaman's pull, nor to join in that most cheering of songs, 'Yo-heave-ho !' There seemed, in fact, to be something tugging heavily at his heart, whether remorse or sorrow we could not divine. There were times too when he would take no food, and refuse it when offered, more with the speechless loathing of a sick dog than like a rational creature. We soon, however, became accustomed to his ways, and as he held intercourse with no one farther than his duty made it necessary, none knew any more about him when we reached Cronstadt, than when we shipped him, and thought less.

We were advanced more than fifteen hundred miles on the homeward bound passage, when one morning, as I was passing forward, I overheard the following conversation. 'I wish to my soul,' said Jones, one of our best men, to Dodd, who was leaning over the vessel's side and gazing at the water, in a kind of trance, "I wish to my soul, brother, you would manage to do your talking upon deck, and let the watch below have a chance to sleep, instead of doing double duty. For one, I had as lief be keel-hauled as to be broke of my natural rest in this way."

Dodd turned upon him with a gleam of uncommon fierceness, but the expression passed away in a moment, and with a melancholy air he resumed his former position.

"I shall not trouble you long," he said, in a quiet tone.

"The shorter the better, my dear fellow," said the other, "if you are to carry your tongue between your teeth all day, like a pin

in a smith's vice, and then talk to yourself, or, may be, the devil, all night."

Dodd answered not, but with folded arms and a drooped head, moved quietly by the irritated young seaman, into the fore-castle.

I bade Jones follow me aft. "And now," said I, "what is the matter between you and Dodd?"

"It is even as I say, sir," replied he. "Since we got clear of the British islands, there has been no sleeping for Dodd?"

"Explain," said I.

"Why sir, you know, that when upon deck, he has not a word to throw to a dog; but below, and when he ought to be asleep, his mouth is afloat."

"You are not obliged to talk to him."

"Lord sir, if he was talking to us, we should care less about it. But there he lies in his birth, and mutters and groans like a man in a fit of the nightmare. Then he will thrash round and halloo, "They are coming!" "They are coming!" "There!" "There!" And this has been the tune for a week. 'Tis very troublesome," said Jones very decidedly; "for if he has a mind to hold conversation with the devil, I, for one, don't want to listen to it."

"Conversation with the devil?"

"Aye, sir; with whom else should a fellow, who carries Lucifer's mark in his forehead as well as on his right arm, hold converse when honest folks would be sleeping? And the moment any of us ask what ails him, or mayhap give him a hearty curse, mum—not a word from Dodd; but no sooner are we cleverly asleep, than his eternal howl breaks in again, and 'tis "They are coming!" "They are coming!" and "There!" and "There!" till the morning watch."

"The fellow has bad dreams," said I.

"A man don't have the same dream seven nights in a week for nothing," said Jones. "He is enough to make us all think we are haunted."

I confess I was puzzled, and not a little appalled at this account. I knew not what to say, so bade Jones go to his duty. The next morning the same report was made by Jones and confirmed by all the men of his watch; some of whom feared and all hated the singular being whose existence was now become a curse to others as well as to himself. I had remarked that his look had become more haggard: his eye had almost entirely disappeared in its deep socket, and his whole deportment was strange in the extreme. Things grew so bad at last that I was fearful some of the men might do Dodd a mischief; for they were all goaded to madness, some by loss of rest, and others by the supernatural fears which his ravings excited. I determined therefore to take him out of the fore-castle. Three days after my first conversation with Jones, I ordered Dodd

to come down and lodge in the cabin, the coming night. He received the command with the utmost indifference, and at eight o'clock, came down and turned in. He lay perfectly still, and to appearance, asleep, for two hours. I began to think that the fit would not come on that night, to observe which with my own eyes had been a principal motive with me in bringing him into the cabin. It was my watch on deck; consequently I had not turned in. I had been sitting by the table for more than an hour, leaning on my hand over a book, till I was almost fallen asleep, when I was startled by a most unearthly voice. "They are coming! They are coming!" cried Dodd. He was half sitting up, and grasping convulsively the forward part of the birth, and his look was most horrible. His eyes were started into view from their deep sockets, like pale fires from the tomb, and fixed on vacancy with such an unnatural light in them! "There!" he repeated, pointing with his finger, "they are coming!" "Who?" said I. "At twelve o'clock," again he uttered, in a voice that was heard from the bottom of his chest, "At twelve! they are coming!"

I felt my blood curdle. "Lie down in your birth, Dodd," said I, "and be quiet." He turned his eyes upon me with a glance, such as I have thought a dead man might give, had his eyes motion, and then groaned out; "Ah, I shall not trouble you long. They are coming, at twelve o'clock! they are coming! they are coming!" he continued to murmur, as he shrunk down into the birth and huddled the clothes over him, his voice dying away like a sound retreating to a distance.

I will confess that my blood did not resume its wonted flow for many minutes; especially, as the miserable man continued to lie before me, writhing and groaning in what I could not avoid considering the anticipated agonies of the damned. What could have been his crime? Thought upon the subject returned back upon itself, baffled and bewildered. A few minutes after eleven Dodd again raised himself in the birth, in a posture of deep attention. Then he whispered to himself and pointed with his finger. At the same moment, I heard loud voices on the deck.

"What is it Baxter?" asked the man at the helm.

The answer came from a distant part of the ship and I did not hear it distinctly, but it was something about a light. The next moment, the mate hurried down the stairs. "We have made a light, sir," said he in great alarm.

"A light in the middle of the Atlantic!" said I.

"Yes, sir, dead ahead, and not five miles off. If we were a thousand miles farther west I should swear it was Point Judith light."

I hastened upon deck. A little upon our weather bow, say half a point, and apparently six or eight miles off, was a bright steady light like that of a common light-house. "How long since you made it?" I inquired of the mate.

"It may be ten minutes, sir. I took it at first to be a ship's light, but it cannot be, for it bears now as when we first made it."

The night was overcast and dark, and it could not have been a star. "What is the nearest land?" I again inquired of the mate.

"The Western Islands are some three hundred miles to the southward, and Newfoundland three times that distance west."

The question had been put mechanically, rather than for information, for I knew by my own reckoning that our voyage was but little more than half completed. I studied the light attentively. It kept its first bearing exactly. I puzzled my invention as to what it might be. I looked at it again, and then at my men. Their eyes were fixed on my face; but I was obliged to shake my head and turn away in utter inability to solve the mystery. My eyes fell upon a figure seated by himself upon the binnacle. His hat was pulled over his eyes, his hands crossed before him, and his head dropped upon his breast, like a condemned criminal. It was Dodd. In spite of reason, the conviction flashed upon me that there was some mysterious connection between him and the strange light. I took up a convenient position with the determination of watching him narrowly. My eye wandered from his motionless figure to the light with the vague expectation of—I know not what. I took out my watch. It wanted just fifteen minutes of twelve. I fastened my eye firmly upon him, determined not to remove it till that hour which formed a link in the dreadful associations of his mind was passed. But how often in our eagerness to gain some end do we overleap it; and when there are in favor of our success an hundred chances to one, that fated one is turned up to us. I had watched Dodd I presume more than twice fifteen minutes, when something, I could never tell what, called off my attention. I turned my eye from my left shoulder forward; the light was there, and bright and steady as before. I turned it back upon the binnacle. Dodd was gone; and then forward again; the light had vanished—and it was just twelve o'clock?

Search was made for Dodd all over the vessel, but never more was he seen on board the *Charlotte*. I cannot describe to you the dismay of my men, as they stood around me at that moment. They evidently felt that eyes not of earth nor heaven were fastened on them, and they clustered together, as if each feared that his turn would come next.

Strange as it may seem, no one had seen Dodd or the light at the moment of disappearance. They were gone—and that was all we knew. Had I communicated to the crew any intention of watching, we might have seen —— but to tell the truth, I was ashamed to let any one know the strange suspicions that haunted me. I do not pretend to say what the mysterious light was, nor what became of Dodd. The master of a ship has cares enough without tormenting himself with pointless speculations on the agency or non-agency of

malignant spirits. I state these therefore merely as facts that happened under my own observation, and which I confess my inability to explain.

Reader, this is no fiction. Captain Sharp is living only forty miles from the place where I am now writing, and "can be produced." But think not that I relate these facts to make proselytes to a creed of which you will perhaps set me down as the apostle. Far from it. Only, scoff not at things which thou dost not understand. "Thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit," nor in what fearful extent the sons of men may offend. Enough is it if we let not our belief in the marvellous sink into the superstition of the vulgar; and whether ghosts walk or not, whether the spirits of evil are ever permitted to claim their victims in this world, will never be worth the decision of a man who, according to his talent, endeavors to answer the end of his existence.

S. H.

Westerly, R. I.

RETROSPECTION.

EARTH has been wearied with my vanity,
 And Heaven has blushed at my enthusiasm
 When the young heart was full, and proud, and free—
 But what can fill up all the aching chasm
 That youth and hope have left? Or who abide
 The tameness which yields not to human pride?

All this were nought, had the keen power of feeling
 But vanished with the wasted light of youth.
 Touch but the heart, and wounds which mock the healing
 Of all but growing strength and early truth,
 Rankle forever in the soul bereaved
 Of even the healing tears with which youth grieved.

I would not have again the rapturous joy—
 The deep delight—the luxury of love—
 Which make all earth a heaven to the glad boy;
 Yet I *would* be a martyr, but to prove,
 Once more, the pure, the passion-bursting tears,
 The glorious breathings of those hallowed years!

O, they are what would melt the iron soul
 And give the unrequited passions vent
 In utterance that despair could not control,
 And poetry which never could be spent!
 But I must bow to my stern fate's decrees,
 And leave the fountain of my song to freeze

Cattskill, July 24.

G.

A WINTER SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE climate of New England, I verily believe, is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is so, because it combines, in a degree extraordinary and almost peculiar to itself, the manifold pleasures which are, in their turn, exclusively appropriate to every one of the seasons. Winter, indeed, reigns over us almost five months in the year; but it brings with it endearing, soul stirring delights, both of intellect and sense, that amply compensate for its coldness and gloom. And then, neither Spring nor Summer nor Autumn intrude upon each other's delightful jurisdiction, nor does either instantaneously disappear, or occupy at once the dominion of its dying predecessor. These periods come and go, are renewed and changed, in the constantly recurring and contrasted beauty of freshness and decay. They expire and melt into each other with a transition so gradual and graceful that the feelings are tinged at the same moment with regret for the glories which are passing away, and joy in the anticipation of those that are soon to be disclosed in the prime of their existence.

The *dilettanti* talk of an Italian sunset, and Byron tells us that the sun goes down behind the mountains of Greece,—

Not as in Northern skies, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;—

but Byron's life had been passed in the foggy atmosphere of England, and neither he nor the *dilettanti* ever set foot in this glorious western world. I have no doubt that our summer sunset scenery is often as supremely brilliant and beautiful as that of Greece, Rome, or Naples. At all events there are Autumn hours of late and melancholy beauty, and there are winter scenes of wild brilliance and surpassing grandeur peculiar to our climate, which I would not exchange, enthusiastic as I am in my fondness of devotion to the charms of summer landscapes, for all the many-colored glory which nature has munificently lavished over the warm, sunny skies, and the vine-clad hills of Italy. It is one of these scenes which I have attempted to pourtray. None, who witnessed, can ever forget it. But no earthly language could accurately depict its glories to a stranger, or recal to the memory, in their primitive power and freshness, the feelings of astonished admiration that kindled at the scene of such unutterable and even unimaginable splendor. I shall first speak of its formation.

There was a light fall of snow, succeeded by a rain storm. The next evening another light snow commenced falling, but was soon

converted into a cold, drizzling mist, which instantly became congealed on whatever object it touched. The next morning every thing appeared loaded with icicles. During the day there was the same "ceaseless, pitiless," drizzling, freezing mist, attended by a high, cold wind, and increasing, every instant, the thickness and clearness of the coat of ice, in which every object was already shrouded. That day it was really a melancholy sight. Every tree and shrub was bent down under a weight so great that it seemed as if any additional pressure must crush them to the ground. The branches of the lofty and beautiful elms, stiffened and rendered nearly inflexible with frost and ice, were swept to and fro by the violence of the wind, and one after another torn from their trunks by the mighty force. Sometimes the whole ramified portion of the tree was taken off at once, leaving nothing but the bare trunk, standing upright with the mangled boughs hanging in every direction around it. At evening however, the wind subsided and the mist ceased falling; and in the night the clouds disappeared and the weather cleared off cold and sparkling. The next morning what a scene of gorgeous glory burst upon our view!

We stepped into the air, and it was as if we had been suddenly transported into the midst of a new and glorious creation of the Deity. Every object on which the eye rested was covered with a thick coat of ice, pure as crystal, and glittering in the morning rays with a brightness almost intolerable. Not a particle of space in the whole wide view had remained untouched by the icy enchantment. The buildings were all encrusted by the clear glassy rime, and shone like palaces of burnished steel. The steeples of the public edifices presented an appearance singularly picturesque. The gilded vanes that were wont to gleam upon their summits, and every protruding portion of their architecture were shaggy with the hanging icicles, and sparkled as if they had been carved out from a solid diamond. The fences wore the same unusual mantle of cumbrance and shaggy magnificence. Every bush, every shrub, every spear of grass had been silently and thoroughly dipped in the brilliant incrustation. The process of its formation had been so gentle and gradual as to leave the minutest ramifications of each plant, from the most tiny to the mightiest, completely developed and perfectly visible. In the centre of the stalk of ice nearly an inch in diameter, you might see a fine vegetable stem, no larger than the smallest needle, which had formed a nucleus for the covering of icicle, and there lay imbedded as quietly and clearly as the little insects and bits of straw, which float in the bosom of a piece of transparent amber. The work of congelation had commenced simultaneously over the whole surface, rendering the plant immovable in its position, presenting all its variety of form, and shooting off in a separate direction with every bud and twig that

protruded from the parent stem, till each species of plant appeared as if it had been suddenly arrested and transmuted to crystal in all the carelessness of pastime, in which, an instant before, it had moved to the breathing of the air. Nothing was rendered in the slightest degree indistinct, no branches were crushed together or iced in masses, but all was defined and ramified with as much clearness and minuteness of beauty, as if the crystal vegetation had sprung by magic from the ground. Every blade of grass presented its upright posture and supported its feathery top, though loaded with accumulations of ice upon all the little clusters of its hayseed, which had ripened in the autumn sun and remained to dry and wither in the winter wind. The earth thus seemed as if it were covered a foot thick over its whole surface with every variety of the most costly and splendid gems. The foot stepped and slipped amidst them with a confused ringing sound, and while tramping carelessly through the glittering profusion, one might have imagined himself wandering with Sindbad the sailor over the valley of diamonds, and with the same indifference of feeling which he manifested as to their value. From an elevated position I gazed upon the expanse immediately before me. It was an immense carpet of studded and sparkling jewelry, traversed and divided at right angles by two broad paths of smooth and polished steel, which glistened fiercely in the dancing sunbeams.

The trees, the most beautiful feature in this vision of glory, rose out of the earth like fairy exhibitions. They seemed, in their graceful forms and glorious foliage, fit resting places for the birds of paradise. They reminded me of the enchanted garden in Aladdin's cave, where the trees, with golden or silver trunks and branches, were loaded for fruit with precious stones of every size, quality and lustre. They looked, with their bending and richly jewelled boughs, flaming in the sun's rays, like immense silver or glass chandeliers, self-burning and suspended by magic from the vaulted sky. The weight upon them was so enormous that the thickest trunks and the strongest and most guarded branches bent beneath its power. The boughs were all opened from the trunk and inclined outwards and downwards to the earth, presenting, instead of their usual erect and close posture, a wider expanse of jewelled foliage, and of course a more soft and undulating picture. The branches of the elms especially hung over around the trunk in rich festoons arched with indescribable grace and beauty. Hogarth's idea of this latter quality was most perfectly illustrated. There were no straight lines or angular points, but all was waving, rounded, and gracefully bent.

The various sorts of trees displayed a difference in their appearance corresponding to the difference in their natural colour and form. The evergreens exhibited a kind of gloomy, grey, leaden lustre, produced by the dark hue of the verdure seen through the covering of

ice. The pine presented a singular picture. Every spear of its verdure found a separate projection of ice, and every tuft a separate tuft of shaggy crystal, and each tree looked like a huge mass of mosses clustered together, and dipped in liquid silver. The effect of the incrustation on the massed groves and forests was such as no power of description can delineate. We stood before an indefinite extent of woods of pure transparent ice on which the sun streamed down his rays, flashing through an atmosphere of intense cold and sparkling clearness, to be reflected back in ten thousand prismatic and changing hues, and the crushing murmur, as the wind swept over the forest and waved and agitated its mighty depths sounded like the distant and fitful roar of ocean.

The whole country, observed at once from any elevated point of view while under this transformation, was glorious beyond utterance. It lay beneath the eye, a world of transparent gems, blazing with the light thrown on it in showers through an atmosphere of excessive purity and brilliance. We gazed upon a perfect fairy land, glittering with supernatural effulgence, its air fanned by the white wings of ethereal spirits, its luxuriant crystal vegetation and its bowers of metallic foliage the scenes of their principal sports and revelries. The earth seemed one vast ocean of inspissated light, lashed into foam over its whole surface, its white spray dancing in the air, its crusted waves here and there whirled and columned into a water-spout, and springing upwards, a magnificent torrent of sparkling drops, to flame for one moment in its agitated splendor, and again to fall upon the bosom of the deep. The world before us was so gloriously bright, so unearthly and resplendent in its beauty, that the eye could not detect the visible horizon; the line of separation at times was absolutely lost, earth mingled with heaven, nor was it possible to perceive where the radiant outline of the one melted into the white cloud and the pure azure of the other. We looked forward to the shining land of Beulah, and it seemed as if we had only to travel onward a short distance, ascending through its sacred precincts, to arrive at the heavenly Jerusalem beyond. The clouds which wore the soft and gorgeous mantle of summer, converted by the sunbeams into rolling volumes of fleecy brilliance, mingled and melted away at the horizon into forests and mountains, that shone almost with a brighter effulgence.

The morning rays fell upon this scene with unutterable glory. Its splendor continued to increase till the sun reached the meridian, and then his beams descending more nearly vertical upon the gem-clad hills and plains and forests, rendered the light, as it lay upon the crystal drapery and the starry fretwork, almost intolerable. Then his rays gradually dropped into a horizontal direction, till he parted from a world apparently on fire with his glory, and set behind the jewel-

crested mountains, amidst the wide sea of purple, rosy and golden hues, in which the clouds, the mountain tops, the forests, the whole hemisphere, seemed to be bathed and melted and floating away in soft and indistinct forms of mellow magnificence. Then evening came to give the scene the tinge and character of its own delicate and silent beauty. The stars danced and quivered awhile in restless flashes in the cold, blue depths, but the moon soon rode high in the heavens "sole regent of the night," and shone mildly upon the few light clouds that now sailed slowly over the sky, and dropped her quiet, silver paleness of lustre on the landscape beneath, so gemmed, that it seemed to vie with the universe above in the beauty of its jewelry. The elms, with their boughs so gracefully arched and festooned by the heavy and thickly-studded crystals, now stood in the moon-beams, like *jets d'eau* of liquid diamond, springing in perpetual fulness from the earth, and suddenly arrested and suspended, motionless in the atmosphere, by some mighty, instantaneous spell, in the very act of falling again into its bosom. There they stood, forms of such exceeding loveliness, that the mind could hardly persuade itself that appearances so celestial, so ravishing to the sight, could be any thing more than momentary phantoms, deceitful illusions of the imagination, too brilliant not to pass away like a wreath of white shadowy vapour. Yet there they stood, and the eye was never wearied with gazing on them in their calm, sleeping, perfect beauty, bathed in the clear, soft, still moonlight, that lay upon them like a mantle of fresh dew over the foliage of summer. If you looked through one of them at the blue heaven, your eye seemed to have just lighted for the first time on a vast cluster of stars, that had newly sprung into existence together, to fill a vacant spot in the vault of the universe. In proportion as they receded from the vision these objects became more indistinct and mingled in their beauty, trees melted into forests of grey light, and forests melted away in pale, and silvery, and misty obscurity, and the eye gradually passed to enjoy the quiet repose in the undulating swell of the varied horizon, and to dwell long on the dim and sombre magnificence in the faint outline of the far, far distant mountains.

Towards the close of an afternoon in one of the cold, sparkling days, during which this glorious scene remained to us, I climbed to the summit of Mount Prospect, (an expressive though not a classical name,) and there waited till sunset. It was with some labor that I reached the highest elevation, but the sublime pleasure I experienced would have almost repaid me even for a journey to the summit of Mont Blanc. The scene which ensued is beyond the power of any earthly dialect, or the utmost portraiture of earthly colors to delineate. If the genius of Salvator and Claude were combined and harmonized in the bosom of one man, it would quail under the

attempt to throw upon the canvass such gorgeous, such unequalled magnificence.

My situation enabled me to command a circumference of prospect so unbounded that the vision could hardly travel to its uttermost extent. From around the foot of the elevated hill, on the summit of which I stood, arose, with a gradual and beautiful ascent, an immense amphitheatre of hill and dale, woodland and open plain, dotted with farmhouses and villages, and covered thick with the icy and transparent incrustation, which lay upon the face of all nature beneath the light of heaven, like a pellucid veil, woven continuous from an infinite quantity of gems of all brilliant colors and costly water. Terrace after terrace, clothed in this magnificent robe of variegated lustre ascended and melted away in a still loftier and wider and more grand and distant swell, till they seemed piled into the very heavens; and mountain rose far behind mountain and faded into indistinct shapes of grey, undulating vapor, till at last the whole grand outline imperceptibly mingled with the clouds. Behind me to the east stretched a long line of gentle declivities, whose summits and western sides seemed all on fire in the splendor of the evening sun, affording a fine contrast with the gloom of the valley and forest here and there interspersed between them, and now and then completely enveloped in the rapidly descending and changing shadows. Far beyond lay the bay of Salem, distinguishable only as a narrow strip, almost a thread of light, betwixt the broken and waving outline of the land at either end and before it. Imagination carried the vision still farther forth, till I could view the tumultuous sea in its restless agitation, and the white sails flitting over the bosom of the mighty waters. Around the whole of this almost limitless landscape, the eye roved bewildered with its beauty, and the mind, enrapt with admiration, knew not where to stay or how to marshal the multitude of its thick-coming fancies. Here the vision rested on an interminable forest of evergreen, whose dark hue struggled through the brilliance with which it was invested, producing a beautiful contrast, in its rich sombre magnificence, to the fantastic splendor around it. There it fell upon an open meadow or a vast field of tufted bushes and brakes, that looked like a flood of material light, whose surface was agitated all over by some invisible commotion, into one bright cloud of dewy spray, dashed into the air and glittering in the sunbeams, a perpetual sheet of white, crisped, dazzling foam. Now it glanced over the broad roof of some solitary farmhouse, burnished like a plate of steel, or over a cluster of buildings flaming in the sun's fiery rays, like palaces of solid phosphorus. Again the eye would commence its gaze at the foot of the elevation, on the summit of which it seemed the centre of the whole scene, and ascend gradually from point to point in the sublime amphithea-

tre, till it passed the earth's horizon, and was lost insensibly in the depths of heaven's azure, or the bosom of the snowy clouds.

The interchange of light and shade upon the landscape as the flying clouds 'now hid and now revealed the sun,' was wonderfully picturesque. The delighted eye followed the shadows as they slowly sailed over the scene, chased in immediate pursuit by the sunbeams, and successively throwing their dark veil to sadden the glitter of hill and dale, woodland and meadow, village and forest. Again, enveloped, itself, in the gloom, the eye looked forth where the sun at a distance broke from the vapor, and poured down through the cold, clear atmosphere a shower of radiance strongly contrasted, on the earth's crystal surface, with the confused masses of shade which were flying before it. Here and there also, as the sun levelled his rays more horizontally across the hemisphere, a towering hillock, itself floating in light, cast a long, dim shadow over the space behind it, and again in its own turn became darkened by the intervening form of some fire-crested peak in its front.

Over all this expanse of earthly glory the vault of heaven spread out its sublime arch, arrayed in a gorgeous drapery of clouds and a richness and variety of coloring, such as I have seldom witnessed. The clouds hung in the pure ether, combining the fleecy, fanciful shapes of summer softness and profusion, with the wild characteristics of wintry majesty and grandeur. Their forms were perpetually changing;—now a wild, mountainous crag melted into a soft and delicate undulation, and again a rolling volume of snowy down broke into dark, threatening masses of heavy and ragged magnificence. Their coloring changed as often as their forms. Now they floated in gold and shone like an army of angels; now they seemed dipped in purple, which the next moment deepened into crimson, and now they rolled outwards in white, silvery masses, and again changed before the eye in all the colors of the rainbow.

And now, as it drew towards the mellow moment of sunset, they began to be tinged with dyes of unutterable richness and beauty. 'Hues that have words, and speak to you of heaven,' spread themselves fast and full over all the western horizon. The clear sky towards its verge, which presented, a few moments before, a most brilliant gold, now looked an infinite flood of liquid carmine, through which the clouds floated soft and slow like islands of the blest. As they lay there, receding and diminishing behind each other in regular perspective, so distant, so silent, and in such deep and tranquil repose, they seemed a visible symbol of infinity, and impressed upon the mind a forcible idea of the limitless, the eternal. In the presence of such a scene,

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence."

Our excited imaginations realize the thoughts in that wonderful Socratic ode of Wordsworth,

“ Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

As the sun dropped towards the horizon, the clouds, like courtiers in the train of a mighty potentate, gathered themselves around him to receive upon their gorgeous and fleecy volumes the reflection of his setting grandeur. It was a scene surpassing all conception. They had piled themselves before him in such deep masses as to cover the whole landscape in shadow, but as they had risen out of the west, their lower line of surface presented a smooth, continuous, unbroken fringe of purple and silver all around the hemisphere, (an effect often witnessed at sunset,) betwixt which and the horizon beneath it, was left a comparatively narrow strip of sky, perfectly clear, save here and there a small tuft of cloud, flushed through with mingled tints of crimson and gold, and almost lost in the depths of the infinite sea. Into this space the sun was to emerge in parting splendor from the vapors which had intercepted his rays, look forth once more in flashing radiance on the gemmed scene beneath him, and then sink majestically behind the mountains. As he declined towards the lower edge of the fringed veil of cloud, a torrent of light, preceding his appearance to the eye of the spectator, streamed down upon the most distant skirts of the horizon, and for an instant seemed to stand in the sky, condensed into a column, and connecting the line of cloud above with the mountain tops below, like the pillar of fire which shone before Israel by night in the wilderness. Then it expanded all round the circular verge, and for a few moments was reflected to the eye, though in the chastened, yellow gleam of sunset, with a brightness almost too excessive to be beheld. It diffused itself into a misty haze of more sober splendor as it moved gradually farther onward from the distance, and as the sun fell nearer and nearer to the open sky, and commanded a broader and broader prospect over the earth, the flood of light descended lower and more rapidly downward on the vast amphitheatre, gleaming from summit to summit, from terrace to terrace, bathing every object through its wide sweep in the fresh, dewy coloring of sunset, and investing the ice-encrusted scene with a tenfold gorgeousness. The torrent of sunbeams continued to roll down towards the foot of the mountain, and I enjoyed the grandeur of its progress for some moments before it bathed the summit on which I stood. Then the sun looked sublimely over the whole magnificent expanse, and then melted away behind the western verge, imparting a momentary

gleam of the richest sunset splendor to the outline of the distant mountains, but leaving the glories he had thrown upon the earth's surface to be again traversed and eclipsed by the dim evening shadows. I remained to gaze during the short but beautiful reign of the wintry twilight, after which the cold and clear, though as yet moonless night swiftly enveloped all objects in its doubtful obscurity. And then I turned my steps homewards—my mind elevated by the wonderful scene which had come and passed so rapidly before me—but reflecting, as I looked up with comparatively indifferent feelings to the spangled evening sky, on the strange coldness to the beauties of nature which creeps upon our souls as the sensitive feelings of youth sadden and harden into manhood; remembering that there was a time when my heart would dance within me at the simple vision of the deep blue sky, hung in its arch of unadorned sublimity over my head, though now it requires a more various, and I almost suspect, a more artificial and fantastic scene to move me. How do we neglect to lay our souls open to the impressions which they might receive from the grandeur and beauty of the external world!

THE DREAM OF FAME.

A young, glad creature floated in my dream !
It was the depth of summer and the winds
Fainted beneath the sunlight. Flowers gave out
Their last warm breath of fragrance, then closed up
Their blushing bosoms as they fain would die !
The noon came slowly on, and the sun rode
High in his burning chariot, whilst the earth,
Thirsty and parch'd, seemed languishing and dead !

There was a shaded hollow, by the side
Of a dark gliding river, over which
A willow leant and quiver'd. On the green
Of this secluded cove, a youthful form
Was thrown in graceful negligence. 'Twas one
Who had looked deeper into nature's paths
Than may be well for early intellect ;
One whose intense and spiritual thirst
For wisdom and philosophy, had lent
A keener vision to his thoughtful glance
Than dwells with tame and ordinary man.
His features were unripen'd as his years,

But the deep meaning of his thin, red lip,
 The calm and dreamy languor of his eye,
 And the abstracted manner, all bespoke
 The mystery of wind, the godlike gift
 Of a high intellect. He lay and mused!
 The cool winds crept along his brow and toy'd
 With his luxuriant hair; the shadows cast
 Their dusky wings around him; Zephyrs fann'd
 The tall grass and his temples, and his thoughts
 Mellowed and changed and grew more indistinct
 Until they took the color of Sleep's world.

And he was wrapt in sleep. A figure rose
 Out of the busy crowd and beckon'd him
 To wander with her. Suddenly 'twas night—
 The moon shone out and the bright stars stood forth
 Gazing upon the calm and sleeping world!
 He thought it was a dream, but could not shake
 The stupor from his sense. Elenor,
 For so he called the being, seem'd as one
 Whom he had known and worshipped for long years!
 And so they wander'd on thro' that clear night
 Like two bright stars, that liv'd but in the light
 The other shed, and faded when a cloud
 Shadowed the other's beauty. Thus they pass'd
 For hours together rapt in the excess
 Of most delirious rapture. Then a cloud
 Came o'er the bright moon,—suddenly a moan,
 Was heard among the far-off forest trees.
 As of a smother'd whirlwind. Elenor
 Grew pale and trembled, and her bosom heaved
 As she clung wildly to the youthful form
 And panted like a dove upon his breast.
 Nearer and still more near the whirlwind came.
 The stars closed up the lids of their bright eyes,
 And ever and anon the thunder's voice
 Roared like the knell of time. The hurricane
 Roll'd in its angry wrath, and trees and shrubs
 Wrench'd from the startled earth were borne aloft
 Like the pale leaves of Autumn. Suddenly
 A fierce and scathing flash of lightning fell
 Upon the brow of beauty! The wind died
 And the clouds pass'd from the moon's silver face,
 As they youth press'd a corse to his sick heart!

Then the scene changed. He had gone forth with men.
 Ambition was his idol, and the praise
 Of the false world had madden'd his young soul.

He thirsted for a name—immortal fame
And the vain-glorious pageantry of power—
And coveted the might of intellect.
He scann'd the heart's deep mysteries, and went
A wanderer to drear and distant climes—
Trode Asia's burning desert, and beheld
The wonders of Pompeii, and the waste
That crumbled o'er Jerusalem. He bow'd
Before old Pagan altars—trode defiles
Where death stood grinning terribly, and saw
The recreant sons of the first murderer,
And the eternal monument of Lot.
Than he returned a lean and haggard man,
Wasted with toil and desolate at heart.
The beings of his youth! oh where were they?
The glad-eyed creature, his young Elenor—
The brother of his soul—his early friend—
"Oh where are they?" and echo answered "where!"
Then Fame came to him. On his wither'd brow
She placed her shining garland, and her voice
Rung in his ears a shout of deep applause.
He tore the wreath away—it bow'd him down
And wearied him—he closed his heart and ears
To the deep tones of praise, for sycophants
Bore echoes in their voices, and confused
The hoary headed wanderer's faculties!
And this he said is fame! and turn'd away
To a sequestered village and pour'd out
The remnant of his days in deeds of peace!

Lightly the veil of sleep passed from the youth,
And turning his mind's eye upon his heart
He ponder'd long upon his changeful dream!

Philadelphia.

R. M.

THE SCIENCE OF CRITICISM SYSTEMATIZED,
OR,
THE ART OF REVIEWING MADE EASY.

Modern reviewing may be defined the art of bringing forward, under patronage of the author we pretend to criticise, our own misty speculations in regard to some favorite or indifferent subject, on which our own minds have hammered a good deal more, perhaps a good deal less, than usual. A talent at writing for reviews may

be defined the faculty of taking occasion, from the appearance of any literary or scientific work, to usher into being a series of stupid reflections, that must inevitably have occurred to every dull man's mind on the slightest perusal of its pages. The business of a modern reviewer is like that of certain insects, who are led by the guidance of instinct to deposit their spawn on the carcass of some nobler animal. It may also be likened to the operations of that species of the feathered tribe y'clept cuckoo, which, either from indolence, or want of ingenuity in itself, most impudently lays its eggs in the nests of its more industrious neighbors.

And yet the motives that actuate a reviewer of the modern school are strong enough to set on fire minds of the most terrific energy. They are principally the two most powerful springs of action that ever exerted an influence over all our miserable world—the love of fame, and the love of money—the one, the source of all pride, envy, jealousy and contention; the other, the root of all evil. To be sure, a reviewer sometimes writes for the purpose of puffing a friend's nonsense into notice; and sometimes with other ostensible views, equally praiseworthy; but self, in some shape or other, is always at the bottom. And then, too, what is still more to be lamented, the crabbed, rancorous wretches often write out of the pure gall of envy and revenge, and would be glad if they could dip the pen in the very heart's blood of their sensitive victims. And, worse yet, they write not unfrequently, even the hoary headed scribblers, in order to indulge their own vanity in displaying the strength and keenness of their satire, the venom and bitterness of their ridicule, and their skill in the use of these terrible weapons;—regarding the young and trembling author, whose sensibilities they are torturing so rudely, with about as much indifference as the philosopher exhibits in trying the intensity of his galvanic apparatus on the naked nerves in the limb of a dead frog. They handle their pens with as much vain and cool complacency in this malignant work, as the surgeons do their dissecting knives in the midst of the crowded lecture room. This, however, is not so often the case as it used to be, for the public, in our country at least, will not bear it.

A reviewer often writes, too, out of pure fun, and sometimes (it is possible) out of pure patriotism; sometimes, perhaps, he pours forth out of the fulness of a generous indignation; and sometimes, out of his love of literature and the arts. But generally it is fame and money—fame, either in getting the credit of writing a fine article on some other man's work, which he knows nothing about, or in enjoying the praise which he has secretly bestowed upon a work of his own, about which he knows, if possible, still less;—and as to money, of that we shall speak presently.

Just consider what a glory, what a dignity waits on the assertion, 'this gentleman writes for the American Quarterly'—'that for the North American,'—'that for the Southern Review,' and—*paulo majora canamus*—this one for the American Monthly! Why! 'tis enough to turn any man's head—if one could be found which had not previously undergone that catastrophe. These assertions, moreover, contrary to the established character of other rumors, have a fixed reputation for veracity, since they are known to have come, in almost all cases, originally from the very writer of the article or articles in question.

And then as to the money; in this respect, to be sure, the reviewer's satisfaction depends in a great measure on the liberality of the editor; but yet, let the close-fistedness of that gentleman be what it may, if he pays anything, the reviewer's delight is on the whole very desirable. Only think how nectarious to step into the publisher's officiana, on the appearance of a new number of some periodical of the day, and walk out again, the pockets heavy with real, solid pelf—bank notes being the same thing—or to receive an epistle congratulatory, announcing the publication of one's long expected article, and displaying a whole handful of bright bills in exchange for the musty coinage of one's own pericranium. The reviewer's glee is apt, indeed, to be somewhat damped by the editor's skill in detecting and subtracting quotations, which run up often in the end to a most mortifying quantity; and his ire, too, is very apt to be excited by the frightful ravages made in his manuscript with the blots and scissors of the aforesaid cerberus, that, like Hotspur's river, have

Come me cranking in,
And cut me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

But then, notwithstanding all this and other grievances, the reviewer's complacency is generally quite considerable—quite upon the broad grin. Let me see; the Southern Review pays two dollars a page, the American Quarterly two, the North American one, the American Monthly—*Oh me felicem! me nimium fortunem!*—if I do but realize my golden expectations.

Under the influence of all these motives, so indefatigable is this class of literati in searching out occasion for the exercise of their intellectual activity, that the very ashes of the dead are exhumed at stated periods, whenever there happens a dearth of living authors, (and, indeed, whenever they please, for this latter circumstance is of such a nature as has long since ceased to exist,) and made the subject of their interesting speculations, which come forth thus venerably captionized to the public eye. Every ancient author of celebrity, good or bad, great or little, could he survey the offspring of his

genius in its present situation, would find it affording the means of subsistence to multitudes, who grow rich even on his absurdities, and fatten on the offals of his intellect. If the philosophers who inhabit the Elysian fields are permitted to take cognizance of affairs in this terrestrial sphere of mundane opacosity, I think it must have afforded them a roar of laughter at the expense of his Ciceronian Majesty, when they beheld the senator's treatise, *De Republica*, pulled out from the dust of ages, and undergoing dissection at the hands of a whole tribe of literary anatomists, who thus dare to infest the consecrated tabernacles of departed authors. In the modern age, every writer, who exhibits to the world the dreams of his fancy or the labors of his understanding, may consider himself not only as the benefactor of those who love to banquet on the feast of wit and learning, but as the preserver from absolute starvation of a multitude, who thrive beneath the shadow of literary greatness. He may even console himself that the very abortions of his intellect are not useless, but may often prove a windfall to the hungry reviewers.

Under these circumstances it may seem surprising that an art of such extensive importance, while almost every science can boast its teachers and professors, should be left open to the practice of every untutored scribbler. Even in the present age of outrageous improvement, a seminary for the education of youthful reviewers would undoubtedly be an important step towards a perfect cultivation of the human intellect. But that selfishness, which is always the predominating quality in human nature, will seldom permit men to commence an institution of which posterity alone is to reap the benefit. It is therefore a happy circumstance that the qualification for a reviewer of the modern school are neither uncommonly eminent, nor singular, nor difficult to be attained.

In the first place, he is never required to instruct the public in the slightest degree as to the contents of the volume, whose title he may think fit to place at the head of his sage meditations. So far as the nature of the book is concerned, this title acts like a guide-board where two ways meet, with the name of some important place painted out in flaming characters, but with no fingered hand to point the poor traveller to his road, and no number of miles by which he can calculate the length of his journey. The nature of the reviewer's stupidity is determined, not by the character or object of the work before him, but by the subject which may chance to be at the moment tumbling in his mind, and by the peculiar form which his dullness may be pleased to assume.

Accordingly, the very same volume, as it comes under the inspection of reviewers in different parts of the world, may be the occasion of a thousand speculations, all different from one another, and all equally unconnected with the nature of the work, which introduces

them to public observation. The same identical work may perhaps produce in one continent a monstrous dissertation on the Established Church, the Duke of Wellington's administration, the Principles of Taste, the Poor Laws, the London University, or the best Method of Cultivating Potatoes ;—and in the other, on the Tariff, the North-Eastern boundary, the Greeks, Bumble-Bees, and Chief Justice Marshall.

It is never in any manner necessary for the reviewer to employ argument or solid reasoning. These would often be very troublesome for him to handle, and besides, he may not always find them ready at hand. He has seldom occasion to use them. Broad assertion and flat denial are altogether sufficient either for maintaining his own opinions or refuting those of his opponent. The grand maxim which lies at the foundation of all periodical criticism is that a review can do no wrong. Impudence is therefore a very fundamental qualification for the modern reviewer. He must be able to overwhelm and astonish by the mere quantity of his lies and absurdities. He must be able to push his own speculations directly in the teeth and eyes of his author's plainest sentiments, and support them with an obstinate determination never to retract or yield. For this purpose he must render them utterly devoid of all sense and reason, (though it was not necessary to mention this direction) and clothe them in unintelligible jargon that each reader may most plainly believe they contain something too deep for his limited understanding to fathom.

As to extensive learning—it might be supposed very essential for one who has to decide on the merit of performances in every region of literature and science—but no—a reviewer may do excellently well without erudition, provided he has just self-confidence enough to discourse wisely and profoundly on subjects, about which he is totally ignorant. If at any time he should find it convenient to make a display of knowledge, he may consult the Encyclopedia, and bring up the rear of his profound researches with a powerful phalanx of pathos, eloquence, sentiment and wit, glittering and sparkling all over with Greek, Latin, Italian, Dutch, French, Russian, Sanscrit and Indian quotations. He must never translate any thing which he quotes, though it be from the unknown language spoken in Capt. Symmes' hole, (rest be with the poor man!) for what can be more offensive to the pride of the reader than to have his author tell him he cannot read the languages as well as himself? This is very convenient ; for the reviewer, even if called upon, would not always be able to translate what he has quoted, and he need never be afraid of being detected in a blunder, for the reader would rather pass it by in total obscurity as to its contents, than acknowledge his ignorance by asking its meaning or consulting the translation.

Digression is a great beauty in the modern review. It is therefore important that the reviewer exhibit the most unequivocal demonstra-

tions of circumlocutory skill. Nor is it absolutely necessary that he be always able to retrace the path of his digression to its starting point, since he may very gracefully jump over its intricate windings with a—"But-to-return-to-our-author," or some such comprehensive exclamation.

Your reviewer must be endowed with a wonderfully microscopic mental vision that he may be enabled to detect and dwell upon those important errors in an author's work, which the most careful and attentive reader would pass by as blemishes unworthy of observation; for there would certainly be neither utility nor propriety in commenting on those glaring imperfections, which could not but be noticed with disgust by every man of common discernment and delicacy of taste. In fine he should be an accomplished hypocrite.

For his style, it should be various and unsettled as the colours of the chameleon; exhibiting at times "all the contortions of the sybil without her inspiration," and looking like a barren field of old half-burned stumps; at others, pretending to be very straight-forward and business-like, and degenerating into colloquial familiarity and carelessness—now abounding with a pert and flippant humor that constitutes the essence of modern satirical wit, and now drowned in an abundance of golden and richly flowing epithets, which constitutes the beautiful, and again inflated with bombastic diction and an affected intricacy in the construction of sentences, which will easily pass for the sublime.

Towards an author of acknowledged genius, whose works have long occupied a place in the public mind, the manner should be one of deferential and adoring homage, mingled with conceited pride in pointing out the blemishes and defects even of the mighty in intellect. To the youth of family, whose genius has just crept from its standing-stool, it should be the very pomposity of condescending kindness and generous protection;—unless, indeed, the reviewer be very strong, in which case he may come down upon the noble author's head with a torrent of abusive satire, that will establish his own reputation for independence and ability. In this case however, he must take care lest, the noble author's ire being too terribly excited, he turn upon the reviewer and give him such a beating as neither he nor the world around him will ever forget. To the man whom nobody knows, nor has ever heard of, the manner of the reviewer should be contempt, scurrility, and sarcasm.

Other particulars there are, which go to make up the character of a perfect reviewer, but it would be somewhat tedious to enumerate them; and besides, I have contrived a set of formulas adapted to the review of any work, in almost every department of literature and science, on a simple reference to which, if the gaps be filled up by following out the different trains of stupidity alluded to, a first

rate review may be executed, in a tenth part of the time usually consumed, and with very little labor, either physical or intellectual—indeed, without even the trouble of perusing the book in question, any farther than the title-page. I had thoughts of constructing a literary force-pump for the same purpose, or of applying to this object the modern improvements in steam; but upon second thoughts, recollecting that some reviewers would be unable to understand the operation of a machine constructed upon scientific principles, I preferred, on the whole, my excellent formulas, which possess this very great advantage, that the greatest dunce may use them. The following may serve as specimens.

(*For a History.*) The History of ———, from the year — to the year —. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea and Carey. pp. 1250. 1829.—Never was there any period of time—important events which—wonderful men, who—interesting recollections, which—Italian refinement—conspiracy, which—Livy—Tacitus—Hume—Gibbon—Roman Empire very extensive—Voltaire used to say—we think—To illustrate our position by a familiar example—To return to our subject—Cicero—our author—We imagine—We are very sure—.

(*For a Tour through the country of the ———.*) 2 vols. 8vo. With engravings. Hilliard, Gray and Co.—People of America—rapid improvement—Lithographic engraving—Pendleton—Sennefelder—Fine arts—delicacy of taste—return to our author—manufacture of silk stockings—condition of the poor—we cannot but hope—We anticipate the period—Bacon—Milton—Virgil—Aristotle.

(*For a Novel.*) Spirit of the age—march of improvement—rapid progression—system of education, which—Dr. Johnson, who—adaptation of fiction, which—American writers—human nature—Shakspeare—common life—Sir Walter Scott—Fielding—Richardson—Smollet—proof of our theory—Our author—plot thickens—intricacy—character—consistency—goes too far—does not go far enough—Moliere says—on the whole we think—nature—poetry—real life—romance—metaphysics—nothing can be more true—still we think—.

(*For a book of poems—author unknown.*) Beautiful binding—preface—perused this volume—high expectations—miserably disappointed—prosaic sonnets—wretched stanzas—following verses, however,—talent which—Juvenal observes—seems to be a young man who—sincerely advise—honest calling—.

(*For another book of poems—author known.*) Long before the public as a poet—originality—depth—sublimity—beauty—genius—wonderful—exquisite—truth—fire—energy—pathos—rapidity—Milton—Shakspeare—Spenser—Chaucer—depth of feeling—Ho—

race—pathos of expression—Virgil—beautiful imagery—Homer—poetry of nature—Longinus—do not imagine—exalted powers—nevertheless—venture to observe—metaphysical—speculative cast—word be, for instance—following extract illustrate our remarks—we think—Tasso—We imagine—Ariosto—beg pardon—Cicero—

(*For a work on Mineralogy.*) Creation of the world—deluge—Mosaical account—fossil remains—Cuvier—horizontal strata—earthquakes—gradual arrangement of crystalline particles—alluvial formations—proof of our theory—Brogniart—Sir Humphrey Davy—to return to our author—we hope—we think—we expect—to conclude—.

(*For a work on Theology.*) Liberal inquiry—enlightened views—spirit of religion—reformation, grand thing—Luther—St. Paul—fanaticism—Bible—flood of light—excellent book—our author—following beautiful extract—we remember—we look forward—we are confident—.

(*For a work on Education.*) Peculiar spirit of the age—march of mind—Monitorial system of instruction—Pestalozzi—infant schools—Boston high school for girls—Mr. Bailey—Warren Colburn—Hamiltonian system—accounts which—children who—deep, practical importance—theory—experiment—mental discipline—Round Hill School—Cambridge University—.

(*For a work on Philology.*) Author—one of those men who—cares of—-anxieties of—work which—German Universities—German criticism—Wolfe—Schweighauser—Schleusner—Hayne—Grammatical profundity—but the work which—folio edition—oriental—Rabbi Ben Melech—Schultens—Gensenius—De Sacy—to return to our author—modern philology—we promise ourselves—In fine we cannot but hope—.

(*For any book of Travels.*) Adam and Eve probably the first travellers—Noah—Shem, Ham, Japheth—Cadmus—Jason—Golden fleece—Aristotle—to continue our remarks—Columbus a great traveller—Captain Cook—circumnavigation of the world at that time very difficult business—German travellers—Burkhardt—to continue our researches—Africa very bad for travellers—Mungo Park—Ledyard—Sparks's Life very good book—Our author—&c. &c. &c.

THE FIRST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

How beautiful thy mien
O Autumn! while the laughing sun yet beams
Upon the hills and vales, and golden gleams
Light up the heavens serene.

The breath of the sweet West—
How gently too it lifts the drooping flowers
That linger yet within their summer bowers,
And joy to be carest !

The plashy meads are green ;
And where the harvest of the future year
Peeps forth, the tender germs as bright appear
As if Spring deck'd the scene.

The verdant mantle too,
Which the gay seasons spread o'er all the woods,
Seems still to cast amid their solitudes
The same dense shade it threw.

But the young copse betrays
The frost's cold kiss ; while the pale leaves that cling
Yet to the clustering vine, now only bring
Remembrance of bright days—

And every fitful blast
That issues from its secret mountain-caves,
To sweep the vale, and vex the trembling waves,
Proclaims the summer past !

Yet be not thou in haste,
Wild Autumn ! to o'ercloud the briefer day ;
Nor from the grove its glories bear away,
To strew them on the waste :

And in the hedges warm,
And open glades, that in the sun yet smile,
Let the soft winged tribes disport awhile
Before the coming storm.

Rifling the thistle's seed,
And scattering its bright down upon the air,
The yellow bird, with sprightly chirp, is there,
Nor seems my step to heed :

While 'mid the stubble bare,
The quail, quick startled, slily scuds along ;
And all beside, regardless now of song,
The season's bounty share.

To these the rolling year
Is full of joy ; for when in wintry gloom
Our fields are wrapp'd, they fly where others bloom
To their young hearts as dear :

But ah, how sinks my own,
 When I the scene, yet beautiful, survey,
 And think how on the eye 'twill fade away,
 As all I lov'd hath done!

X.

CHATTERTON.

To the literary men of England it would (if they knew the fact) appear somewhat surprising that the name and writings of Chatterton are not more extensively known among American readers. The general mass of our belles lettres readers have scarcely heard of the name of Chatterton, a name which ought to be cited as one of the proudest remembrances of the power of youthful genius which ever existed—a name, too, which, though its owner died at the early age of eighteen, arrayed the antiquarian research and the learning of England on differing sides in one of the warmest literary contests which has occurred for many years. The controversy with regard to the poems of Ossian, which Macpherson gave to the world, was one of much the same nature, and one which, though perhaps of more importance to literature and history in general, did not in its day excite a greater interest.

Both these contests were struggles between the old world and the new, between the past and the present. Undoubted talent, rich poetic fancy, were the subjects in controversy. These points were allowed; they were, indeed, the very ground work of the dispute. The only question was, what age was to have the merit of these productions. Whether they were to be ascribed to the untutored genius of antiquity, or to the more polished and refined efforts of modern poets. When we speak of the latter, we of course refer to the general advance of the literature of the age, and the indirect influence which that advance had upon the authors who were subject to its power; for with regard to Chatterton, at least since the poems which he published have been decided by the unanimous voice of the literary world to be his own forgeries, we must admit that his writings were the mere outpourings of his own wonderful mind, to which an accidental course of reading had given a peculiar and most beautiful coloring, and one which was altogether unassisted by the advantages of a liberal education.

The particular incidents of the life of Chatterton, except so far as they are connected with his writings, are of little importance at present. He was born in the city of Bristol, in the year 1752. His father was in very narrow circumstances, being, at the highest of his fortunes, but the master of a free school in his native city. The

biographer of Chatterton, in the Collection of the British Poets, remarks, "It is not quite uninteresting, although in any other case it might seem ridiculous, to add, that Chatterton was descended from a long line of ancestors who held the office of sexton of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe; for it was in the muniment room of this church, that the materials were found from which he constructed that system of imposture, which has rendered his name celebrated and his history interesting." He went through the usual school routine, at first with very little indication of the powers which he was afterwards to exhibit; but, towards the close of his course, he became fond of particular kinds of reading, and turned his attention to the study of antiquated and obsolete words. "He acquired," says his biographer, "at school, some knowledge of music, drawing and arithmetic, and with this stock was bound an apprentice to an attorney at Bristol for seven years." A most promising preparatory education for mastering the laborious technicalities of English legal practice! He was then in his fifteenth year. He remained with little profit in his profession for nearly three years, when, at length, his vague threats of suicide induced his master to dismiss him from his service. Left thus to himself, at an early age, without employment, and with no means of subsistence but his pen, he adventured forth upon the wide world of London, full of confidence in himself, and indulging in the wildest imaginings of the royal road to wealth and fame, which his unassisted and wonderful genius had laid open for him. How cruelly he was deceived, either in himself or his pretended patrons—how fatally his hopes were blasted, appear too plainly by the closing scene. He remained but four short months in London, at times imagining that affluence and honor were already secured, at times overpowered by poverty and despondence, when he made for himself a voluntary grave, as the only refuge from the bitterness of his disappointment.

While he yet remained at Bristol, he became very diligent in collecting a variety of old parchment manuscripts from an ancient chest in the church before mentioned. These parchments contained, as he pretended, poems and ballads, written in the time of the ascendancy of the house of York in England, and more particularly during the reign of Edward IV., to the events of which some of them refer.

There does not now exist a doubt that this story was framed for the purposes of the young poet, and that from his own mind were coined the seeming riches of the iron chest. And a most fruitful treasure-house did it become to him! Whatever wild vagary entered his own mind was presented to the world without risk of responsibility, under the protection of long hallowed antiquity. It proved to him as kind a friend as the angel whom Mahomet "beck-

oned from above" to consecrate every unallowed passion with the sanction of the Deity. It contained a lay suited to every emergence—its power was narrowed or extended at the will of the master-spirit, as the magic tent in the Arabian tale was equally suited to a royal hunting party, or the unnumbered hosts of an Eastern army.

The greater proportion of the poems of Chatterton were probably written before he left Bristol. For we must rate his genius according to a more extravagant standard than has almost ever fallen to the lot of man, to suppose that all his writings, in the preparation of which he must have disturbed so often and so extensively the dust of antiquity, could have been completed during the short course of his London career, especially as, during that time, his soaring fancy must have been continually weighed down by the calls of penury. He probably removed to London for the purpose of enjoying, as he thought, the undoubted fruits of his past labors. That his expectations were too highly raised, was shown by the result; but it may well be a question to his readers of the present day, whether the presumption of Chatterton or the injustice of the literary world was most in fault. It must be a severe trial to one who feels burning within his own bosom a mental superiority over the generality of his fellows, to be compelled to see its light unable to penetrate the mists in which the accidents of fortune have enveloped him, and at the same time to feel that, pent up as it is, it must turn for want of sustenance, and prey upon the mind which has nourished it into strength.

The far greater part of his productions, then, both in prose and verse, are from the pen of a boy of seventeen, without any education but such as the children of the poor received in England sixty years ago, and the desultory knowledge which could be gained from the very limited collection of books (both as to number and merit) which a boy in his humble situation can be supposed to have had access to. He had, however, read about seventy volumes of history and romance. How his attention was first turned to the study of Antiquities we know not. Perhaps we should not be far from truth in saying that his choice was the result of accident or boyish whim. He was most certainly a self-taught genius. There was no encouragement from powerful patrons, there was no one to whisper to him the flattering tale of his intellectual superiority, and, above all, there was no skilful hand to direct his effusions into their proper channel. The stream, lost as it was in the beginning of its course, was one of profound depth and impetuous strength; but its wanderings were as capricious as those of the mountain torrent which divides and loses its power in being diverted by the slightest obstacles to its path.

His plan too was original as far as he was himself concerned. The walk of literature which he chose to follow was indistinctly

marked, having been pursued by none of his contemporaries, if we except, perhaps, Macpherson, in the poems of Ossian ; and these it is not probable that Chatterton had ever seen or heard of ; for buried as he must have been amidst the Babel confusion of antique glossaries, he had but little time to spare for his own age ; occupied as he was in pondering over those memorials of antiquity which time had rendered fixed, he could not direct his attention from them to the changes which it was every day making in the present state of things, and, not the least, certainly, in Chatterton's peculiar province, polite literature.

Literary forgeries were things almost unheard of during the last century and were therefore well calculated by their novelty to attract the attention of those who did not feel or fancy disgust at their falsehood. The writers of the last century, whether of prose or poetry, had not yet learned to conceal themselves under a mask, which if they were successful, increased the reputation of the unknown through the magnifying power of mystery, and which, if they failed, threw their literary sins upon some one of the thousand sprites with which, modern invention has shown that *terra incognita* of letters is so fully peopled, and who are invoked from their inhabitation so often in modern times to grace an anonymous title page. There have been many squeamish critics who have decried the poems of Chatterton on the score of their being palpable forgeries. They have endeavored to dishonor the poet by injuring the character of the man. They have endeavored to render that literary fiction which is used to please the imagination a crime of the same nature with those forgeries which deprive us of fortune. But we cannot for our own parts perceive any greater want of moral feeling in deceptions of this kind, than in the every day practice of writing a tale or ballad introducing particular persons who never had existence except in the imagination, and following them through all the incidents of their history. It is a privilege which we conceive belongs undoubtedly to every man to draw at will upon the treasures of the muses, and, if his motives are honorable, if he interferes with the rightful interests of no other persons, if he hinders no one from riding his particular hobby according to his own pleasure, he may appear at their shrines in any mask and make his offering under any name which may suit his fancy or his interest.

Literary property is common to the whole world. The best title is that of having either created it or having been the first to appropriate it while it lay open to all other searchers, as well as ourselves. Whether we manage the prize properly, is our own risk ; but as for the expediency and good taste of this form of literature every one may form such judgment as he pleases. And on this point, after acquitting Chatterton of every imputation of literary dishonesty,

we think he was guilty of this great error of judgment. The course which he pursued was, perhaps, the chief cause of the disappointment of his hopes.

Owing to the changes of the times, all living languages become so essentially altered (in their orthography, at least,) during the lapse of three or four centuries, that the words in common use for writing and speaking during the earlier, seem to the people of the later age, more like the members of a foreign language than the mere changes of dialect which time has affected. Thus, in the time of Cicero, the language in use under the Roman kings, and during the infancy of the republic, had become a dead letter to the people in general, and was only kept alive by the curiosity and learning of antiquarians. A few years afterwards, during the Augustan age, the celebrated *Carmen Saliare* of King Numa was absolutely unintelligible. It requires a constant recurrence to a glossary for a modern English scholar to read the tales of Chaucer, or the ancient version of the ballad of Chevy Chase. Nay, so quaint and obsolete is the ancient phraseology, that we, at times, ponder over the stanza, after we have rung the changes on the meaning of every word, and are as much at a loss to understand the sentiment and arrange the sentence, in the "*lucidus ordo*," as a school boy while puzzling over an intricate passage in his Sallust or Minora.

In this manner the English of the time of Chatterton had been a different language from that of the days of the Plantagenets; and in his compositions, he must have felt himself fettered by his ignorance of the idiom and niceties of an unknown tongue. To be in any degree ignorant of a language in which it is proposed to write, is, we conceive, especially in poetry, the greatest embarrassment which can be put in the way of the efforts of genius; and we also think it impossible for a man to obtain a perfect knowledge of more than one language in the course of a life, and that one language must be the one of his childhood, of his youth, and of his manhood, the language in which he has always thought, which he has always been accustomed to hear, and which is connected with all his recollections and interwoven with his very existence. We could never admire the Horatian odes of Johnson, nor do we put much faith in the Ciceronian Latin of Dr. Parr; and if Byron himself had fully pursued his purpose of choosing the Italian language for his poetry, we fear that with all its natural sweetness and with all the inspiration of the poet, the work would hardly have equalled the English Corsair or Childe Harold. We should have had a medley of English idioms with Italian words which could not be understood by the mass of the readers of one nation, and would not be read but by a very small portion of the other.

Independently, too, of the alterations of language, Chatterton had other difficulties to contend with, owing to the necessary differences of feeling and thinking between his own era and that of his forgeries. He was obliged to become an imitator and a copyist, instead of following the bent of his own genius. It was necessary that he should be able to breathe the spirit of antiquity into his modern compositions. If he could not do this, his writings must appear like sickly imitations, instead of the vigorous outpouring of the spirit of ancient song. The truth is, that, in this species of composition, we moderns must endeavor to catch the tone of feeling which has now been buried for ages. We must endeavor to render the inflated language of ancient poetry familiar to the pen. This we hold to be almost impossible. What appears to be graceful ease in Chaucer and Shakspeare changes in our hands into labored affectation. As well might a modern soldier attempt to don the armour of proof in which his ancestor marched to the battles of the Roses, as a writer of the present day attempt to use gracefully the quaint obsolete style of the ancient chronicler. Chatterton was aware of this, and, in endeavoring to do justice to his subjects, he has fallen into the opposite error. Scott, in his *Life of Byron*, observes, that "Chatterton, not considering that in the most ancient authors scarce one word in ten has become obsolete, wrote a set of poems in which every second word was taken from a glossary, and necessarily remitted to one under the idea that he was imitating the language of the ancients."

There once was a taste in England, (the Europeans called it by the appropriate name of a "folly") of *building* new ruins, in imitation of those which were already crumbling under the grasp of time, and which were covered with the genuine moss and ivy of antiquity. The art of man, however, can never equal the workings of nature. Not all the artificial mouldings which the active labor of a day can bestow upon stone and mortar can equal the effect of the quiet lapse of a few fast-fleeting centuries. We may collect together the "scraps and cheese-parings of antiquity," and endeavor to arrange them into an harmonious whole, but a delicate observer will soon detect the blemishes in any structure which is thus attempted by art in mere mockery, as it were, of the power of time. And thus it is with literature. No writers can so abstract themselves from the present as to be uninfluenced by the effects of modern education. They are out of their proper sphere when endeavoring to rake together long disused expressions. They are guilty of literary sacrilege in dressing their modern fictions in the time honored garb of antiquity. It is a sin against nature to warp the mind by modes of reflection to which it is unaccustomed.

Chatterton has heaped together, with the greatest profusion, the old words and phrases which he has found during his researches

into ancient English literature, but it is easy for a critical reader to observe the essentially modern structure of his poems when they are stripped of their antique ornaments. He has endeavored to add to the effect of his own wonderful talent, by calling in the aid of other times, as the later Romans, after they had lost the art of sculpture, robbed the architectural monuments of their ancestors of their noblest ornaments, in order to decorate the structures of their reigning princes with the specimens of an art which had degenerated with the degeneracy of the age. We are devoted to old books. There is something in the very quaintness of Burton which will bind the reader for hours to his vagaries. In some of the plays of Shakespeare, the curious roughness of the ancient style, softened as it is by the fire of his own intellect, constitutes the hidden charm which so few duly appreciate, though every man of letters acknowledges the influence of the secret spell. Even a volume of Coke on *Lytleton* possesses an attraction for a modern reader, apart from the uninteresting intricacies of the law, which is wholly owing to its being so strongly stamped with the spirit of the age in which it was written.

We pity the man who has never felt the delight which a volume of any of the ancient English classics can afford, even setting out of the question its intrinsic merit. We commend antiquarian research, because we consider that every new fact which is brought to light with respect to our forefathers, diminishes the distance between them and ourselves, and renders stronger and stronger every link in the lengthening chain which binds the past to the present.

But the more we admire these relics of the olden time, the greater must be our dislike for modern imitations of them. One principal reason of our admiration is owing to their being the types of the manners of the times of their production; because, looking only to the present and the past, they display truly the march of improvement and the state of humanity, as the causes of the changes in these things are gradually developed, while the stream of time rolls onward towards futurity. We can enjoy the true opinions of the leading spirits of the age upon the age in which they lived. We do not, while reading their works, look back through the discolored medium of the years that have intervened between their times and our own; but we are suddenly transported by a magic of the imagination similar to that physical enchantment which the genii of the lamp and ring used in the story of *Aladdin*, and placed for the moment among the living and moving actors who in sad truth now survive but in memory.

But as for these imitations of the ancients, this modern Gothic in literature, we fear that such works, if they are encouraged, will give the death-blow to romance and ancient reveries, and we cannot re-

frain from joining most fervently in the heart-felt exclamation of Jonathan Oldbuck,

“Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation.”

In literature, as in other pursuits, we must adapt ourselves to the tastes and wants of the present age. Ours, for the present, are to be the graces of youth. We must be content to let posterity do homage to our antiquity. The only reward which is to be expected from the present age is that due to industry and talent.

Chatterton, however, has the excuse of originality, and he has performed his task with greater success than any one would have believed, when the difficulty of the subject and the extreme youth of the writer are taken into consideration. We can only wish that he had chosen a plan more suited to the spirit of the age. If he had done so, he would not probably have experienced such bitter disappointment—not perhaps have brought himself to an untimely grave; and the efforts of his mature genius would in after times, in all probability, have ranked among the most precious volumes of the British classics.

K. K.

A MORNING ON THE ANDES.

ARISE the Andes, gorgeous, proud,
Like islands in a sea of cloud,
 A glorious, burning main.
The dawn of day has colored o'er
The ocean as a golden floor,
 The hills with coral stain.

The mountain seems above its cloud
A giant standing in its shroud,
 A frozen wave of earth;
The mists, a silvery curtain, spread
Above a universe of dead,
 Just dawning into birth.

The circling sun is sparkling up,
A drop from glory's foaming cup,
 A shield of polished gold,
To waste upon a waiting world
The radiance of its wing unfurled,
 As in the days of old.

A Morning on the Andes.

The thunder-anthem peals around
 The firm, uplifted rock-ribbed ground,
 Like a free earthquake's tone ;
 And see the sky re-echoes well—
 As caverns answer to a bell—
 Its wild and swelling moan.

A mountain rock just trembles on
 The precipice, as when at dawn
 Poises the mounting sun ;
 And now it leapeth, and the sound
 From shore to shore goes sweeping round—
 It never will be done !

It breaks away to distant isles,
 It sweeps through consecrated piles,
 Through forests old and strong ;
 Like winds careering in their scorn,
 Till every substant thing is torn—
 So passeth this along.

Eagles, with lustre on their wings,
 Come up in pride from earthly things—
 In scorn pass they the sun ;
 And wheel away to the brilliant skies
 As spirits melt into paradise—
 Their journeying scarce begun.

How small seem human pomp and power,
 From where those hoary mountains tower,
 These thrones of solid land !
 Empire on empire goeth down—
 The monarch and his jewelled crown—
 But these unshaken stand—

Fit emblems of His power—who stept
 From glory, while the elements slept
 And fram'd this shining sphere ;
 Fit emblems of His power, who when
 The chosen time shall come again,
 Will leave no semblance here.

J. O. R.

MR. CLAY.

It is a consequence flowing from the nature of our institutions, that the character and estimate of individuals, of high merit, we might almost say their positive power and influence, depend little on the possession of office. A more striking proof of the truth of this remark need not be wished, than is furnished in the case of him, whose name we have placed at the head of this article. In the five and twenty years during which Mr. Clay has been occupied in public offices, there has never been a moment, in which so great a portion of public respect and regard has seemed to attach to him, as at the present when party calumny and party clamor have driven him, and his associates in the Executive Government of our country, from their stations. When the third rate men, whom circumstance and fortune have placed in power, as one is almost tempted to think, by way of a jest upon our elective systems, shall have passed away, leaving no more track than the slightest cloud leaves in the sky over which it passes, the name of Mr. Clay will be connected with memorials of talent and evidences of patriotism which will embody his name and character in the history of his country.

It is not our purpose, however, to pass encomiums on this distinguished man, nor is it even our object to endeavor to attract public attention towards him. This last purpose, indeed, would be quite superfluous. In this part of the country, certainly, we hesitate not to say that he is, at this moment, an object of higher and more general regard than any other public man. Admiration for his talents and respect for his principles are accompanied, very generally, throughout New England at least, with the conviction that he has suffered great injustice, and most unmerited abuse. The time may come, or it may not, when it shall be deemed proper to give expression, in the most effectual manner, to these sentiments of attachment. But, in the meantime, the truth that they exist, deep and strong, is too obvious for anything but falsehood or folly to deny. Mr. Clay has himself not frequently visited New England. He has been seen but by few of her citizens; and on this account, mainly, we have thought a few observations in regard to him might not be unacceptable to our readers.

In personal appearance, Mr. C. is rather above the ordinary height, well made, though somewhat slender, and of a striking and manly carriage and deportment. He may now be, we suppose, fifty-five years of age. For the last six or seven years, his health has been delicate, and occasionally feeble; but recently it is understood to have much improved, and now to give a promise of entire

restoration and confirmation. In his ordinary intercourse, Mr. C. is social, accessible, and interesting. The frankness of his character overflows his manners; and in social as well as in public life, he has found sometimes, that generosity and unsuspecting confidence have betrayed him into the power of men of more cunning than principle, more selfishness than honor. He possesses the true spirit of conversation. It is not, with him, an occasion for a set and formal speech; nor yet one confined to interrogatories and answers on mere topics of course. He converses with ease and propriety; his discourse is sufficiently "sweet and voluble," and it indicates at the same time, a man of sense, and character; using that word, in its sense of individuality. His information is various and general, especially in relation to matters of business and politics; with much more of learning and of literature, than the nature of his education and the employments of his life would lead us to expect.

Mr. C. went early from Virginia to Kentucky, to follow his fortunes in the new and opening world of the West. His profession was the law; a profession which not only sharpens the intellect, and strengthens the understanding, but, by the stimulus of a constantly present and active competition, as well as by its connexion with the means of political advancement, in a government like ours, naturally awakens, in ardent minds, strong pantings of ambition. Mr. Clay reached immediately a high standing, in his profession, and found himself also at an early period a member of the Legislature of the State. From the chair of the popular Branch of that body, he was elected a senator of the U. States, in 1810, if we err not in the date. He remained not long in this situation, perceiving no doubt, that the capitol had another theatre better fitted for the part which he was likely to act. He resigned his seat in the Senate, we believe, after having filled it but a single session, and was returned a member of the National House of Representatives from the Lexington District. It is an occurrence without a parallel, that the first day he took his seat in the House he was elected its Speaker. The event justified this confidence in advance. He filled a chair, in which, before or since, Sedgwick, and Trumbull, Macon and Cheves have sat, with an ability it may now well be the proudest hope of any successor to equal. For thorough and exact knowledge of parliamentary usage and the rules of the House, for clearness of perception and promptitude of decision, it would be presumptuous, we suppose, to expect soon to see his superior. When having been out of Congress, he returned to it again in 1823, two thirds of the members concurred in placing him once more in the chair, although the speaker of the preceding Congress, Mr. P. P. Barbour, was candidate against him.

Though its Speaker, Mr. C. was accustomed to bear a part, in the debates of the House, on all occasions of leading interest. It is not our purpose to speak of the degree of ability manifested by these speeches. They have been universally read, and the whole country is familiar with them. But all have not seen nor heard Mr. C.; and therefore a remark or two on his manner and appearance as a public speaker, will not be out of place here. Of what may be called the personal requisites for an acceptable public speaker, he has an uncommon share. He has a tall and erect figure, with a general air and appearance such as prepossesses and strikes the audience. His voice is perhaps not equalled by that of any other public speaker in the country. It has not only great force, and compass, but is also clear, flexible, and susceptible of great variety of modulation. He has no doubt, sometimes the common fault of the country—at least the common fault of members of Congress—speaking too loud; and his earnestness and ardor occasionally expose him to the danger of too much apparent vehemence. A northern audience, especially, would be likely to think that he speaks, even on ordinary topics, and under ordinary circumstances, with a degree of warmth, which, in our colder latitudes, is excited, or by our opinions justified, only by uncommon occasions. The result of all that belongs to his manner, is, that he is both an imposing and a persuasive speaker. He fixes the attention, and holds it as long and as steadily, probably, as any man that has ever appeared in our halls of legislature. Frank, lofty, and disinterested, with power to defend, and capacity to lead, he must necessarily be, and would always be, an important individual in any public assembly to which he might belong. Since he has been out of Congress, his public speeches have been principally such as have been occasioned by festivities to which he has been invited as a guest, in those parts of the country, where custom has rendered it indispensable on such occasions to make an address. Fastidious friends and false friends, and of course enemies, have reproached him for the frequency of these efforts, and have sought to degrade him by fixing on him the appellation of a “table orator.” Most of this rebuke has originated in hostility, open or concealed; and the rest in a want of attention to the circumstances in which he has been placed. Was he to decline all invitations to such meetings, from his friends and his neighbors, at a time when a tempest of the grossest calumny was beating upon him, from the presses in the interest, (we do not use too strong a phrase) of those who sought to destroy him? If he accepted such invitations, was he to follow the custom of the country, or was he to break it and be silent? When he spoke, it was easy to say that he would better have consulted his dignity by being silent, but if he had been silent, it would have been as easy to have inferred conscious guilt from the fact, that, having a suitable occasion

to defend himself, he had, nevertheless, been able to make no defence at all. He has acted on the idea, that a public man, attacked as he has been, must repel those attacks, not once only, but often and always, lest the uncontradicted repetition of calumny should wear a channel for it in the public opinion. It is not always easy to decide, when slander should be noticed and when disregarded. In Mr. C's case, we think the result has shown that he judged right, and acted wisely. His repeated vindications of himself against the charge of bargain and corruption—a charge ridiculous enough in itself, but in its effects not to be despised—have, in our opinion, contributed with other causes, to bring about that just and equitable reaction of public sentiment, which, at the present moment, seems giving to his character a new degree of interest and importance. It seems to us impossible that every fair and honorable mind should not rejoice in this tone of sense, sanity, and good feeling, to which that portion of public opinion which has departed from it appears to be returning. For ourselves, without looking to future events, or contemplating the probability of Mr. Clay's return to public life, we feel the sincerest pleasure in seeing him elevated, in the public judgment, to the high station to which his character, his talents, and his services justly entitle him.

But we do not, nevertheless, confine ourselves entirely to this abstract view of the matter. We think it hardly probable that Mr. Clay is destined to pass the remainder of his life in his retreat at Ashland. Standing, as we think he does at this very moment, an object of more interest and regard than any other man in the United States, there is evidently nothing to keep him out of the sphere of political action but one single event, the probability of which, never great, appears to us to be fast diminishing; and that is, that the persons now in power shall so conduct the concerns of government, as to give no just occasion for opposition. For our humble selves, we are free to say, that, in our opinion, the first leading measure of the present administration has been such as should awaken the attention and the alarm of all intelligent friends of the constitution. This leading measure is, *a general change, in all the offices of government, from motives merely personal; an attempt to form a combination, to retain power, by the patronage of the government itself.* It is not mainly that our sympathies are awakened by the removal of men from the little employments under government, who have been bred to these employments, and have no other means of living; although we are far, very far, from disclaiming such sympathy, and from scoffing at the expression of it as unbecoming whining. Our objection lies deeper. The *principle* of this mode of administration is hostile to the spirit of the constitution and the existence of the government. If this bad example is to be followed, we entertain

not the shadow of a doubt, that in less than twenty years it will overturn this government. It is no inquiry with us, to what extent, or whether to any extent, the present administration finds an example, or an apology for its conduct, in the course pursued by Mr. Jefferson. It is enough for us, that, in our judgment, the constitution cannot endure such a course of administration. General Jackson seems to have acted as if he possessed all the patronage and power of the government by right of conquest. He dispossesses actual incumbents, and parts out and divides the spoil among his followers and retainers, in the true spirit of a conqueror. He thinks all offices *his*, existing for *his* use, and to reward *his* friends; and as far as we understand, or can trace, the course and causes of his appointments, no one case exists, in which any consideration has prevailed over personal attachment, or the profession of such attachment, to himself. Now we ask all reflecting men, if anything can tend more to demoralize the country, if anything can tend more to make all good men sick of the government, and weary of its fluctuations and changes, and finally to break it up and destroy it, than to bear a contest every four years, in which contest is involved the personal interest of every individual in office, from the highest to the lowest? How long can the constitution stand the successive shocks by all that are out, against all that are in—both parties being excited, not by any preference of particular measures, not by honorable ambition, but by direct, personal, pecuniary interest? Add to this, that new excitements are given to the press, that great lever of public opinion, and motives addressed to it, of all others most likely to shake its independence and degrade its character. The conductors of the leading presses are themselves the chief objects of regard, in the dispensation of the rewards bestowed on its adherents, by the heads of a triumphant party. And in some cases, these new offices appear to be held without disconnecting the incumbent from that which proved the cause of his advancement. We have already partly arrived at that state of things, in which the Treasury will have presses, and the Departments of State, War, and Navy, and the Post Office will have presses. Partizanship, personal association, individual combination to obtain office, in one word, *faction*, in all its ramifications, and in all its odious features, with this new and extraordinary character about it, that it is faction under the patronage of Government, is endeavoring to seize upon the whole power of the country. This is our view of the subject, at least. Every man of sense knows that all that is said about *Reform* is mere pretence. It is that species of political operation called *humbug*. It is a low and weak means of delusion, capable of deceiving only the weak and low. The real object is, to enjoy, in the first place, the emoluments of all office, in the next place to take possession of every possible means by which

power can be retained. All this is so plain, that every man who runs may read; but it has not in our opinion, excited yet so much alarm as it ought to excite. If we are the true sons of our Fathers, we shall stuff a vicious principle in the tainted breeze, and resist it. We shall insist upon it, that the Government was established for the many, not for the few; that the constitution was adopted to assure peace and tranquillity, not to foment domestic broils, breed confusion, and put the whole country into the hands of caucuses and partisans; and we shall resist, to the utmost, a course of things, the immediate effect of which is to transfer the fair inheritance of the people of the United States, their rights and privileges into the personal emolument and private property of individuals. We certainly, then, are of opinion, that an opposition to the present administration, founded on this its great leading measure, is a thing not to be avoided, if there be true patriotism and sound political intelligence yet left among us.

There are other topics, on which, since we have adverted for once to the political situation of our country, we could wish to make a few observations; but they must be deferred.

NIGHTFALL.

The summer sun is sinking slow
Far in the painted west;
And clouds like crimson banners glow,
As curtains to his rest.
The singing breeze steals up the hill,
Or round shut flowers it wanders still,
As loth to breathe the death of day,
And let pale eve resume her sway.

The clouds, in sable masses, ride
Like palls across the sky,
Behind the purple mount to hide,
Ashamed to float on high
When the bright sun has left the skies,
Who crowned them o'er with golden dyes,
Ashamed to show when day is done,
Whence all their golden light was won.

The stream, that dashes down the height,
And leaps like life along,
Upheaving silver in the light,
Pours out its farewell song,

Or sweetly sounding through the trees,
Its sweet notes swelling on the breeze,
To welcome pensive twilight in
And chaunt the evening's vesper hymn.

The rivulets, that sily creep
Like serpents through the grass
Which stoops to kiss, and seems to weep
That its bright wave should pass
Unheeded by its singing blades,
Whose sides upturned in waving glades,
Like water in the sunlight flashing,
When o'er the smooth worn pebbles dashing—

Is singing to the stars that rise,
And shine like gems at night,
And burning in the quiet skies,
So beautiful and bright
That one could gaze forever there,
And picture visions of the air ;
And dream of shapes that gaily pass,
In fairy troops along the grass—

And dream that where the grass was bent,
And rose and bent again,
'Twas where some fairy footstep went,
Unseen by eyes of men,
Who came from where the clouds unrolled,
Their brightest sheets of dripping gold,
To wander o'er this world of ours,
And scatter dew on hidden flowers.

S. M. C.

CONFESSIONS OF A DISLIKED MAN.

I WAS one among several brothers. I differed from them all in every respect, and was scarce considered one of them though we were all educated alike and grew up together. Neither my father nor mother ever showed anything in their treatment of me decidedly cruel, but still I thought I could perceive something, particularly in my mother, which was not as it should be. My father died while I was quite young, and it was after his death that I felt myself alone in the world. I well remember the feelings with which I saw him lowered into the tomb. He, at least, had sometimes protected me

from the unkindness of others, and I felt like one who is parting with what seems doubly dear because what is left is odious and hateful.

It was but a few months after this sad event, that the indifference and even cruelty of all about me broke out with more than its usual violence. I felt the worse because I knew it to be wholly without reason. I was of a free, open, and even bold nature. My mother and brothers though they were not the very opposite to this, were very unlike it. Here was one reason why we were not fitted for each other. They found their amusement and happiness in what I could unhappily see none, but yet, if I loved my horse as well as they loved their books, it seems to me reasonable that I should be left unmolested to my own enjoyment. They were all religious, or at least professed to be so; I could have been, had I not had constantly before my eyes the hollowness of their professions in their unkind treatment of myself. I felt, sincerely felt, those appeals to my heart which every young and generous mind must feel when it contemplates the noble features of religion. I felt, but disregarded them. I knew that I could not be happy, either here or hereafter, without that sanctification of the affections and that amendment of life which true religion demands; though I acknowledged the goodness of the principle itself, its poor effect upon my own family was a constant drawback to my embracing it. It was these differences in our dispositions and habits, which were the unknown cause of the treatment I received. Oh! when I look back through the long lapse of years which have passed onward since I was young, how distinctly do I remember the coldness, the bitter coldness I met with whenever I entered the family circle! I knew, I felt that I had nothing in common with its members; I felt that I was a stranger amongst them, that they spoke unkindly of me while absent, and I could well interpret their significant glances while I was present. Yes, unnatural as it may seem, that circle which was meant for, and which should be, the glad promoter of kind feeling, was to me the destroyer of every generous and social impulse.

When they who should be friends, have those foolish and trifling misunderstandings existing between them, which have always been so common, though they may never come to any positive rupture, yet they are constantly exposed to it, and need but one breath to increase the before uncertain and flickering light into the broad and wide spreading flame of hatred and contempt.

I was in my eighteenth year, when, for some trifle which is unworthy of remembrance, I broke all those natural ties which bound me to my nearest relatives. I was not sorry for many, many years afterward that I did so. The rancour and ill-feeling which had been long gathering, required time to be swept away. I remember,

in the flush of my rage, how sweet was the thought that I would now do my best to choke all the best feelings of which my nature was susceptible. If before I had borne neglect, I would now return it with vengeance. If I had cherished a submissive and yielding spirit, I would now strive to become tyrannical and cruel. The last time I ever spoke either to my mother or brothers was at the time of my quarrel. I insulted them all in every way I could; I gave way to the most violent fit of passion, and then left the house forever—that house, with which I had none of the usual associations which belong to the home of our childhood and youth—in connexion with which I had no pleasing recollections of happy days, or of the interchange of those mutual kindnesses which are the highest blessings of life.

I went immediately to one of my early acquaintances, who, though he was not a friend, for I never had one, yet was familiar with all my private history. I told him what I had done, and before he had time to remonstrate I took the most solemn oath that rage ever suggested, that I would never undo it; and when afterwards calm reflection would have forced itself upon me, when perhaps I might have returned to the bosom of my family while the wound was yet unhealed, and perhaps owing to my previous ill-treatment, have been blessed with all that kindness could bestow, I swore again, that, if there were no other reason why I should shut my ear to everything, my oath alone should be sufficient.

I was in my eighteenth summer, in the full tide of health and strength, and had never felt a restraint upon the wild spirits of youth. I was soon to come into the possession of a fortune, the income of which was alone sufficient to bear every expense I could contract. I was not dissipated in the common, hackneyed sense of the word, neither did I try to raise a false interest for my unhappy situation, by my mad career. What is commonly meant by dissipation, was my being. The midnight revel was my temperate meal. The low debauch seemed like my natural amusement. Every nerve was strung to its utmost. I was all excitement, and what would have shattered a thousand constitutions, was the healthy craving of my unnatural appetite. Thus passed the few first years of my alienation from my kindred.

But there is a limit to everything under the sun. There is a point to which our feelings can stretch, and must then return upon themselves. I at last grew sick of the hollowness of worldly pleasure, and was disgusted with the loathsomeness of its votaries. Among them all I never discovered any of that refinement, that elevation of sentiment or dignity in their intercourse with their fellows, which I had always held sacred. I could no longer bear to associate with men for whom I had no respect, and in whose society I was constantly reminded of the worthlessness of my condition. I had always a

taste for books ; to cultivate this, I immured myself, not in the beautiful retreats of woods and fields, where they who are sick of life are wont to retire, but in the very heart of a populous city. From what cause, I know not, but so it was, I hated not only my own family, but the world. I hated men, and in the true spirit of misanthrophy I lived where I could see their sufferings and misery. It would have been little consolation to me to know that yonder clouded atmosphere, which I might have beheld from some distant elevation, was hanging over the usual scenes of crime and guilt which are ever to be found in the marts of man—No ! I watched them all, I constantly kept my eyes on them, as the beast of prey on his victim. There was no pity mingled with my hate.

Here too my restless spirit at length grew tired. As I read and became more conversant with my own mind, some few sparks of my once generous nature again revived. The long dried-up spring again sent forth a few trickling drops. I longed for something on which to fix what little affection I now discovered myself possessed of. I could not receive the balm which memory gives when it goes back to early years,—and yet I felt I must find something to which I might cling. I felt that the mind of man could never for any length of time stand by itself. It is at best a weak and fragile plant, that can lend its little strength to the support of something from which it receives assistance in return.

In one of my early summers, I formed an acquaintance with a beautiful girl, while on a visit in the country. I became more intimate with her than I ever did with any human being ; she was an orphan and was then undergoing many of those hardships and cruelties incident to that unhappy state. I made her acquainted, young as I then was, with my own ill-fated lot, and she, in return, unlocked her own heart to me. She unfolded all her misery and her gloomy anticipations. I was then but sixteen, and she was a few years younger than myself ; but we were just at that period of life when one of the deepest feelings of the human breast is strongest : for if sympathy be stronger at one time of life than another, it certainly is in youth, when we are less locked up in self, before we have been dragged through a world, which, instead of making our sensibility to the sufferings of others more acute, turns it all inward upon our own. It was this sacred feeling which linked us together then, and which had continued to connect us through all the misery of which we were both large partakers. To this lovely creature I resolved to return, and in a few months I did so. It was sometime since I had seen her ; I found that time and misfortune had worked their usual changes. She was, however, still beautiful—beautiful to me at least—for I did not want to look upon the blooming cheek, to feast my eyes on beauty which was the mere result of youth and health, and

which with these would fade. I found what I expected to find ; I loved what I had resolved to love ; a kind of melancholy loveliness which was more congenial to my own nature. On her beautifully formed features was displayed that sadness and sorrow which to my eye made up for all that the bloom of womanhood could bestow. I soon succeeded in rekindling that affection for me which had never entirely died away. She was still in trouble and distress, and while her heart was throbbing with the emotion which the recital of her own affliction had excited, I told her of the waste in my own barren bosom. I told her again of my former misfortunes, of my future hopes. I laid bare the altar of my own heart, and shewed her that no flame could be kindled there, but that which burned for her. She loved me with all the intensity of woman's love. She yielded to my entreaties and fled with me from her unnatural and cruel protectors. I completed her imperfect education, and she was all to me that I could desire. Even now, while I am trembling under the effects of infirmity and age, recollection teems with the many happy hours I have spent with the only being that ever loved me. This old breast throbs and these dried veins swell as I imagine her in my embrace, as I think of the sweet kiss I have imprinted upon her lips. She tried to awaken within me the feelings of a man. She strove to make me embrace the religion of which she was herself a lovely ornament. She urged me to return to my family, but she only bound me more closely to herself. I disregarded her entreaties, and became more zealous in my devotion to herself. Never, never, in this or another world can I forget the bliss I then enjoyed. It was communion of mind with mind, of heart with heart.

I remember in the full tide of all my happiness a circumstance which came like a check upon my soul ;—it well nigh made me what I should have always been, a feeling, natural man. I was one day riding with her in one of the streets of the city, a few miles from which we resided. We were passing the proud mansion of my unnatural mother. There was a collection of carriages and persons about the entrance, and as I rode towards them, I saw what could leave no doubt of the occasion—a hearse. It was my mother's funeral ! The first feeling that arose, would have prompted me to avoid it ; but my old hate drove me onward, and as I rode by the door, the coffin was brought down the steps. I looked towards it. There was a glass lid, and I distinctly saw the features. Oh ! the agony of that moment ! I was well nigh mastered. I could have gone, and wept upon it. In spite of all that had passed, I knew I could make all right with my brothers, but the next moment somewhat restored me to myself, and I drove furiously onward. For some days I was sensibly affected by what I had seen. In addition to this, my wife took advantage of the favorable opportunity, and

used all those powers of persuasion which woman so well knows how to exercise ; but my old feeling of bitterness and contempt for my relations returned, and that affection which she would have divided with them, was the more concentrated upon her.

A few years rolled away and my wife died. The only cord which bound me to the world about me, was snapt. I mourned over her corpse as if it had been that of the only human being in the world, and when at last it was placed in the new made grave in the garden where I had walked with her and lost myself in her love, even then I went and knelt over it. For many, many years afterward I passed the nights of summer there—fondly imagining while I was near her ashes, that I was not far from that heart I had idolized—from that lovely being who had been my world. The only pleasure I now had to enjoy, was in recollection of her ; this at least could not be taken from me, and with this I trusted I could bear the years that still remained.

One by one, my brothers went to their long home, and as I had been a stranger to that grief which one feels when lamenting for the mother that bore him, so was I to all brotherly affection. I heard of their deaths, but this was all ; I neither mourned for the departed nor sympathized with those who were left ; I was alike insensible to the dead and the living.

It is now many years since I could claim kindred with any one. I am far beyond the ordinary life of man, and it is now that I feel my misery. I see through the whole of my long career no single monument to comfort and support me. I fly to religion ; I ask for that grace which in my youth was my fondest hope, but the heart that has been callous to all its natural emotions, can with difficulty bring down its pride before the Deity itself. How can I expect to replant what I rooted up and destroyed seventy years ago ? I find not even the seeds of kindly affection. How then can I expect my breast to be warmed with devotion ? If there be any unnatural thing more awful than another to the contemplation, it is an old man on the very verge of the grave, who has lived entirely in vain—to whom the noble ends of being have been an empty sound—around whom the shades of evening are closing, and yet no star visible ! But when—as in my miserable case—when through life he has been haunted by something which told him that he was not pursuing his best end—when in old age, extreme old age, he feels this phantom still behind him, and has travelled far enough in the mazes of wisdom, to know that he who would be happy hereafter must set his affections on things above—when such a being begins to penetrate the veil which conceals this life from the future, how full and overflowing must his cup of bitterness be !

THE MOONBEAM.

WHEN twilight has faded from ocean's wave,
Like fun'ral flowers from a soldier's grave,
And the winds of eve in the darkling wood,
Breathe out their wild music to Solitude;
Adown from thy palace of cloud and star,
That builds in revolving glory afar,
Thou'rt come on thy pinions of dewy light,
Oh beautiful spirit of quiet night !

Thou'rt fall'n ; and pure as the silver blossom,
That gleams on the young bride's swelling bosom,
And bright as the jewel of Ethiop's queen,
Thy ray on the wild, dark billow is seen ;
It fires the deep wave, and the sleeping bark,
With her snowy wing hails the illumin'd mark ;
And down through the corals of ocean's grove,
The gold fish out in thy radiance rove.

Through the noiseless gloom of the forest glade,
Where the vine leaves cast their whispering shade,
The power of thy mystic birth's confest,
By the waking pulses of nature's breast ;
For the wood-bird starts at thy vivid gleam,
From the leafless tree of an autumn dream ;
And he lifts his wings in his wild surprise,
As if morn had open'd her golden eyes.

And the folded flower !—it awakens too,
At thy glowing kiss with its smile of dew ;
It steals from the light of thy mellow eye
The hues of its delicate purity ;—
It feels in thy beam from the world above,
The inspiring gift of immortal love ;
And while to its bosom thy light is laid,
Its memories of fav'rite sunbeam fade.

The lover adoring in yonder bower,
Repines at the sight of thy fairy power !
He sees thee asleep on his maiden's breast,
Like a song-tired bird in voluptuous rest !
Or fluttering bright on her dark eye-lid,
With a peep of Love in his ambush hid ;

* * * * *

But thou art the spell to a nobler birth,
 In the spirit that moves on the face of earth ;
 For the poet that ponders on silent night,
 Is fired with the rays of thy hallow'd light,
 And wrapt in the shadows of fancy's dream,
 Oh thou art the life of his pregnant theme !
 Oh thou art the eye-beam from heav'n stealing,
 That melts the pure seal of his sacred feeling. H. P.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE know nothing of a more restless tendency than one of these fine, old fashioned, June days—one that begins with a morning damp with a fresh South wind, and gradually clears away in a thin white mist, till the sun shines through at last, genial and luxurious, but not sultry, and every thing looks clear and bright in the transparent atmosphere. We know nothing which so seduces the very eye and spirit of a man, and stirs in him that gipsy longing, which, spite of disgrace and punishment, made him a truant in his boyhood. There is an expansive rarity in the air of such a day—a something that lifts up the lungs and plays in the nostril with a delicious sensation of freshness and elasticity. The close room grows sadly dull under it. The half open blind with its tempting glimpse of the sky, and branch of idle leaves flickering in the sun, has a strange witchery. The poor pursuits of this drossy world grow passing insignificant ; and the scrawled and blotted manuscripts of an Editor's table—pleasant anodyne as they are when the wind is in the East—are, at these seasons, but the “diary of an Ennuyé”—the notch'd calendar of confinement and unrest. The commendatory sentence stands half completed ; the fate of the author under review, with his two volumes, is altogether of less importance than five minutes of the life of that tame pigeon that sits on the eaves washing his white breast in the spout ; and the public good will, and the cause of Literature, and our own precarious livelihood, all fade into dim shadow and leave us listening dreamily to the creeping of the sweet South upon our vine, or the far-off rattle of the Hourly with its freight of happy bowlers and gentlemen of suburban idleness. What is it to us, when the sun is shining, and the winds bland and balmy, and the moist roads with their fresh smell of earth tempting us away to the hills—what is it, then, to us, whether a poor-

devil-author has a flaw in his style, or our own leading article a "local habitation and a name?" Are we to thrust down our heart like a reptile into its cage, and close our shutter to the cheerful light, and our ear to all sounds of out-of-door happiness? Are we to smother our uneasy impulses and chain ourself down to a poor, dry thought, that has neither light nor music nor any spell in it, save the poor necessity of occupation? Shall we forget the turn in the green lane where we are wont to loiter in our drive, and the cool claret of our friend at the Hermitage, and the glorious golden summer sunset in which we bowl away to the city—musing and refreshed? Alas—yes! the heart *must* be thrust back into its cell, and the shutter *must* be closed, and the green lane and the friend that is happier than we (for he is idle) *must* be forgotten, and the dry thought *must* be dragged up like a wilful steer and yoked to its fellow, and the magnificent sunset with all its glorious dreams and forgetful happiness *must* be seen in the pauses of articles and with the "bleared een" of painful attention—and all this in June—prodigal June—when the very worm is all day out in the sun, and the birds scarce stop their singing to eat from the grey light to the dewfall! And for what? Is the *quid pro quo* no misnomer? Is it well to crucify thus the desire? Spirit of the Daily Press, answer us! Our enemy triumphs monthly that we have written a book—our sometime trumpeter changes his key for a private difference—our sometime friend—our early and ardent friend—whose genius we have loved, whose book we have praised, whose name is mentioned always in our wine—even this idol of our temple of friendship turns upon us with personal abuse, and calls us hard names as if we could have the heart with our thousand recollections to retort or provoke them! And then the poet whose bad verses we rejected, and the abusive Editor at whose demand of "black mail," we sent no new number, and the impertinent "kindred spirit" of whose incognito friendship we declined the honor—all these come down upon us in their various hebdomadals, and well nigh persuade us, spite of our old Aunt's averment and the subscription list in our very eye, that we are no genius and that our last number is at hand!

(One word of grave earnest here. It is surprising that a writer of any modesty or discernment can believe that his particular personal antipathies are of sufficient importance to the world to be discussed in a public print. Aside from the vulgarity and meanness of the attack upon natural defects or the peculiarities of individual manner, what possible interest can there be to any but a malicious mind in knowing that an enemy of the writer is short or tall, well drest or shabby, or

that his early life has been exceptionable or correct? What is gained except the low satisfaction of giving mortification and pain to those connected with the obnoxious person—for it is not himself who suffers most—and thus taking, before the whole world, an unworthy and indecent revenge? Who is there that cannot be ridiculed? Who is there that has not peculiarities that may be caricatured? Who is there that has not friends—mother, or sister, or relatives of a still nearer tie—who are wounded painfully by such abuse? There is a heartless egotism in such things for which it is difficult to account—a sacrifice of dignity and well bred propriety, which it is surprising that any one with a common self-respect will willingly incur. And yet this is done every day. There are minds—educated and strong minds—those too which have been in the way of refinement and good feeling—incredible as it may seem, that can take pleasure in abuse of the most personal character. If anything were gained by it—if bad taste were put down, or the ends of honest criticism promoted—if any thing more laudable than the gratification of a narrow-minded and petty malice were attained, we would not have spoken a word. But no—it is *not* well! there is no good end advanced by such malice; there would be no worthy object gained, even if the subjects of its ill will were sacrificed, and if it did not, as it ~~does~~ recoils, even more than their short-lived and sorrowful anger could wish, upon its Author. Of the general tone of criticism, in our own case, we certainly have no right to complain, and we should have passed over the exceptions to it even now, if a hitherto intimate literary friend had not turned upon us unaware with a pasquinade of the most personal description and stung us, as no enemy could have done, beyond our forbearance. Even Cæsar allowed himself the reproach of “*Et tu Brute!*” Aside from ourselves, however, the evil is a palpable and high-handed one, and for the credit of our Country no less than for a regard due to the decencies of private feeling, we wish it done away. But the sun has gone down while we are writing, and it shall not be “upon our wrath.” We hate to speak of such things, and we will not willingly again. And so, with the reader’s leave, we will step out of our parenthesis and assume once more our better humor.)

We trust, courteous reader, that you will not repel our familiarity. We should like to be more nearly acquainted with you than the remove of the third person always allows. We would have you sit down with us monthly to our dish of chit-chat and criticism, and allow us the same rambling license we should claim if your feet were indeed under our mahogany. We would have you take up our book

with the same benevolent smile with which you would sit down to a tete-a-tete with your friend, and indulge us in our innocent egotism as if it were all whispered in your private ear over our iced *Margaux*, and none of the world's business. We are sure you are no *precieuse*, and there can be no earthly harm in our stopping aside in this stiff, masquerading world, and taking off our dominos for a quiet half hour together. Our brief calendar of years has been written too much "in red letters" to have made this buckram suit sit easily upon us. We will stalk through our part with a becoming gravity, but when the tragedy is over, let us have a dance before the lights are out. You will like us better, we are sure. We are of Bottom's humor—we would explain our roaring to you. In grave earnest, we shall come much more lovingly to our task, if you will allow us, when we have done the dignified thing for some fifty pages, to come down from our stilts and be natural awhile. Like Mr. Potter the juggler, we will "show you how the thing is done." We will let you into a thousand little secrets that can only be told in an under tone, and tell you who pulls the wire to all the literary puppets, and everything that is interesting about those two great divisions of this wicked world—people and things. We will be a newspaper without murders—a gossip without scandal—an Editor without his cloud!—and, if you ever light upon this learned peninsula, we will redeem our note of friendship, and give you a seat in our own glorious chair,—a capacious gilt relic of the palace of Versailles, bought for three base dollars from the *reliquiæ* of a departed museum.

But it is time to be looking over our Table. There must be an interregnum in the kingdom of letters. We have nothing new—nothing that is worth a criticism. Mr. Southey, to be sure, has given us two poems—a "dead cat upon the neck of a camel"—and, like that ingenious device, both to be sold together. We shall take occasion to shew up the camel and dissect the cat when we are in better nerve. (Like the fat woman in Elia, our "sufferings in the warmer solstice are pitiable.") In the mean time, we warn all fastidious readers against "the Pilgrims to Compostella"—the most unredeemed and deplorable dead weight even that young filly Pegasus was saddled withal. The Laureat must have drawn his inspiration from the official "butt of sack." No such muddled waters came ever from Castaly. Since, then, we have no author professed, whom, as our erudite and humane professor used to say of the captive *pediculus*, "we may insert, for the light of science, into the tube of our microscope," we will, as a succedaneum, look over our heap of fellow periodicals.

The "Western Monthly Review" is edited by that pioneer scholar, Timothy Flint. His motto is "*Benedicere, haud maledicere*," and, strange to say, it is an index to the spirit of his book. Mr. Flint himself is too well known to need any praise of ours, but his Review may not be known as widely. Instead of letting it pass, however, with the common cant epithets of praise, we will give two examples—one of his spirit of candor and one of the style of his articles. In a criticism upon our own Monthly—a topic on which a rival Editor would be testy, if at all—and alluding to an unfortunate sentence in our prospectus in which (unwittingly) we spoke as if there were no periodicals between the North American and the lighter class of Magazines, thereby neglecting of course, his own Review, Mr. Flint says: "We will admire and cherish it, according to its spirit and eloquence, whether he (the Editor) discovers that there are other Reviews than the two between which he has taken his stand or not." Now could we walk to the Ohio "to kiss the hand of that man." We have not met such cordial humanity since we left our uproarious class-fellows. It is our first oasis in the desert. The other example is from a Review of a French work, *Meditations Poetiques, par Alphonse de la Martine*. Mr. Flint's introductory remarks run thus:—

Our periodicals teem with abstracts and reviews of English and German books, some of them, as we think, no ways particularly worthy of perusal, and offering few other claims, than an immense show of lumber learning. Every classical reader must remember, how differently, Goldsmith, Addison, Swift, and the other men of that school, wrote. Their learning was always beautifully in its place. From the greater simplicity, instruction and beauty of their writings alone was it inferred, that they had better availed themselves of the aid of learning, than others. The great exemplar, the *beau ideal*, in these days, with writers, seems to be such men, as Dr. Parr, a man of immense erudition in Greek and Latin, no doubt. But, after all, what does it amount to. The papers of the Spectator will be read, as long as our language shall last. Who will read the remains of Dr. Parr? All those scholars, who wish to cover up the sterility of mind with the veil of pedantic erudition, as Cæsar concealed his baldness with laurels, and no others.

But we wander from our purpose. While we hear so much about English and German literature, we scarcely read now and then a passing notice upon that of France. Yet the people of this wonderful country, by general estimation deemed frivolous, and capable only of perfection in the walks of lighter literature, are at this moment acknowledged to surpass all others in knowledge of the higher mathematics, in their attainments in the severe and exact sciences, in every branch of knowledge that requires profound investigation, laborious mental research, and the most thorough erudition. The names of great numbers of their scientific men, could be easily mentioned, who stand acknowledged to be alone in their several walks. They have been universally admitted, in all modern time, to surpass in belles lettres and light literature. We have not a doubt, that Paris contains at this time, more science and more learned men, and more general acquirement in belles letters, than any other city in the world. Why is it that our literary vehicles of information, are almost silent upon this exhaustless subject? And that our people possess little or no exact information, touching the literature of France, than of China? We should be reluctant to believe, that it was owing to the circumstance, that the French literati have less fondness for this show of erudition; that they hold back upon this subject, and introduce their learning only in the

right place. They are simple in their style of writing, easy, graceful, flowing, natural. How differently they manage criticism from us! Writers are encouraged. Warm and generous praise is accorded from a full heart. Sneering, that detestable trait in English and American criticism, as far as our reading extends, is unknown among them. Praise, when awarded, is so distributed, as to operate upon the recipient, as a cordial and an efficient stimulant to higher aims and exertions. Our critics praise, as though they praised not, and as though they were exercising a strange and hated function. What between the school of little minded and flippant sneerers, and the worshippers of pedantic learning, we confess it seems to us, that real native genius has not very favorable chances of development in this country. How many noble minds have been extinguished, how many generous efforts suppressed, how many promising germs blasted in the bud, by the universal tone of criticism among us! Genius and talent are usually appended to shrinking and diffident minds. The extraordinary case must occur, when a man of native talent succeeds, that he must possess a pushing confidence, which no sneering can wither, which no howling at the moon can deafen, or divert from its purpose.

We could wish that French literature were more known among us, were it only to show, in how different a tone all these things are managed among that polished people. The wit is genuine. The humor gentlemanly, keen, delightful, has nothing of that bitter, barking, and malignant manner, with which even kind and favorable criticism is conducted among us. A more sure way to encourage incipient and dawning powers, to nurture and bring forth all the talent, there is in the community, could not be devised, than theirs. No extinguisher more certain in its operation, no *choke damp* more fatal in its efficacy to extinguish not only all talent, but all generous and virtuous feeling, could be desired by envy itself, than the general tone in which criticism is conducted in our country. The little minded seem to think, if they sneer, that they have brought down the object of their sneering to their own level, just as our Indians imagine, that they inherit all the bravery of the enemy they have killed.

The *Journal of Science*, conducted by Professor Silliman has been extensively noticed, and we will not attempt a particular criticism. One word, however, upon its interests. For several years its indefatigable Editor has sustained it without any compensation, and, we learn, even with loss. That it is an honor to the country and a most useful and valuable journal, no one doubts. It has received high praise from the scientific bodies of every country and its Editor is in correspondence with most of the celebrated Geologists and Chymists of France and England. Mr. Silliman was the first thorough Chymist and Geologist in this country. He commenced his studies with the celebrated Dr. Hare in Philadelphia, when these sciences were almost unknown in America, and aside from many striking and valuable discoveries, they have disseminated a degree of general knowledge upon these subjects which deserves the gratitude of every patriot. There is every reason why the *Journal of Science* should not only be sustained, but made a source of profit to its conductor. We have heard a rumor that a rival *Journal* was to be established in New York City. We cannot but think this unnecessary, and an encroachment upon the rights of Mr. Silliman. Whatever disposition there is to encourage a work of this kind is owing in a great measure to his own efforts, and

after his long and persevering struggle, and his sacrifice of health and means, he surely has a virtual if not a legal right, for the present, to exclusive patronage. The pages of the present Journal are open to every able contributor, and with the Editor's known professional liberality, and his unquestionable power to make his work better than any other of a similar nature, there can be none but sectional reasons to influence a new establishment. We feel that every lover of his country's reputation, and every general reader should patronize this work unhesitatingly.

There are lying before us three or four numbers of the "*Mercury*," a daintily printed paper, edited (the secret is out) by Kettell the compiler of *Specimens of American Poetry*. Mr. K. is a scholar, and a "ripe and rare one," with a taste for the *bijouterie* of literature which will cover the talaria of *Mercury* with gems of the first water. The numbers already published contain several of our pet scraps—things we have copied till our fingers ached from thumbing manuscripts and choice books. It is not every-body, for instance that has got a copy of Keats's "*Lamia*," and the "*Eve of St. Agnes*," and here they are printed as if for a lady's sofa reading, on the fairest of type and paper. This praise is generous of us, for our rarities will no longer be rare; but we are not hero enough to let it go altogether without qualification. We do not think Ozias Polyglot entitled to the good society he is in, either from his talent or refinement, and we think our friend Whittier's abilities were much underrated, to say nothing of the uncourteousness of the mode. His "address to a star" deserves a leaf of Mr. Kettell's own *Olio*, and we are by no means sure that if Mr. K. (by the assistance of *Mercury*) ever gets where

"Who can tell how hard it is to climb"

he will not find his "*sutor*" there also, and, of course, "*ultra crepidam*." Mr. Whittier has retired to his "farm." He is happier than any poor-devil-Editor of us all. His crop will not be criticised. He may grow cabbages or turnips as he pleases, and his investments in mother Earth, unlike those in some of her children, will come to light again. It will not cost him so much, either, to entertain his extravagant friends, the Muses; for, difficult as it is to content them in the city, he has only to write over his door (what we pray his condition may never belie) that winning inducement of master Corydon,

"Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore deficit."

and they will be with him. We fear, however, that, Quaker though he be, the country will be too quiet for him after his busy Editorship. Pascal says wisely "we think we are seeking repose when all we are

seeking is agitation," and Touchstone with all his philosophy, could not abide the forest of Arden. "In respect that it is solitary," says that miracle of wisdom "I like it very well: but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life." We wish him content, but even that not quite unmingled, remembering that

"Wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong
And learn in suffering that they teach in song."

We hoped to have had the pleasure before this of criticising a volume long ago announced as forthcoming from our friend Rufus Dawes. He is one of those men whom every one acknowledges to be a genius, and a real one, without being able to quote a stanza to prove it—a dilemma he is bound in honor to relieve. The truth is, that the main part of Dawes's celebrity, like Coleridge's, is based upon his conversation. He is one of the most brilliant of our cotemporaries, and for susceptibility to every kind of beauty, for nice senses, and all those exquisite endowments which are the material of genius he is known not to be surpassed. He has published some few things, but they were evidently more the result of *ennui* than exertion, and fall as far short of the poetry of his conversation as his worst enemy could desire. He is out of our reach, editing a paper in Baltimore or we should have whispered the suggestion in his private ear. We wait for his volume.

The papers announce that Mrs. A. M. Wells, the poetess, has opened a school for young ladies in Windsor, Vermont. We speak of it here because we consider it valuable information. If we knew nothing else of this lady, there is something in the character of her poetry which, we should think, peculiarly warranted her fitness for the business of education. It is eminently pure and instructive. Every sentiment conveyed in her simple and delicate stanzas has that chastened maternal purity about it which distinguishes the poetry of Jane Taylor and others of that school. But Mrs. Wells is better known than by her poetry. The delicacy due her private station forbids us to enlarge upon this; but we will say, and we do it with the most ample knowledge of its truth, that aside from a certainty of attainment in every direct purpose of education, influences of refinement in character and manner will be felt by her pupils which are rarely met. We assure those of our friends who are interested in this subject that the opportunity is an invaluable one.

Our poetical friends, this month, fairly overwhelm us. We fear we shall die the death of the maid in the story who was heaped with jewels

till she was smothered. Our prose friends are crowded quite out of the drawer—stanzas on moonlight, and thoughts to the fair, usurping entirely that grave department. We are certainly, above all the nations of the earth, a poetical people. Handwritings indicating every possible grade of education may be selected from our manuscripts. Here is the end of a brownish sheet peeping out, sealed with the wax of the contemplative craft of St. Crispin—and there is the impression of a thimble—and under it a magnificent coat of arms with a dainty superscription, and, from the remoter corner, a colored note sends out from its rosy folds a breath of musk, “sweeter than Araby.” Here is a clerkly flourish, such as we know, any distance, in a tradesman’s bill, indicating its writer to vibrate between Castaly and the counter—here a Freshman’s abominable hieroglyphics—here a gentlemanly illegibility—here the traces of a delicate crowquill—here a sonnet delicate and yet careless, evidently dashed off in the intervals of a toilet (only one fair foot in its slipper perhaps,) and here a great up-and-down, who-cares sort of an autograph, upon which the very Genius of Exegesis himself would be puzzled to decide. There is one verse that has no limp in it, and is pretty.

I stand upon thy shelving banks,
The sun is on his trackless way,
And there is not a breeze to break
The breathing silence of the day.
Thy bed of waters calmly flows
In still waves to the ocean’s deep
As if but now their murmurings rose
With the faint zephyrs from their sleep.

The best of the remaining dozen we will quote to show the lovers of harmony what our abused fraternity lives through.

I have not long to live on earth
I feel it in my throbbing breast,
And I would that here, on this beauteous spot
My soul might sink to its heavenly rest,
I would breathe my last in the open sky
Upon thy banks, bright river!
Yet here twould be too hard to die
And leave thee thus forever!

What a pity that a man who can write one good verse will write ten bad ones! But here is a ballad on a stirring theme—“The French soldiers in Russia burned their Eagles, and drank the ashes in wine to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy,”—a glorious thought indeed! It is not done as well as it might be, but a part of it is graphic.

But where a watchfire of the night,
Gleamed o'er the snow-white plain,
Around its red and fitful light,
Were gathered weary men.
With clenched hand upon the brow,
In mute despair they stood—
They wished, yet feared to meet the foe,
Whose path was trod in blood.

But one, his frown was past ;
What means that joyous smile !
His look was on the standards cast,
And thus he spake the while,—
' What ! comrades shall we yield,
Our honor tamely here,
While yet our arms a blade can wield,
And our hearts thrill not with fear ?

No—burn each banner staff !
Their ashes mix with wine !
And then, the last sad health we'll quaff,
Ere we our lives resign."
Then flash'd their swarthy faces o'er
A deep and meaning smile,
And each his furled banner tore,
And cast it on the pile.

Sadly they watch the tow'ring blaze,
That o'er the fatal plain,
Shot forth in mockery, its rays,
And sunk to earth again.
Then gathering its ashes up
With a slow and mournful care
They mix'd them in the sparkling cup,
And pledg'd each other there.

With so much poetry in hand, our correspondents will comprehend the necessity of delay in publishing their favors. We beg our prose correspondents to allow us a little of the same grace.

We believe that is all. If there is anything more to be noticed, we have not strength enough to remember it. What an insufferable state of the thermometer ! We knock under to Heraclitus, that fire is the first principle of all things. Fahrenheit at 100 in the shade ! Our curtain in the attic unstirred ! Our japonica drooping its great white flowers lower and lower, and " L. E. L." our pet spaniel, who never before left her lair among the rejected articles till the racing of her master's pen was silent, stands with her curled feet upon the

window, looking out upon the bay with the wistfulness of a captive knight. It is a fair scene indeed!—not a ripple from the pier to the castle, and the surface of the water, as Shelley says, “like a plane of glass spread out between two heavens”—and there is a solitary sloop, with the light and shade flickering on its loose sail, positively hung in the air—and a gull, it is refreshing to see him, keeping down with his white wings close to the water, as if to meet his own snowy and perfect shadow. Was ever such intense, unmitigated sunshine? There is nothing on the hard, opaque sky, but a mere rag of a cloud, like a handkerchief on a tablet of blue marble, and the edge of the shadow of that tall chimney is as definite as a hair, and the young elm that leans over the fence is copied in perfect and motionless leaves like a very painting on the broad sidewalk. How delightful the night will be after such a deluge of light! How beautiful the modest rays of the starlight, and the cool, dark blue of the heavens will seem after the dazzling clearness of this sultry noon! It reminds one of that exquisite passage in *Thalaba*, where the spirit-bird comes, when his eyes are blinded with the intense brightness of the snow, and spreads her glistening wings before him! But the noon is past,—the hour, as the poet says,

“When work is none in the bright silent air,”

and L. E. L. (she is no disgrace to her namesake, the graceful creature,) is getting impatient—a sure sign that we have sat too long at the EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE DISMANTLED CABINET.

Go, beautiful creations of the mind,
 Fair forms of earth and heaven, and scenes as fair,
 Where art appears with nature's loveliest air,—
 Go! glad the few upon whom fortune kind
 Yet lavishes her smiles.—When calmly shin'd
 My hours, ye did not fail a zest most rare
 To add to life; and when oppress'd by care,
 Or sadness twin'd, (as she hath often twin'd,)
 With cypress wreath my brow, even then ye threw
 Around enchantment. But though I deplore
 The separation, in the mirror true
 Of mind I yet shall see you as before.
 Then go; like friends that vanish from our view,
 Though ne'er to be forgot—we part to meet no more!

X.

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ON THE GRATUITOUS ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

WE have read, or heard it said, that the excellent Chancellor d' Aguesseau conceived a project, *for the gratuitous administration of justice to the poor*. It would be a well spent hour which a man should employ in turning over the nine quarto volumes of his works, in search of the essay in which this project is set forth. We remember once to have made this search unsuccessfully; another may be more fortunate, and, at any rate, as was said by Fox to Wakefield, advising him to search the *Odyssey* for a passage, in which the note of the nightingale is described as cheerful, "if you do not find what you seek for, you will at all events find something good."

We do not perceive why the kind hearted Chancellor should have limited his benevolence to the poor. Justice is not a thing which all who can pay for it ought to buy, and which is to be given to the poor as an alms, only because they can afford no equivalent. On the contrary, it is the right of all men. The expense of distributing it is a fair charge on the public as a portion of the general cost of maintaining the government. But no man ought individually to be obliged to pay his money to be protected in the rights, which the laws give him, any more than he ought individually to pay a consideration to the legislators, who enact those laws.

It is computed that there are, in the United States of America, about twelve thousand lawyers. In the large cities, a few of these acquire great fortunes from their profession; several receive a very handsome support; many live comfortably; and as the number of the profession are constantly increasing, all must be presumed to be able to get a livelihood out of the community:—otherwise, the numbers of the profession would diminish.

Now we suppose a family cannot be supported, without manual labor, by a monied income, and in the manner in which professional

men usually live, under five hundred dollars per annum. We assume therefore that each lawyer, on an average, receives from the community five hundred dollars per annum. We are aware that many never see the color of half this sum; but on the contrary no lawyer is thought to do well who does not receive more than this sum; and as less will not support a family, and the profession, on the whole, is supported and is increasing, it follows that each lawyer must, on an average, receive thus much.

Twelve thousand lawyers at five hundred dollars each, make six millions of dollars per annum. The people of the United States then, in addition to the salaries of the Federal and State Judges of all ranks, in addition to the salaries of clerks, marshalls, sheriffs, and all other judicial officers, in addition to the cost of court-houses and prisons, juries, and the other expenses incidental to the administration of justice, pay annually *six millions of dollars* to their lawyers. This is equal to one half of the expenses of the federal government, exclusive of the interest of the debt; that is, the people of the United States, in addition to the whole expense of the judicial establishment, pay to their lawyers a sum equal to one half of the expense of carrying on the government at home and abroad, paying the army and navy, of the fortifications, of the Indian department, and of every other public establishment and institution.

But this great sum is not distributed equally over the people; it is paid by those who are suitors in the courts of justice. It is the price which those who require the interposition of the courts to protect them in their rights, pay to the lawyers in order to obtain that interposition. How numerous are these suitors? This it is not very easy to calculate. A large majority of the community never go to court. A man who should have half a dozen lawsuits in the course of his life, would be thought litigious or unfortunate. We think, then, it would not be extravagant to calculate, that not more than one in fifty of the whole population, or one in twelve of the heads of families, has one lawsuit per annum. The proportion is probably much less, but take it at one in fifty. This will give two hundred and forty thousand suitors annually in the courts of justice. And these two hundred and forty thousand persons pay six millions of dollars to have justice done them. This is in addition to their share of the expense of the judicial establishments of the general and state governments, which they bear, of course, in common with their fellow citizens. It averages twenty-five dollars per annum to every citizen who chooses or is compelled to go to court, to be secure in the enjoyment of his rights. In other words, those who want justice done them must pay twenty-five dollars each to the lawyer annually. Those whose neighbors aim to do them an injustice must pay twenty-five dollars each to be protected against these

injurious attempts. Or if a matter of a nature to be settled in the courts of law be doubtful between man and man, they must pay twenty-five dollars each to have it settled. If the whole population of this country, taken at twelve millions, were taxed, in proportion as suitors for justice are taxed to pay lawyers, they would pay annually a sum of three hundred millions of dollars, which is equal to sixty millions of pounds sterling, the whole expense of the English government for the interest of the national debt, and all its other purposes.

The suitors for justice, therefore, in the United States, besides paying their share of all the public burdens, are taxed for justice in proportion as much as the whole English people are for all the public expenses of the British government; that is, the annual sums paid by suitors for justice, if paid by each citizen of the United States, would amount to an aggregate equalling the whole expense of the British government. But the population of Great Britain is about twice as great as that of the United States; consequently, each inhabitant of Great Britain pays for the ordinary expenses of government and the interest of the debt a tax about half as great as that paid by each suitor for justice in the United States. Taking the public debt of the United States at fifty millions, the suitors for justice pay annually to the lawyers a sum which, if levied on each inhabitant, would pay off the whole debt of the country in two months, or pay it six times over in one year. If Congress, therefore, were to pass a law laying a tax sufficient to pay the whole debt, principal and interest, in two months from the time the law went into effect, they would not lay a greater burden on each individual than is laid on the suitors for justice to pay the fees of the lawyers. The entire public debt of the Revolution was about fifty millions of dollars. The suitors for justice in this country pay a tax which, if paid by the whole people, would have wiped off that debt in two months.

NULLI VENDEMUS, nulli negabimus aut differemus, JUSTITIAM, vel rectum. WE WILL SELL JUSTICE TO NO MAN. Thus saith Magna Charta, confirmed, as my Lord Coke assures us, "by thirty-two several acts of Parliament in all." It seems, however, that the people of this country do buy that justice which is to be sold to no one, and pay for it at a price, per suitor, equal to the whole taxation paid per man in that most taxed of all countries, Great Britain.

If any one think we have put the number of lawyers too high by one half, (although there are more than twice as many in Boston as our average would give,) let him make the allowance, and then the price paid by the suitor for justice will be in proportion equal to half the burden of English taxation. If any one think that instead of allowing a lawyer five hundred dollars per annum, we ought to

allow two hundred and fifty dollars only, although this sum is surely too small to represent the entire livelihood of an individual member of the leading profession, being the head of a family, let him make the same deduction. Let him make it also, if he thinks we have put the number of suitors twice too small; although we have assumed about one suitor to every twelve families. Let him make all these deductions at once, and obtain a result amounting to only one-eighth of what we have calculated, and he would get a rate of taxation on the suitors which, if assessed on each individual in the United States, would pay the national debt, supposing it to be fifty millions, in sixteen months.

Justice, therefore, in this country is bought, and paid dearly for; not by the mass in the way of supporting the judicial establishments, but by the individual suitors for justice, in their own particular cases.

But justice is a thing which must be had. The administration of private justice is that part of government which, next to the preservation of public peace and independence, goes most home to the business and bosoms of the people. They must therefore have it, at all events; and if it cannot be had without paying dearly for it, it must be paid dearly for.

But let us consider whether the expense of which we have spoken is necessary, and whether justice could not be administered without it. If we were in possession of Chancellor d'Aguesseau's plan for the gratuitous distribution of justice to the poor, we should probably find some hints toward a general plan for a gratuitous distribution of justice. In order to conceive a plan for the gratuitous administration of justice, we must consider for a moment the mode in which the present expense is incurred. Men who have important suits at law are in the practice of retaining, on either side, one or more of the ablest counsel, who are paid according to their reputation, the magnitude of the case, and the time and labor required to carry it through the courts. We shall confine our remarks, at present, to important and expensive cases, because they best illustrate the principle, and because what is true of them holds proportionally of minor causes. Now the services rendered by the counsel on both sides are not a joint effort, by which they endeavor unitedly to unravel the facts and settle the law of the case, and thus present both to the greatest advantage to the court and the jury. Were this the duty of counsel, as at present employed, and were the sums now paid them no more than the necessary compensation for such services, we should admit at once that, however great and oppressive the tax, it must be paid.

Still it is no part of our idea, in order to the gratuitous or cheaper administration of justice, that the court, or even the court and jury should, without the aid of counsel, undertake to decide doubtful

points of fact and law ; on the contrary, we admit that men of the first rate ability should be employed to prepare important cases for the court and jury, and to conduct the trial of them, and that they ought to be paid for it. But the difficulty is here. On the present system, the administration of justice is *controversial*. The counsel on either side operates *ex parte*. The lawyer aims not simply to elicit truth, but to gain his cause. He endeavors, by exerting all the powers of his mind, and applying all the stores of his learning, not to arrive at the right of the cause, but to bring off his client triumphantly. If the law is clear against him, he endeavors to draw a nice distinction. If the facts are clear against him, he endeavors to weaken their force. Where there is no doubt, either as to law or fact, he endeavors to take advantage of some technical informality in the proceedings, and this he can often do with success. The more ingeniously and more skilfully he can do all this, the more faithfully he is thought to do his duty. Now, the most that can be said in favor of such a course is, that these efforts of counsel aid the court and jury in discerning the truth, that is, on one side. All the light and assistance derived from counsel on one side, must be counterbalanced by the doubts excited on the other. The cause cannot be decided for both. It must be given for plaintiff or defendant. If the argument of the counsel for the plaintiff has been of great aid in leading the court and the jury to the opinion that the cause ought to be decided in favor of plaintiff, the argument of the counsel for the defendant, supposing him to be equally skilful, (and such in the general he will be,) must have the direct contrary effect.

It cannot promote the discovery of truth, that a man of first rate talent and learning should spend four hours in endeavoring to weaken its evidence and obscure its light. But it will be said, that when counsel, equally able, has spent four hours more on the opposite side, the evidence of the truth will be re-established, and its force felt. Granted ; but what have the counsel done ? One has built up a wall, and the other has come and pulled it down. Why does a man of common sense go to a lawyer to plead his cause ? Does he distrust his own power to tell his own tale ? No ; because after all, the lawyer himself must get his information from his client as to the facts, which the client could tell directly to the court, as well as to the lawyer. Does he go to the lawyer to get the law of the case explained to the court ? No, because the court already knows the law as well as the counsel. Does he go to a lawyer because he is afraid to trust his cause with the court unargued ? No. We venture to say, there is not a suitor of good sense in any country, where there is a respectable court, who would not be willing to go and tell his own story to the judge, and let the opposite party do the same, and leave the court and jury to settle it.

But one party employs a lawyer, because the other does. Defendant knows, that plaintiff has retained one, or two, or three of the ablest counsel in the country, to employ every art of reasoning, and every resource of learning against him. He knows, that judges and juries are men of like passions as the rest of mankind, and that the force to be applied to their minds against him, must be counteracted, by precisely the same force, to be applied in an opposite direction ; and therefore he retains as many and as able counsel on his side.

Again, in order to carry a cause through the courts, certain technical forms must be observed, with which the mass even of the intelligent portion of the community are wholly unacquainted. A man may know in general the law of the land, in which he lives, and for want of a technical knowledge of the forms, in which justice is administered, be wholly unable to right himself when injured. In some countries, this evil exists much more than in our own, and in some parts of our own, it is much greater than in others. It is however, in every part of the civilized world so great, as to make it utterly impossible for any man, not a lawyer, to procure justice for himself in a court of law, without legal advice and professional aid.

It has been a general complaint, in all countries, that the lawyers have rendered these forms unnecessarily numerous and complicated, with a view to retaining the monopoly of the administration of justice in their hands. It was so much so in Rome, that one of their number, who, treacherous to his fraternity, published the register, and thereby facilitated the access of suitors to the courts, was thought to have made an era in the administration of justice. In England, it was among the oppressions of William the Conqueror, that he ordered all the pleadings to be in a language, not understood by the people. It was then, according to Hume, that "law became a science, which at first fell into the hands of the Normans, and which, even after it was communicated to the English, required so much study and application, that the laity in those ignorant ages were incapable of attaining it, and it was a mystery almost solely confined to the clergy and chiefly to the Monks." Under the Commonwealth we are informed, that the judicial proceedings were ordered to be in the English tongue. The lawyers objected, because they could express themselves more concisely in the old law language, and in 1730 every lawyer in parliament, voted against the English law-bill.

We do not deny that business ought to be transacted in the courts, according to certain forms, that a certain technical language must grow up there, as everywhere else, and that it consequently becomes necessary or highly convenient, that professional assistance should be employed, in carrying a case through the courts. We maintain, however, that these forms ought to be as simple, instead of being

as complex as possible and that the tendency ought to be to make them as intelligible, not as mysterious, as the nature of things admits.

But all history shows, that it is the natural tendency of the legal profession to increase the complexity and mystery incident to the administration of the law. And as no one, not a lawyer, can easily devise a remedy, from his ignorance of what is essential and what is superfluous, what promotes justice and what merely establishes professional monopoly, it is next to impossible that the evil should be lessened.

In saying this we cast no particular reproach on the profession of the law. It is a vice of human nature. The same thing is witnessed in every other profession and association of men, from the most powerful established church down to the humblest gild. This is more curiously illustrated in the medical profession than perhaps any other; for while the regular members of that profession are constantly waging a natural and salutary war against quacks, they employ in all their prescriptions against an unintelligible jargon and character; which is the essence of quackery.

But, as we said before, we admit, that business must be done, in the courts of law, in proper form, and that causes require to be explained to the court and jury, by counsel learned in the law—and yet, with this admission, we deny that the present controversial and *ex parte* agency of counsel is necessary.

Suppose a competent number of lawyers, designated by the Executive, or chosen by the people, receiving fixed salaries, in like manner as the judges, were appointed as solicitors for the people. As the reputation of these men and their salaries would not be promoted by increase of litigation, which, on the contrary, would bring them nothing but new trouble, they would very often, by plainly showing to a party, that the right was on the other side, dissuade him at once from an action. We do not mean to intimate that this is not often done by high minded counsel at present. We know it is. But under the present system, it is not, on the whole, the *interest* of the counsel to discourage litigation; on the system proposed, it would be their interest. In every profession, almost every man takes a bias according to interest, and most men a strong bias.

Where the action was inevitable, it would be the *interest* of the counsel, on both sides, to bring it to a close as directly as possible; to get at the truth by the shortest process. They would consequently aid and co-operate with each other; useless delay would be avoided; no advantage taken of technical informalities; no trial of strength, nor encounter of wits. In short, instead of making each other as much, they will make each other as little trouble as possible.

The number of these solicitors, attached to each court, should be regulated by the legislature, according to the amount of business to

be transacted. They might be divided into classes, according to age, or talent and learning, in order to furnish a regular school of advancement for the profession ; the court to assign to each party a lawyer to manage his cause, or it might be left optional with the suitor to choose one ; the court to decide from which class the counsel for a given cause should be chosen.

Under such a system, nearly all the inducements existing at present to protract suits would be removed. Counsel would be under precisely the same motives to despatch and facilitate business that courts are, and a less degree of skill and learning would be requisite to conduct a cause, because the administration of justice would not be controversial.

A state of things, such as we suppose would exist under this system, has been partially brought about, at times, under the present system, by the extraordinary vigor and acknowledged ability of a judge. We recollect when it has been currently said among us that it was not necessary to employ first rate counsel, that the court would see that the jury were not misled by able counsel on either side, and that all a man needed, to get justice, was, to have his cause managed correctly, as to the formal and business parts of it, which could be done with much less forensic talent than is now required.

The vast evils arising to the community from the low practices of pettifogging lawyers would be, to a good degree, avoided. There is a considerable number of the lower sort of the profession who live by stimulating petty actions. "It has been estimated," according to a report of a late public meeting, "that, within the last twenty years, the costs that have accrued, in suits against insolvents, have amounted to one million of dollars, which has gone principally into the pockets of the attorneys and committing officers." This, while it is adduced and serves to illustrate the existence of other crying evils, shows how strong a bribe the present system holds out to pettifogging attorneys.

The proposed system would save to the country a vast amount of mental force which is now wasted and lost. The profession of the law embraces nine-tenths of the active talent and learning applied to the conduct of social affairs. The present controversial mode of administering justice divides this force into two parts, and sets the two parties to pulling in opposite ways. Mr. Wirt exerts his brilliant powers to-day, to prove that to be true which Mr. Webster exerts his equally brilliant powers to-morrow to prove not to be true. The court is swayed one way to-day, in order to be swayed back again to-morrow ; and supposing equal skill to be employed on both sides, the result will be the same as if the cause had been submitted on the evidence, without argument.

It may be thought that salaried solicitors, paid by the State, would not feel sufficient *stimulus* to do their duty. But they would have the same motives which now influence the court, and all other salaried officers. Suppose the court had the initiation of all actions, and received fees in proportion to the number of suits, and the length of time they lasted, would not the effect be ruinous? The present system, however, amounts to nearly the same thing. The services of counsel are as necessary as those of the court to the suitor for justice. He can no more do without the one than without the other; and it is the direct, immediate, pressing interest of counsel that litigation should abound. In a word, the object is to turn the operation of self-interest, which is now in favor of litigation, against it. If the plan suggested seem of doubtful efficacy, let it be remembered that the evil is of certain existence, and of enormous magnitude.

The principal alleged grievance of those who, only forty years ago, took up arms against the public peace, in this most orderly commonwealth, was the abuse in the administration of the law; and their prominent demand, a new fee-table. When Barebone's parliament raised a committee to consider of a new body of law, not a lawyer was named upon it. It was not for want of lawyers in favor of the proposed measure, for there were as many lawyers among the ultra commonwealth men at that time as there were members of any other profession, and Cromwell was against the proposed committee.

It was for a long time illegal and deemed dishonorable to take a fee in Rome. The patricians transacted the law business of their clients, with scarce any study of the law, and before an elective judge, also not a professional man. This was an aristocratical institution, as are all institutions which provide mean salaries, or none at all, for public service. They throw offices into the hands of those who do not need salaries, that is, the rich. The proposed system is free from the objection; it provides an ample salary to be paid by the State. But what would be deemed an ample salary for a solicitor for a year would not pay the fees of counsel in one great cause. We have known a fee paid in some instances, and heard of it in many others, equal to the year's salary of the Chief Justice of the United States.

It may be said, that the expensiveness of going to law tends to diminish litigation. Perhaps not. It is one of the things that kindle the passions of the suitors on each side, and thus far it encourages litigation, as high stakes encourage gambling. This argument would prove too much, and might be used as an apology for making the law much more expensive than it is. This is actually the case in England, and there the same argument is used. Cutting off a joint

of the forefinger of each plaintiff who was nonsuited would discourage litigation. But this is tyranny. As things now go men will often abandon a valuable right rather than be at the trouble and expense of a lawsuit; and this is tyranny. In England a man cannot appeal to the legislature, but with heavy expense. If it were proposed to abolish the present charges incident to presenting a memorial to the House of Commons, no doubt it would be urged that, if this were done, the house would be overwhelmed with memorials. They are presented *gratis* in Congress and all our State Legislatures, and no such evils result.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

THEY came to Jordan's holy flood—
 The prophet and his follower came—
 One to depart and be with God,
 One to receive his master's flame.
 Long they communed on heavenly themes,
 While visions of the parting hour
 Came o'er each soul, with shadowy gleams,
 And touched their speech with burning power.

Profoundly still the waters lay,
 Beneath the Spirit's brooding might;
 Rich, in the beams of parting day,
 Tinged deep and soft with purple light,
 The Prophet's mantle gleamed like fire—
 Then smote the stream. From the veiled earth
 The flashing waters back retire,
 Cleft by the Power that gave them birth.

So on they passed; but when they turned,
 To view the path, which faith had won,
 The waves were rippling there, and burned,
 Unbroken, to the setting sun.
 So on they passed, and twilight gray
 Her sober shade around them drew;
 Night came with stars, whose restless ray
 Dim radiance o'er their footsteps threw.

And still with fervent speech they talked,
 Of glory past or to be given;
 When sudden, o'er the path they walked,
 A lightning flash stream'd down from heaven.

A chariot of living flame
 With fiery steeds rode through the sky ;
 Far flashing on the night it came,
 Whirled past the starry worlds on high.

The mighty roar of flames sublime
 Rush'd through the agitated air ;
 And ere they gazed a moment's time
 Upon the swift, wide bickering car,
 It touched the earth—leaving the sky
 A long, long road of misty light,
 So broad and brilliant, that on high,
 The many burning stars seemed white.

It touch'd the earth and near them drew,
 And burn'd around the Prophet's frame,
 And from Elisha's wondering view
 A whirlwind caught the car of flame.—
 But as it rode beyond the sky,
 That glorious mantle dropped in light,
 Before Elisha's kindling eye,
 Instinct with all the Prophet's might.

He wrapt the robe about his form,
 And, in the Spirit of the Lord,
 With all his master's ardor warm,
 Returned to execute his word.
 Alone, he walked the same bright path,
 By faith communed with God in heaven,
 The messenger of his fierce wrath,
 Or blessed grace to Israel given.

G. B. C.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

THAT the peculiarities which mark the literature of different nations are to be ascribed to peculiarities of national character, is so plausible a solution of a great literary problem, that it is usually assented to, without much hesitation. Yet, like many other commonly received opinions, the more it is examined the less it satisfies. The Greeks were celebrated for vivacity of imagination, warm fancies, and metaphysical acuteness; yet their literature is remarkable for never overstepping the modesty of nature, for its simple, chaste, severe and sober beauties. The Germans, whether justly or not, have been stigmatized as a slow, dull phlegmatic people, yet their literature, that new honor of which they are so proud,

is forever touching the brink of absurdity, grotesque, extravagant, artificial, and full of sophisms and paradox. These are contradictions hard to be reconciled, yet here is nothing peculiar; the Greeks and Germans are specimens, not exceptions. Choose what nation and what literature you please, an attempt to explain the facts of the case by the theory in question, will go far to prove, that although it sounds well, it has no solid foundation. Indeed, it will not be difficult to show, on general principles, that the higher literature of a nation can have but very little connexion, and that merely accidental, with the national character.

National character is the complex result of the passions, prejudices and humors of the mass of the people; intellect has little to do with it; national literature is the embodied fancy and reason of a chosen few, raised by nature, or elevated by their own strenuous exertions above the vulgar level:—

Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

Talents are no preservative against the natural frailties of humanity. But the errors of genius are not those vulgar errors which ordinary men learn of one another, and which circulate through the world a common stock of absurdity. There is no pride like the pride of intellect; mental superiority has been found associated with most other weaknesses, but perhaps never with a servile submission to received notions and popular opinions.

Let us however avoid being led into error by ambiguity of language. The word literature is now commonly used in two very different senses; these senses are, perhaps, in many minds confounded; but they ought carefully to be distinguished by all, who undertake to speculate on this subject. There is a sort of literature, the current literature of the day, which may justly enough be considered as bearing the impress of the popular mind, because it is produced for popular use, varies daily, as popular notions vary, and by a common process of action and reaction is influenced by and influences popular opinion. This sort of literature, both as to substance and style, is subject to all the fluctuations and caprices of fashion; it accommodates itself with singular flexibility to the taste and capacity of its patrons; echoes and re-echoes, in all possible forms of repetition, the prevailing notions of the times, recommends itself by a flattery not always very delicate, and a submission to vulgar prejudice often honest, though seldom dignified. It escapes the charge of pedantry, for its authors are not commonly learned; of dullness, for it lacks depth; of being commonplace, by running into absurdity. Yet, as fashions change, it gains the fame of erudition by quoting and praising books which no one reads, and of profundity by delivering, in a mystical way, doctrines which no one under-

stands. It is limited, local, transient ; in fact, only one of the ordinary luxuries of civilized life, abundantly produced, but useful only for immediate consumption ; very well in its way, but too much diluted to keep long. Like the weak wines, it is seldom palatable if a year old ; like small beer, it often spoils with a week's keeping. The newspapers, and the great mass of the people read little else, are nothing but waste paper the second day after they are published ; the Magazines linger on, perhaps, for a month ; the Reviews survive thrice as long ; but within the narrow circuit of every year, what hosts of orations, sermons, and pamphlets of all sorts, poems, novels, memoirs, travels and histories, come forth in all the beauties of fair type and fine paper, flutter awhile in the sunshine of popular favor, are read, praised, criticised—and forgotten :—

“ They are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and their little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

This sort of literature, however trifling and transitory, is not without its importance. It does not appear, that in the general system of things, the tribes of annual plants, that perish with every autumnal frost, are not of equal consequence with the forests that survive a thousand winters. Yet the human mind has a natural contempt for everything that easily decays. It is so in the natural as in the intellectual world ; we prize the diamond above the rose ; and we read with sincere admiration only those authors who have attained, or for whom we anticipate a permanent fame. For this reason, when we speak of the literature of a nation, we must be understood to intend something lasting, solid, substantial. National literature implies accumulated treasures of poetry and philosophy ; monuments of learning, and labors of science ; works like the *Iliad* and the *Æniad* ; writers like Plato, Cicero, and Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, uncommon for these great names to be profaned, and in a commerce of mutual flattery, to be alternately conferred on one another by scribblers.—

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit,
Call Tibbald, Shakspeare, and he'll swear the nine,
Dear Cibber ! never matched one ode of thine.”

But this is a sacrilege which ought carefully to be avoided. We may admire, we may praise ; but time has the sole prerogative of conferring immortality. National literature is therefore a work of time, for it ought to include many productions of undeniable excellence ; it must be copious and various, leaving no subject untreated, and no department of learning entirely unoccupied. The animating principle of such a literature as this, is not the breath of popular favor ; but rather that deep admiration of the beautiful, that ardent

love of truth, that eager spirit of enterprize, that unappeasable longing after something higher and better than this world affords, which is continually spurring on men of great genius to great attempts.

If there be any truth in these remarks, they show the futility of that advice, which American critics are forever giving American authors. We are told that a literature truly national, truly American, must be built up, and that to accomplish this, every page must be made to smack of the national character; republicanism must peep out at every line, and the glories of popular institutions be shouted to the skies;—America must be eulogized, the enlightened, the educated, the free,—our glorious ancestors,—and our glorious selves!

Now all this answers very well in Fourth of July orations, Phi Beta addresses, or speeches at political or complimentary dinners. But suppose, that like Milton, I wish to write "such a poem as posterity would not willingly let die," or, like Thucydides, I desire to compose a history, that shall be *κτῆμα εἰς αἰὼν*, "a possession for eternity," what is all this declamation to me? It may tickle the ears, and delight the fancy of my contemporaries, but will it pass current ten centuries hence? The Republic may then be in the dust, those who founded it, and those who destroyed it alike forgotten; or if remembered,—remembered only because some allusions to them obscure the works of the poet, or because the historian has made their actions the text, from which he delivers lessons in human nature and the art of government. The present, with the mass of men, fills up the whole circle of vision. What has been is not inquired; and he who does not know the past can form no rational judgment of the future. Those who find themselves for a moment at the top of the wheel, fondly conceive that at length the revolution of things stands still. The favorites of the hour, "the little great men of the day," all fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher and poet are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own; ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!* But with all this clamor of mutual congratulation, generation after generation descends into oblivion; the flatterers and the flattered, the applauders and the applauded are forgotten together; while those only have a chance to be remembered, who have endeavored to embody in their writings those great, universal and invariable principles of truth and beauty, which strike and please alike at all times and in all places.

The self-constituted gentlemen-ushers of American literature have proceeded, with utter contempt of these doctrines, to lay down two rules, to which, under penalty of their high displeasure, and also of

* Goldsmith's *Essays*. The Bee, No. vi.

forfeiting his national character, every American writer is called upon, unconditionally, to submit. These rules demand, in every American work, a copious admixture of American peculiarities, and a uniform selection of domestic topics.

Philosophy, she who searches after universal truth, and strives to grasp the essential nature and first principles of things, cannot certainly be expected to submit to critical enactments which would limit her range or shackle her activity. She who delights to destroy unessential distinctions, to dissipate prejudices, and to lay bare the links which bind the world together, will never consent to humor the favorite follies of any nation, or talk the cant of any age. This is so very clear, that perhaps the liminary decrees of our literary dictators were originally meant to extend only to the poetical department of literature. But beauty, that which fills the mind with admiration or delight, and which is the foundation of all poetry, is in its nature, as universal as truth itself; and as far as it is combined with what is local and peculiar, is, in the same degree, dimmed and obscured. Sir William Jones assures us, that when the student of the oriental languages has mastered all the difficulties of grammar, and made himself familiar with the meaning of words, he has accomplished but half his task; before he can understand or enjoy the poets of the East, he must, as it were, educate himself anew; acquire entirely new trains of associations and sets of ideas; acquaint himself with all the traditionary stories, and proverbial wisdom, the prejudices and peculiarities of the orientals. A Persian critic might, perhaps, make similar remarks on European literature; but will any one pretend that writers, whether oriental or occidental, are to be applauded for wrapping up in the disguise of peculiar and arbitrary allusions truths, which, if plainly shown, would instantly convince every mind, and sentiments which, if simply expressed, would at once reach every heart? It is true, that no author writes without allusion to local and temporary peculiarities, but those who think that in these allusions all the beauty of writing consists, resemble that sect of philosophers who concluded, because the mind conceives only by ideas of external things, that there are no external things at all, and that all existence is merely ideal.

What are called national peculiarities are, in fact, only the peculiarities of the unpolished and uneducated. The gentlemen of all countries, the scholars of all countries, except in a few unessential trifles, are perfectly alike. Men of genius are, for the most part, not less remarkable for the liberality of their minds than the vigor of their intellects. "I am a citizen of the world," said the Greek philosopher; and every man who feels himself at all raised above the common level will be inclined to claim a similar citizenship. Such men will scorn to have their views and affections limited by the im-

aginary lines of geographical boundaries. Nor does the restriction of American writers to domestic topics seem at all more reasonable. Domestic topics are few, narrow and barren. This is alike the case in every country. One would think that the various and intricate history of Italian revolutions might furnish ample materials for poetry. Yet it was not there that either Tasso or Ariosto sought subjects. The one chose for his hero a French knight; and the other, a knight who never existed but in romance. Milton, so far from feeling himself limited by the narrow bounds of England, or obliged to minister to any national prejudice, boldly penetrates chaos, and heaven, and hell—

And justifies the ways of God to man.

Spencer found heroes and adventurers in fairy land, and Shakspeare himself borrowed the plots of almost all his best plays from the stores of foreign fiction. This is what might be expected. Poetry delights to produce something higher, better, nobler,—something more grand, beautiful and impressive, than what we meet with in every-day life. The poet's eye rests not on any mere terrestrial object; it glances from heaven to earth, and again from earth to heaven. What is domestic is familiar; and what is familiar has little power to astonish or delight. Poetry, therefore, either creates regions and beings of its own, or else, by laying its scenes in foreign lands or distant ages, seeks a liberty of ornament and exaggeration which no domestic subject would permit.

How much better claims than the poets of Italy and England have American writers to this indulgence! What effort of genius can breathe the least spirit of poetry or romance into the dull, cold, calculating prudence of American life? Thrift,—thrift is the characteristic of our people. "Provision," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift is the jewel of magnificence." No doubt; so they are. But we have hitherto been content with collecting the jewel, and laying the foundation; we have yet scarcely attempted to kindle the flame, or erect the structure. A great deal of the spirit of the American character may be seen in Franklin's *Essays*, a book deservedly of much reputation, but which no one reads without feeling all that is generous and noble, every flash of enthusiasm, and spark of rapture, die away within him.

Prudence, discretion, sobriety, are qualities, whether of a nation or an individual, much to be approved. But what we approve we do not always admire. Who does not praise the calm quiet and rural peace of a country village? Yet who will deny that the noise, parade and show, the gay follies and splendid vices of a great city strike the imagination much more forcibly?

The usefulness of American history, life and manners, for all the purposes of literature, is so well displayed by a writer whom expe-

rience has made wise, that I shall insert a long quotation without apology. "The second obstacle," says Mr. Cooper, "against which American literature has to contend, is in the poverty of materials. There is scarcely an ore which contributes to the wealth of the author that is found here in veins as rich as in Europe. There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; not any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry. . . . I very well know there are theorists who assume that the society and institutions of this country are, or ought to be, particularly favorable to novelty and variety. But the experience of one month in these States is sufficient to show any observant man the falsity of their position. . . . I have never seen a nation so much alike, in my life, as the people of the United States, and what is more, they are not only like each other, but they are remarkably like that which common sense tells them they ought to resemble. . . . There is no costume for the peasant, (there is scarcely a peasant at all,) no wig for the judge, no baton for the general, no diadem for the chief magistrate. The darkest ages of their history are illumined by the light of truth; the utmost efforts of their chivalry are limited by the laws of God; and even the deeds of their sages and heroes are to be sung in a language that differs but little from a version of the ten commandments. However useful and respectable all this may be in actual life, it indicates but one direction to the man of genius."* And what is this direction? Why, undoubtedly, that direction which necessity has ever pointed out to genius and enterprise; that direction which our Saxon and Norman ancestors followed, when they left the swamps and forests of the North for richer lands and a more genial climate. We are under no obligation to sit down content with the narrowness of our heritage. What cannot be found at home, may be sought abroad. The literary adventurer, without crime, may load himself with the spoils of every country, and rifle the treasures of every language. Let not him, who desires real and lasting fame, seek inspiration from transient and local excitements. Sound learning, a wide and comprehensive view of things, that calm and steady courage, which, despising the follies of fashion and the clamor of dunces, moves cheerfully and composedly forward to the accomplishment of its objects;—these are the qualifications for literary greatness. P. Q.

* Cooper's Travelling Bachelor, vol. ii. p. 108.

MORNING.

Morn is upon the mountains. The grey rocks
 Catch its first tint, and, through the moss that veils
 Their wrinkled brows, smile as when erst the stars
 Together sang, at young Creation's birth.
 The gale awakes, and the tall pines bow down
 To its soft visit, while the umbrageous oaks
 Spread their broad banners, and each leaf doth lift
 Itself, as for a blessing. Up the trunks
 Of the lithe willows goes a rustling sound,
 The leaping rills shed music, and the groves
 Pour from their thousand nests a chirping hymn.
 High through the azure floats the warbling choir
 On the bright pinions, and glad Nature's voice
 Like the clear horn amid the Alpine hills
 Is praises to God, at this blest hour of morn.—
 —Morn cometh to the cottage. Thro' its door
 Peep ruddy faces. Infant mirth breaks forth.
 The fair young milkmaid o'er the threshold trips,—
 The squirrel leaps,—the shepherd's dog attends
 The bleating flock, the joyous lamb sports gay
 In innocent pastime, and the healthful swain
 With rustic carol bathes his glittering scythe
 Among the tears which the shorn grass doth shed.
 Joy breathes around, while Health with fragrant lip
 And cheek embrown'd, and industry in song
 Of merry chorus hail the king of day.
 —Morn cometh to the city. See how slow
 Its ponderous limbs unfold. On the hot sand
 Thus the gorg'd Boa from some heavy feast
 Uncoils his length. Heaven's smile is on those spires,
 But the sweet bells, and organ pipes, and hymns
 Of loud response are silent. Flame hath fallen,
 Wherewith to kindle incense, but man locks
 The altar of his soul, bartering for sleep,
 What Esau sold for pottage. Gilded domes
 And marble columns sparkle to the sun,
 But not like Memnon's heedful statue breathe
 A gratulating voice. Aurora comes
 Lightly pavilion'd on a purple cloud :
 Sworn worshippers of beauty, where are ye ?
 Look ! Egypt's queen came not so daintily,
 When on the Cydnus her resplendent barge
 Left golden traces. But your eyes, perchance,
 Blear'd with false splendors of some midnight hall,

Do shun the day, and 'mid the pillow's down
Plunging your face, ye lose this glorious sight.
—Hark!—life doth stir itself. A cry is heard
From those who tempt the palate, while the sons
Of recreant Israel in shrill tones extol
The threadbare garment, fain to tempt the crowd
As with Iscariot's kiss.—

—The dray horse bows
Beneath his load, eying with quivering limb
The tyrant lash. The crippled beggar takes
His daily stand,—he, who perchance hath grac'd
Some light-heel'd revel of the parted night.
—Wan Sickness too hath wak'd and watch'd for dawn,
Marking with groans the tardy pace of Time.
—Sorrow and Want to their sad vigils creep,
Gaunt Avarice prowls,—but where are Wealth and Power,—
The deep-indebted, and the high endow'd?
From their own plenitude disease hath sprung:—
And Lethargy enchains them, when the soul
With her fresh waking pulse should worship God. L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

THE DOWNER'S BANNER.

THE battle of Lexington was over, and the enemy in full retreat. Their march, which had begun with the coolness and order of veterans, was sharpened into double quick time; till at length, "*sauve qui peut*" became the order of the day, and retreat was changed to flight. And reason was there for their haste. From every copse of bushes, every house and barn, blazed the avenging guns of the men whose homes they had violated; and every rod of the ground they had traversed was wet with the expiating blood of Britons. They felt more than a common fear of their fierce pursuers. Conscience told them the injustice of their cause, and admonished of the kindred blood that had been that day wantonly shed. There existed no war. The fourth of July 1776 had not yet come, and the gauntlet of defiance was not yet thrown down. They had entered the bosom of a peaceful land, like wolves; and like wolves, they fled at the voice of the shepherd. There had needed but this impolitic step to sever the colonies forever from their allegiance. That step was taken. The torch of war was lit, and it was for Britain to quench it as she might.

Wounded as many were, and fatigued as were all of the invading party, it was obvious that they would follow each other, like the Curiatii, at considerable intervals, and as their strength permitted. Thus, while some companies were entering Boston, and felicitating themselves on their escape, others were still ten miles back, dragging themselves on through the fire of their merciless enemies. It was only on occasions when attempts were made to intercept their progress that the British veterans did anything like justice to their high reputation. Then, charging with the fury of despair, they broke their way with such tremendous havoc, that the provincials would rarely venture again to dispute the road. Whenever it happened, however, the glitter of the British muskets as they made the preliminary movements of 'ready' and 'aim,' was generally sufficient to clear the way without having recourse to the third order.

At length they reached a spot where, from appearances, there had been a fierce struggle. At the foot of a long hill, piled upon each other in dust and blood, and in the sloughs on either side of the way, lay more than sixty slain who wore the livery of the British king.

At this dreadful sight, our fugitives halted, and looked wildly at each other, and then desperately rushed up the hill. To their great joy, on another hill, one mile ahead, they descried a column of their troops just disappearing in a thick wood through which the road passed. But scarcely had they made this observation, when the wood was lighted with the blaze of three hundred muskets, and, the next moment, as many men sprung into the road, and with loud cries the whole vanished down the opposite declivity, 'pursuers and pursued.'

Here then, was a case of new difficulty for our heroes. Hundreds of enemies were between them and the main body of their troops, and to effect a junction with them was therefore next to impossible.

It wanted but a few minutes to sunset, on the day already quoted, when two men apparently much fatigued, threw themselves on the bank of a brook, several miles south of the Boston and Lexington road. The young grass afforded them a grateful couch, and the free waters of the brook, swollen to the green brim, went joyously on its course to the sea. A small grove of oaks, round the eastern skirts of which the brook wound its way, showed as yet no symptoms of awakening vegetation. Apparently unconscious of the mystic agency which had already called forth from the ground humble but beautiful signs of life, the setting light of day streamed through their bare and rugged branches coldly as winter. But nature was at work, in the air and in the earth; and the sap was concocting, and flowing upwards, like life blood, into those gigantic vegetables;

just like the revivifying spirit of freedom, which, however invisible and mysterious its course, was then flowing from the same maternal earth into the heart of every son and daughter it reared and nourished. The spot here described was not so far from the Lexington road but that, at intervals, the sound of cannon and heavy volleys of musketry would reach it upon the evening breeze, announcing that the pursuit was not yet over; but they produced no effect upon the men who rested by the brook. Their whole appearance bespoke extreme fatigue and exhaustion. Their guns and accoutrements were thrown carelessly down, as if, like the heroes of sacred writ who smote their enemies till their hands clove to their swords, they could no longer handle them. Their hands and garments bespoke the bloody work in which they had been engaged. Both were men of extraordinary size and wore the common dress of American farmers. But in one, who was a fine youth of some five or six and twenty years, the strength was distributed so justly throughout the whole frame that one was at a loss whether to pronounce him an Apollo or a Hercules. His features too, though now haggard with fatigue, were noble and expressive of great decision; and his large black eye, as he lay extended on his back, was turned to the evening sky with a light in them that seemed unquenchable. His companion, however, was built entirely after the Egyptian order, altogether for strength and durability. Somewhat older, and some inches shorter than his companion, he was nevertheless much heavier, his body being throughout of the same size like a rice cask, save when his shoulders spread almost to the magnificent dimensions of Paddy Carey.* His head was strictly Boeotian, his dress coarser than the other's and his *tout ensemble* bespoke a person two or three notches lower on the graduating scale of society. Thus they lay by the brook, too much fatigued even for conversation; and it was now dusk and the frosty dews of an April evening were falling, when a faint sound came from the west, like a distant volley.

'Did you hear that, Joab?' said the youth, starting to his elbow, 'it is some of our folks returning to the valley, and just letting off their guns, by way of rejoicing.'

'Our people are neither knaves nor fools to burn powder for nothing after such a day's work, and when we are likely to need every kernel we have.'

'But that firing was at the valley, that's sartin,' said Joab, rolling over like a huge ox and getting up.

'There's no denying it,' said the other, rising also, and collecting his arms, 'there's no denying that; and there is the mystery. However, gather up your accoutrements, and we will soon know what it means.'

* "His brawny shoulders four feet square." *Old Song*.

A cloud of smoke, at this moment, rose from behind the trees in the west. 'Hasten, Joab! cried Edward, leaping the brook, and striking into the grove already noticed. Joab followed with a bound that made the bank shake again, and both vanished among the trees.

'Now we breathe again,' said Lieutenant Eglestone, as, after a skulking march of half an hour through the pines, his party emerged into a road.

'Whew!' said Gordon, wiping his fiery countenance, and fanning himself with his cocked hat, 'tis very hot.'

'Well, here you can cool at your leisure,' said Eglestone, 'see, no traces of fight—no signs of the enemy—men all out on the Lexington road—nobody at home to entertain us but the women.'

'*Vive l'amour*,' shouted Gordon, springing from the fence where he had seated himself, 'let's be moving.'

You would hardly have known them for the same men, who an hour before were running before the enemy. The craven fear which had driven them from Concord, was supplanted by a feeling of security; and they soon waxed bold enough to resume those acts of wanton depredation, which had already stamped them infamous. Here was not the freezing solitude of Concord, for the women and children saw them from their doors and windows, and shrieked and fled. Nothing raises the courage of cowards so much as the shrieks of helplessness. They followed with loud shouts, entered the houses, dashed the windows and furniture, pricked the children with their bayonets, and chased the shrieking women from cellar to garret.

Sunset brought them to the entrance of a considerable valley, through which in beautiful meanders glided a small stream of water. At the farther end of the valley rose a village spire, and some dozen or twenty chimnies; and nearer, on a little eminence, stood an elegant white house by itself. The buildings they had passed during the last hour, had all been of the common order of farm houses, of that period; long, narrow buildings, facing the south, sometimes two stories in front, but invariably one in the rear, where the roof approached within a few feet of the ground, to serve as a barrier against the strong northwesters. They had found little in buildings of this sort worthy a gentleman's pocket or knapsack, as Gordon expressed it. But this looked encouraging, and cupidity was on tiptoe. Large and square, it rose in the centre of the valley, with a certain aristocratical air, closely associated in the minds of our heroes with rou-leaus, caskets, and chests of plate. The stream wound gracefully round the little knoll on which it stood, fringed with willows, now in the first yellow dress of spring; and extensive gardens and orchards in the rear, and ornamental trees and shrubbery in front, suggested

to the imagination what might be the charms of the place a month later.

Colonel Downer, the owner of 'The Willows,' as this seat was called, was a gray headed veteran of the French wars. He had been at the taking of Louisburg, had bled with Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, and had been fellow soldier of Amherst throughout his brilliant career of victories; thus helping to win an empire for the unnatural mother who was now inflicting such deep wrongs upon her offspring. The natural influence of service and reward had attached him warmly to the British arms and numerous officers in the army. He bore the commission of the British king, and, in a just cause, would have cheerfully died in his service. But he was an enlightened and a high-spirited man, and knew right from wrong; and moreover he loved his own willows more than the whole island of Britain. Thus, while he might still have held his commission as a king's officer, he chose rather to be denounced as among the most violent of the rebels of Massachusetts Bay. That he deserved such a character from the British authorities, he had that day proved. He had led forth a hundred men to pursue and harass the enemy, on their retreat from Concord, and had continued the pursuit till he reached the banks of Charles river. At the time when Eglestone's party came in sight of the Willows, Col. Downer, accompanied by a few of his neighbors, had just returned from the field, having left his son with the men of the valley, still in pursuit of straggling parties of the enemy.

Late in life, Col. Downer had married an amiable lady, who had been deceased many years, leaving him only this son and a daughter. To all appearance, Isabella Downer was as gentle a daughter of Eve, as ever wept for joy or sorrow. But few can tell the might that is hidden in the deep soul of woman, or what she will dare when pressed by the master passions of love or revenge. An angel of peace and love, as she is, when the sunshine of honor is coming in upon her heart, the page of history bears record that she can revenge. If subsequent events should reveal a passion like the last in Isabella Downer, in justice, we must say, that it had never yet showed itself; and that its exhibition, at any period prior to the date of this narration, would have caused as much surprise, as lightning from the unclouded sky. Spirit she did not lack, but this and other sterner qualities which she inherited from her father, lay dormant in the hidden depths of her soul, and over them flowed, bright and perennial, the angel virtues of her mother. Such was the being who now met the old man at the door, and would have fainted in his arms for very joy of his safe return, had not tears come to her relief.

'Bless thee, my child!' said the Colonel, 'thou hast had a dreary time of it.'

Dreary indeed, and long were the hours she had spent listening to the din of battle, as it rolled along the distant horizon like the muttering of a storm; ignorant of the fate of those dearest to her.

'Edward? father?' said the anxious girl.

'He is safe, we are all safe,' said he, 'and, thank God, this valley is yet holy ground; for dreadful things have been done upon the Concord road.'

Alas! even then the serpent was entering his paradise. Unfortunately for Col. Downer, his friends after partaking of some refreshment, had been gone long enough to reach the village, and he had but just time to hurry the fainting Isabella to an upper chamber, and to plant himself at the head of the stairs with a loaded pistol in each hand, when the band of ruffians burst into the hall.

'God save king George,' shouted Eglestone.

'God save king Cupid,' cried Gordon.

'*Vive l'amour!*' shouted two or three at once, springing to the stairs; but at sight of the menacing figure of the Colonel they recoiled.

'What is your pleasure?' the old gentleman calmly demanded.

'Oh, we have only a curiosity to inspect your chambers,' said Gordon, with the affected *non chalance* of a bully.

'A fine house you have here, old gentleman;' and he again put his foot on the stair, but the click of the pistol, as the Colonel cocked it, made him spring several paces backward.

'If booty is your object,' said the Colonel, 'you will find enough to satisfy you below: take it, and depart, in God's name; but on your lives, attempt not to mount these stairs.'

'And have you no choice jewel stowed away above?' said Eglestone.

'None, upon my honor;' said the Colonel, interpreting him literally.

'Your honor!' said Gordon, with a sneer; 'honor on this side the water!' and a brutal peal of derision rang through the hall.

'Eglestone,' cried Gordon 'on! on! by St. George, the prize shall be mine.'

'Hold!' shouted Downer desperately, 'he that first plants foot on the step dies.'

The men again hesitated, but from their intelligent looks it was evidently not now altogether from fear. The colonel suspected he knew not what, and looked behind him. A few paces in his rear was a door, and a soldier, who had slyly ascended the back stairs was cautiously opening it. With a shout that shook the house, the whole band sprung forward. Rendered desperate, the colonel discharged a pistol to the right and left, and the body of Eglestone rolled down the stairs. A shriek burst from an adjoining apartment; but before

he could reach it, a dozen muskets cracked after him, and he fell dead before the door. * * * *

Just as Edward Downer and Joab Fisher were passing from the fields into the road, Gordon and his men came in sight round an angle in the highway, made by the projection of a hill. 'There they are! a dozen of them,' said Joab in an alarm-whisper, instinctively squatting behind the high stone wall that fenced the road, and pulling Edward down beside him.

'Ay,' muttered Downer, between his teeth, 'they have been on some foul errand, for they come like fellows just broke from the scaffold: but there is justice in store yet.' As he spoke, he cocked his piece and applied the muzzle to a hole in the wall.

'What would you do?' said Joab in the greatest alarm; (for Edward was already taking deliberate aim at a face that blazed before these men of war, like a fiery meteor)—'what would you do, master Edward? why, they are more than six to one of us.'

'You are right,' said Downer, slowly relinquishing his purpose, 'but I would have given a trifle to have taken the color out of that fellow's face; for, depend upon it, there has been something wrong done at the valley.'

By this time Gordon and his company, who really travelled at a prodigious rate, had vanished round another corner, and Downer was mounting the wall, when the heavy hand of Joab was again laid on his shoulder.

'Down again for your life!—there are two more!' said Joab, pulling him into their former position.

'Only two?' exclaimed Edward, then, by heaven, they are ours, and vengeance is not too late.'

Joab deliberately took off his hat, dropped on one knee, and brought his piece to a convenient loop hole in the wall.

'What are you at?' said Edward—you do not think I am going to lay an ambuscade for two men?'

'They are just fit to be shot down like crows in a corn field,' said Joab, bringing his piece up again, and squinting along the barrel while he cocked it with his left hand, 'You take the off one, I—'

'I am not thinking what is fit for them, but what is fitting for Edward Downer,' replied the youth in a low but peremptory tone. 'Up, and hold your own, Joab; for we must face them like men.'

The mighty Joab made some grumbling remonstrance, but held himself in readiness to obey the word of command. The stragglers, who were no other than sergeants Flint and Grimes, were marching at a sharp pace, when two bristling bayonets, attached to as many gun barrels, and followed by the heads, arms, and shoulders that governed them, rose from behind a wall just three rods in front of

them, accompanied by a stern summons to surrender. Our heroes, as may be well imagined, were taken all aback, as they say at sea ; but one of them, Flint, who, when hardly rubbed, would show sparks of mettle, found his tongue very quick to give as stern a refusal ; and levelling their pieces, both parties fired. Grimes and Joab Fisher fell. There was a momentary and gloomy pause, but the instant after Downer leaped the wall with the agility and fierceness of a panther, and charged bayonet upon the Englishman. His superior strength and the impetus with which he came, for a time, gave him the advantage. But the bayonet has ever been the favorite weapon of the British soldier, and with all his impetuosity, Edward was not able to inflict a serious wound upon his adversary. The latter coolly and warily trode back his ground, keeping his bayonet at his antagonist's face, till the hard breathing and panting of the young American warned him that it was his turn to become the assailant. Then it was that his thrusts were quick, rapid, and successful ; till, at length, as Downer found himself with his back to the very wall from which he had begun the attack, he was convinced that nothing but stratagem could save his life. Wound after wound he received, and, at length, the British bayonet entered his vest near the left arm-pit, and the muzzle came with violence against his breast. Edward threw down his gun, and, clapping both hands upon the wound, uttered a loud scream. The Briton, surprised at the act, or supposing him mortally wounded, dropped the point of his weapon. Quick as lightning, Downer sprang over his guard, and lighting on him with the force of a cannon ball hurled him to the earth. There was a fearful struggle of a few seconds, but at length, Downer appeared with one hand on the Briton's throat, and his knees planted in his breast. 'Now surrender!' said Downer, almost breathless. 'Never!' said the Briton, in a voice still more inarticulate.

'Surrender!' cried Downer again, reaching forth one hand and drawing to him the Briton's own gun.

Then it was that the 'Never!' of the Briton came, clear and steady.—'Never, to a rebel!' and, in a twinkling, the bayonet descended.

'Quarter!' cried a gurgling voice. 'Too late!' said Downer, as he rose from the body, now at its last gasp ; 'too late!' and as he drew out the bayonet, the spirit of the Briton took its flight, leaving his body a grim and senseless clod,

"—— the unclosed eye
Still lowering on his enemy."

When Edward had collected his scattered faculties, he found himself surrounded with a suffocating smoke, which a strong wind was bearing, in heavy volumes, from the westward. The tones of an

alarm bell were also swinging heavily by on the night wind, and millions of sparks and burning fragments were rising and falling in the west. The direction of these fiery signs gave rise to the worst suspicions, and rushing up the intervening height, which formed the eastern limit of Willow Valley, the dreadful truth flashed upon him; the home of his childhood was in flames! and where were his father and sister? The thought was madness.—In a state bordering on phrenzy, he was led away by the compassionate neighbors from the smoking ruins. The blackened and bloody corpse of Col. Downer had been rescued with difficulty from the flames when the roof was falling in, and now, as all was over, was borne in mournful procession to the village. Isabella could nowhere be found. As a great part of the house was in flames before the neighbors reached it, the villains having been thorough in the work and the torch applied in a dozen places, it remained, for the night, uncertain whether she had perished with her father and was now covered with the warm ashes of the place, or had been carried off by the enemy. The search of the morning rendered the latter conjecture probable; the ruins were raked to the bottom, but no body could be found.

The middle of May saw Boston besieged by an army of twenty thousand men. Conspicuous in this throng of patriots was a band of an hundred men, all in the flower of life, and all born in Willow Valley and its neighborhood. They were distinguished above all their brethren in arms for their discipline, the prowess of their leader, and the spirit of fierce hostility to Britain which they breathed. But what made them more remarkable was the singular banner under which they had sworn upon the grave of this murdered patriarch to conquer or die. It represented, on one side, simply a willow blasted by lightning; on the other, a house in flames, and a party of soldiers dragging off a struggling female. With these characteristics, 'Downer's Volunteers' were justly considered the *élite* of the early continental army, and continued to signalize themselves by constant acts of daring and intrepidity, throughout the war.

During the last days of May, there was a rumor afloat, that a young American was to be hung in Boston for an attempt on the life of a British officer, the Hon. Capt. Gordon, of Leslie's grenadiers. This was followed by another, that he had escaped; and handbills, offering a reward for his apprehension, were circulated, some of which reached even the quarters of the American army.

It was during the prevalence of these reports, that our old acquaintance, Joab Fisher, whom we have seen brought low by a British bullet, and who, since that eventful day, had not been heard of, suddenly appeared in the camp. It seems that Joab's Bæotian head was the means of saving his life. For the ball, striking the top stone upon which Joab prudently rested his gun, either for the purpose of

taking surer aim, or with a view of exposing only that part of his person which he had reason to believe invulnerable—glanced thence to the forehead of proof behind it, and thence into the air. The only evil consequence therefore was, that he was entranced, some twenty or thirty minutes; and for that matter, might have been as many days; for of his subsequent operations he chose to account no farther than that he had been to Boston. Considerable information which he communicated to his commanding officer respecting the situation of the enemy in Boston went to prove this; but what had carried him thither in such an unaccountable manner, he obstinately refused to tell. Long used to indulgence from the family of Downer, for his honesty and attachment, he now asserted his prerogative, and was dismissed to his duty without farther questioning. He had been gone but a few minutes when Downer, who had risen, and was walking to and fro, in a fit of abstraction, as he turned towards the door, saw standing in it a youth, apparently about seventeen. His countenance would have been eminently handsome had it not been for the darkness of his complexion.

‘Who are you?’ demanded Downer, surprised at the suddenness of this apparition.

The stranger replied not, but entered in considerable agitation, and placed one of the aforesaid handbills in the Captain’s hand. It stated that the assassination of Capt. Gordon was attempted conjointly by two persons, one of whom had been taken and was particularly described in the advertisement; but of the other no account could be given; for notwithstanding the attempt was made on the Common in broad day, he had managed to escape, and there was no doubt had assisted in the rescue of the other.

‘I am your countryman,’ at length said the youth, ‘and the person described in that handbill; but I know I run no risk in making this disclosure. I ask also the privilege of enlisting in your corps.’

‘You are my countryman?’ said Downer, coldly; ‘if so you are safe, but loth am I to acknowledge as such, one, who would stoop to the assassination even of an enemy.’

‘Assassination!’ said the youth indignantly, ‘these hands are pure as your own. The blood which I shed, flowed at noon day, and when I knew that my own destruction would be almost inevitable; and all that induced me to escape when taken, was because my vengeance was incomplete. Oh!’ continued he, with a fierce smile, that sat strangely on his beautiful mouth, ‘had I but reached his heart instead of his arm, I never would have left my prison.’

A strong expression of disgust here burst from Downer: ‘So young and yet so blood-thirsty!’

‘I have cause,’ cried the youth, with startling energy; ‘a cause that is written upon my soul, as with a searing iron!’

‘What is it?’ asked Downer who felt himself much affected by the youth’s manner.

Exhausted by his feelings, he had sunk upon a seat. ‘You shall know all,’ said he, in a faint but significant voice, ‘after the first battle;’ and then starting up wildly, he laid his thin hand on Downer’s arm, and asked in a low tone: ‘On the evening of the nineteenth of April, did you not meet a band of Briton’s fleeing, as from the avenger of blood?’

‘I did,’ said Downer, shuddering at his own recollections.

‘And did you note their leader?’

‘I could pick out every man in that band of murderers from the whole British army. He was a short, thick-set, fellow, with prominent eyes and a red face.’

‘That was he!’ shrieked the youth, ‘that was the fiend Gordon! I have seen his blood, and by my prophetic soul, I will have it from his heart, ere I die.’

‘Had he a thousand lives,’ cried Edward Downer, as the memory of his own wrongs rose and maddened him, ‘had he a thousand lives, he would owe them all to me.’

‘Then your own revenge is sweet,’ said the youth, ‘and there is sympathy between us.’

‘You are right; but how can he have injured one so young as you? Have you too lost a sister and a father?’

‘More!’ replied the youth shuddering as he hid his face with his hands from the enquiring but compassionate gaze of the young soldier. He sat thus for a minute, endeavoring to master his feelings, and at length rose calmly and said, ‘I will tell you all after the battle; meanwhile, I have a natural right to fight under your banner, for I was born in Willow Valley, and my name is Edgar.’

‘A double claim,’ said Downer taking him kindly by the hand, ‘for that was the name of my father. And now, my gallant friend, as our sorrows have sprung from the same source, we will make common cause against the destroyer of our peace; and he that first meets him on the battle field, shall avenge the wrongs of both. What say you, Edgar; shall we not be brothers?’ The young man looked him in the face a moment, and then murmured ‘My brother,’ threw himself into his arms and sobbed upon his bosom.

Downer, to his surprise found tears upon his own cheek, when he released Edgar from his embrace. There was something in this community of sorrow, something in the youth’s voice and manner that had beguiled him of an emotion which his desolate soul had not known for weeks.

The month of May was spent in various petty expeditions for harassing the enemy. But the month of June was reserved for the opening of the great drama. Still, however, sixteen days passed off

in comparative repose. But the dawn of the seventeenth was ushered in by the thunders of Bunker hill, and a demonstration of hardihood was made on the part of the Americans, appalling to the veterans who had hitherto affected to despise them. It is not the province of our humble tale to enter into a description of that magnificent action. The story has been repeated till every child can tell it. I would then merely invite the reader's attention to that part of the lines defended by 'Downer's volunteers.' Here had been the hottest of the battle. Well disciplined and admirably equipped, and inspired with tenfold hatred of the British, they did their work with astonishing coolness and despatch, and every bullet told one on the death roll. When the last and decisive charge came on, they handled their bayonets like old campaigners and repulsed the enemy with prodigious slaughter, or, retreating, only because otherwise they would have been left alone upon the field. It was upon this third onset that a fresh company of grenadiers, who with other reinforcements had just arrived, advanced to assault Downer's section of the lines. In spite of a tremendous fire, they passed on and leaped the breastwork. 'Upon them,' cried their leader; 'no quarter to the rebels!'

A cry of ferocious joy burst from the lips of Downer, as he recognized the fiery face of the speaker, and he rushed forward, sword in hand. But before he could reach his victim, who stood by the breastwork, waving his sword and urging his men onward, a light form bounded through the air past him, and lighted upon the Briton with a fixed bayonet. The blow was sufficient to have beaten him to the earth, even without a weapon; but as it was, the steel passed through his vitals and pinned him to the slope of the embankment. 'I have kept my vow!' shouted Edgar. 'Wretch, know me!'

As he spoke, he stooped and whispered something in his ear. Gordon started as if he felt another wound, and gazing wildly upon the face, which, advanced within a foot of his, was smiling upon him but with the dire expression of a beautiful fiend, he attempted to rise, made a noise like one strangling, fell backward, and expired.

'I have kept my vow!' again cried the youth as he drew out his weapon and turned to Downer, 'and, *brother*, we are both revenged.' As he spoke, he drew off from his head a wig of straight black hair, and the rich tresses of a female fell upon his neck and shoulders.

'Isabella!' cried Downer, as the truth dawned upon him, 'my sister!—can it be?'

'Touch me not,' cried the unhappy girl, shrinking from his embrace. 'There is a stain upon me which even the blood that I coveted has not washed away.'

'But Oh!' she continued, 'here flows a healing balm.' She pointed as she spoke to a crimson tide, that dyed her garments from her side to her feet.

‘You are wounded!’ cried the terrified Edward.

She gave no answer, but smiled and fainted in his arms.

The enemy was now advancing in a manner that showed resistance would be unavailing. The redoubt had been taken, and the lines everywhere broken. Edward cast an impatient glance at his flying countrymen, but Isabella at this moment opened her eyes, and every other passion of his soul gave way to a brother's tenderness. He ordered a hasty retreat; and, bearing Isabella in his arms through the raking fire of the enemy across Charlestown neck, placed her in a carriage, and thus conveyed her to her native valley—to die.

Her sun went calmly down. She gloried in the exchange of worlds, not so much from a mere loathing of life, as from the triumphant assurances of the gospel. The seeds of life eternal had been sown early in her mind. It had sprung up, a vigorous and healthful plant; and though the lightnings had scathed and rifled it, its roots were still lively, and sent forth buds and boughs. All within her was peace. The christian's hope, that breeze of paradise, which had fanned her childhood's hours, and which had recently been put to fearful rout, had resumed its wonted breathings, and was wafting her steadily on to the haven of rest.—They assembled for her funeral. It was more solemn than her father's, but I cannot describe it. The deep waters of their souls were troubled, and there was weeping and woe, but no violence—no confusion. Her angel spirit seemed to hover there, with a spell on every heart, bidding them be still, for she was at rest. But think not if thus silent their sorrow, it left not its impression. Deep was the oath by which her heroic band, kneeling round her grave, bound their souls to the service of their country, till death or victory should close the conflict. The band in which she had fought took a new ardor to revenge the wrongs of Isabella Downer. With Gates they were at Saratoga; with Green, at Eutaw Springs; with Washington, at Trenton and Yorktown. At length fifty war-worn veterans returned to Willow Valley. The bones of the remaining fifty were strewn from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia. Downer too returned, but not to remain. He saw the ashes of his home, and the voice of other days came back upon him and unmanned him. He retired far south, and there, once more, laid the foundations of his house. His vine has flourished, and numerous goodly branches have sprung from the parent stock. His eldest son, who inherits the paternal estate, was a colonel in the service during the last war, and more recently a member of the national council. In his house is a singular room, which is opened but once a year. At one end of it hangs the picture of his grandfather. At the other are the pictures of his father and of Isabella in her military dress; and between them is spread the banner under which they fought. Here, on the anniver-

sary of the nineteenth of April, a solemn feast is held. All branches of the family are called home, the history of that banner is repeated, and all feel as they turn from the sacred relics to separate, each to his home, the bonds of consanguinity strengthened, and their love of liberty increased from the knowledge of the price it cost. 'Had every family in the land such an heir-loom as this,' says the colonel, 'Britons at least could never conquer us.'

We beg that our motive in recording this narrative may not be misapprehended. Let us not be accused of exaggerating the sufferings of our revolutionary fathers, or of wishing to strengthen national antipathies. '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' The angry passions of that struggle have subsided, and far be it from us to rake among the smouldering embers of the last century for the purpose of kindling again a flame which, for the good of both nations, every enlightened Englishman and every true American wishes extinguished forever. But if, by portraying the outrages to which our ancestors were exposed, in winning for themselves and us, their children, a rich inheritance of liberty and peace, our humble tale can beget in us a proper veneration for their memories, and a just appreciation of their glorious bequests, then will the wishes of its author be fully realized.

NAPOLEON.

He came, as comes the sun at dawn,
 Upon a slumbering world;
 Corruption at his nod was gone,
 The tyrant's banner furl'd;
 Thrones trembled at his giant tread,
 Crowns fell around his feet,
 And shook the ashes of the dead
 His eagle glance to meet.

He came, a child whom men might scorn,
 A vision faint to feel,
 But Europe saw her proudest born
 Before his presence kneel;
 And kings and conquerors faded far
 In shadow from his name,
 As fades the faintest silver star
 Behind the sunrise flame.

He went upon the battle ground,
Strong, yea, invincible ;
Of death to enemies around
His cannon tones were full ;
With requiems rang his trumpets, ere
The deadly fight began,
And fell as many foes from fear
As from opposing man.

An island in a sleeping sea
Him sent abroad to reign ;
An island in a stormy sea
Has got him back again ;
He came on earth, determined, stern,
And hard to be denied,
Empires and thrones to overturn,
And on the greatest, died.

J. O. R.

STORY OF GRATITUDE.

When we find so much ingratitude and selfishness among mankind, and after conferring considerable favors, instead of securing a friend, find "the ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke,"—when we so often see an apparent act of liberality originate from a selfish motive, it gives us pleasure to meet with an instance of disinterested generosity and pure gratitude in return ; it makes us better satisfied with mankind and our situation among them.

The following was copied from the journal of an American ship-master in his own words ; he was an eye witness of what he relates, and recorded it merely as a source of amusement for himself.

As I was standing, says the writer, in the street gate of the French coffee house in Lima, with several American captains, one of whom was named B***ks, our attention was attracted by a general officer in full uniform, of a fine commanding appearance, coming out of the coffee house, attended by his secretary. When near us he started, stopped an instant, then ran and caught B. in his arms, cried "My dear B ! my dear friend ! how happy I am to see you !" B. was astonished and told him he did not recollect him. What ! he says, not recollect Hualero ! The exclamations of joy and congratulation were now mutual, and they went into the coffee house together. Hualero immediately inquired of B. if he could serve him ; he offered his purse—his house, or his interest. B. replied that he was master of a vessel, which, with the cargo, had been seized by gov-

ernment on account of some Spanish property on board; that the trial would come on soon, and that the result was doubtful; in every other respect his circumstances were such as to need no assistance. Hualero told him to give himself no uneasiness, that he would attend to the business, that his obligations to him were such that he could never expect to cancel them, but it would give him the greatest pleasure to render him any service in his power. After some further conversation, he took leave, inviting B. to dine with him the next day, and bring any of his friends whom he chose.

On the following day, B. with two of his acquaintances left Lima for Bella Vista, a small village where the Colombian and Peruvian forces were encamped, under the command of Hualero. They had chosen this place as it was within gunshot of Callao castles, and convenient for erecting batteries behind the houses, without being annoyed by the Spaniards, (who still held the castles under the command of Rodil, the only spot on the continent of South America in their possession.) When the breast-work was completed and mounted with long brass 24 pounders, the buildings were torn down, and a heavy cannonade opened on the astonished garrison, who however in return sent an immense quantity of bombs and shot into the batteries and village, but without much effect. After cannonading for several days, the fire gradually ceased on both sides, and was only continued at intervals.

In one of the batteries they found the General, who received them with much kindness and attention, and, after showing them all that could interest them for their amusement, ordered several shots to be thrown among a party of foragers outside the walls of the castle. The shots were promptly returned by the garrison, and were thrown with great precision. Hualero was personally known to Rodil and his officers; and being very conspicuous from his dress, all the shot appeared to be directed at him, not one of which passed more than twenty feet from him and his party. Several soldiers were wounded and one killed by the explosion of a bomb. After this military diversion, they repaired to the General's quarters, and dined with him and several of his officers. After dinner, the General related to the company, his obligations to Captain B., and gave the following toast: "Captain B., the saviour of my life." He then told him that his secretary had interceded with the government respecting his vessel, and that he might expect a favorable decision. When the party took leave, the General accompanied them nearly to Lima. The kindness and attention of Hualero to B. was unremitted. He offered to furnish him any house in Lima he chose to select, and was continually urging favors upon him. B.'s property was soon after liberated, though it was well known to be liable to condemnation. That a general officer in the Colombian

army should have so much influence with the government, will not surprise any one who is acquainted with the state of affairs in Peru at that time.

The cause of Hualero's obligations to B. was as follows.—Several months after the Spanish army, under Morillo, had overrun the greatest part of Colombia, and almost annihilated the Patriot forces, B. was in the Havana, master of a vessel belonging to Philadelphia. He had finished his business, and was on the point of sailing for home, when he was accosted in the street by a man in an ordinary dress, with a shabby straw hat, requesting to know if he could have a passage to the United States, with a separate cabin for his family. B. would not have hesitated a moment to refuse, had not his address been much superior to his appearance. Observing B.'s hesitation, he produced a purse of doubloons, and offered to pay his passage in advance, intimating that his appearance was rather from choice than necessity. B. having no other passengers, finally concluded to take him. The same afternoon he came on board with his family, and they soon after weighed anchor. It was near sunset when they came abreast the Moro Castle, and were boarded by the guard boat with an officer and six or seven soldiers, who ordered the passengers and crew to be mustered on deck. After examining the roll of equipage, and asking the usual questions, he turned to the captain and asked him if he was aware that he had a prisoner of war on board as a passenger. Before he could reply, he turned to the agitated Hualero, who had expected that his disguise would protect him, and ordered him to go with him immediately on shore. B., who spoke the Spanish fluently, requested the officer to walk below, and showed the passenger's passport, which was intended for another person, whose name it now appeared he had assumed. The officer appeared satisfied, but told him Hualero must go on shore without delay. B. went on deck to give the necessary orders, while the officer remained below seated at the table with a bottle of wine, which he did not think necessary to leave till all was ready. He found the unfortunate Hualero standing near the taffrail, his wife and children clinging to him, almost distracted with grief; but he stood perfectly erect, apparently unconscious of their presence. The ferocious expression of his eyes, and stern, determined look, showed that he was meditating on some desperate action. His reflections were interrupted by B., who told him he was sorry for his misfortunes, that he regretted he had not informed him at first of his situation. He repeated the orders of the officer, and told him no time could be lost. Hualero begged one moment's delay; then stated as briefly as possible, that he was a native of Colombia, had been a general officer in the Colombian army, that he had been taken prisoner, with many others, and sent to the Havana, his family being allowed to accompany him—

had been several months closely confined, that his strength of constitution had enabled him to survive the confinement in that dreadful climate which had proved fatal to most of his companions, that he had lately been enlarged on his parole, and had heard that all the prisoners of war were to be again closely confined. A friend had supplied him with money, and procured him the passport of a man who had died soon after receiving it. He dreaded another confinement—he preferred death, and determined to make his escape; ‘but I have failed,’ he said, ‘it is all over; I have no more hope, but I am armed,’ (showing a dagger,) ‘and shall sell my life as dearly as possible; for never, never will I return to be punished by the merciless Spaniards.’ He looked at his wife for a moment, and his countenance lost its sternness; he appeared softened. ‘For myself,’ he added, ‘I am almost indifferent; but my faithful wife and poor children ——.’ His voice faltered; he turned away and covered his face. The situation of the unfortunate man, the tears of his children, and mute despair of his wife, forcibly excited the compassion of B., who was one of those warm-hearted persons who frequently act from the impulse of the moment, when their feelings are excited, without reflecting on the impropriety of the action, or the consequences. He told Hualero that he would protect him at the risk of his life. He immediately called the crew, and told them that they must stand by him and assist him in detaining the boat till they got out to sea. The sailors, who had witnessed the whole, required no explanation, but told him to depend upon them.

It was now sunset. The vessel, with a light breeze, was slowly passing the Moro; the officer, becoming impatient, came on deck, and in a haughty manner demanded why his prisoner was not in the boat. He was told that he was not going. ‘Very well, sir,’ he said; ‘then there is something there,’ (pointing at the Moro Castle, which was still visible,) ‘that will soon bring you to; jump into the boat, men, and pull for the shore.’ ‘Stop,’ said B.; ‘you have a large safe boat, and must go a short distance to sea with me to-night. This is no time to parley; resistance will be instant death. You see we are armed, and ready to put my threat in execution.’ The officer, who did not think it necessary to risk his life for what perhaps he felt but little interest, and seeing all hands armed, thought it wisest to acquiesce, and submitted in sulkily silence. After clearing the Moro, they got a fine breeze, carried the boat so far as not to fear a pursuit, and permitted them to return. On the arrival of the vessel at Philadelphia, Hualero lived in the family of B. until he had an opportunity to return to his own country. Years had passed away. Colombia had established her independence, and had sent her armies, under Bolivar, to assist the Republicans in Peru, who were struggling for existence. In 1824, after making a

forced march to secure a pass for the purpose of preventing the junction of the Spanish forces, but being too late, and the Spanish army double his force, it was evident from the conduct of the brave Bolivar that he considered the cause entirely lost. He left the army which was in the interior, and repaired to Lima, having ordered Sucre to retreat to the sea-coast, if possible; but if the army was destroyed, to save himself. Bolivar had vessels ready at Chaneay to embark at a moment's notice; but the famous battle of Ayacucho changed the face of affairs, and established the independence of Peru. Hualero had been ordered from Caraccas with a considerable body of fine troops, to reinforce the Patriot army in the interior of Peru. He embarked at Panama, and arrived safe at Lima; but his reinforcement was no longer necessary in the interior, and he was ordered to invest Callao castles, while the combined Patriot fleet blockaded the port. This was in March, 1825, about two or three months after the battle of Ayacucho. In the mean time B. had doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at Lima, where they accidentally met at the coffee-house gate, but under very different circumstances; Hualero in power and the full tide of prosperity, but B. in distress, and needing his assistance. The conduct of neither in the first instance would bear strict scrutiny; but the boldness and generosity of B., and the ardent gratitude of Hualero, must excite our admiration. The story may also have its moral; that a generous action is not always repaid with ingratitude. It is by such conduct that the character of our nation will rise in the estimation of foreigners to the height that it merits. Persons who never leave the United States have but a faint idea of their opinion respecting us. We are so conscious of our own merit, (and certainly with good reason,) that we never dream we are underrated by others. But the mists and clouds of ignorance are dispersing. Our country is becoming better known, and consequently more respected.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A DREAM.

STAY, beauteous vision! Sweet delusion, stay!
Flit not, fair child of fancy's midnight hour!
Let me again those slender fingers press,
Again upon those long-loved features gaze.
'Tis gone! and rudely has the voice of day
Scared from my couch the phantoms of the night.
I saw her move, just as in former days,
Among her fair companions all, with whom

Full oft in boyhood's hours I've stray'd through fields
 Of velvet verdure. Not more joyous seemed
 The birds among the leaves, nor those same leaves
 A fresher youth displayed, nor yet, more pure
 The pebbly streamlet rippled at our feet.
 Thrice happy days! And may I not recal you!
 Thus did she move—her happy friends the same,
 But not the same was I; for I had sinned
 Unwittingly against this loveliness.
 The careless step of innocence approved
 Was mine no more, and trembling I approached.
 They saw me. Quick the voice of mirth was hushed.
 They pass'd with eyes averted;—all but one,
 She bent on me a cold and fixed regard
 That seemed to say; "Why dost thou thus intrude
 Upon a scene which thou hast done thy worst
 To rife of its peace? Is it to gaze
 Upon the misery of a broken heart—
 And say with fiendish joy, 'This is my work.'"
 I seized her hand, but it was quick withdrawn;
 "Turn, baffled worm! Thou seest I can despise thee!"
 Tho' guiltless in intention, mute I stood
 Striving to speak.—The vision passed away—
 The busy world was round me; and the form
 So haughty, yet so beautiful, was gone.
 'Twas grief to see her look on me so coldly
 But thus to lose her!—Oh! 'twas agony!

M. R.

REVIEW.

THE TOKEN, FOR 1830. *Edited by S. G. Goodrich.* Published by
 Carter and Hendee. Boston. 1830.

To those who never had the pleasure of making acquaintance with
 the preceding volumes of the *Token*, its extreme and elegant neat-
 ness will be a sufficient 'letter of recommendation' to bespeak good
 will: but we, who have had opportunity to observe its constant and
 rapid improvement in beauty and worth, would not unnecessarily use
 time in praising its exterior decoration. We are prepared to be
 pleased, but certainly shall not fail to exhibit the causticity proper to
 our nature (*ex officio*) when the occasion seems to require its devel-
 opement. This will not often occur; for we think that a work like
 this, which betokens such a spirited determination to foster the public

taste, deserves our most favorable construction, without considering how eminently successful its enterprising publisher has been in pleasing and satisfying the public mind. The volume is introduced by a handsome preface, which we were old fashioned enough to read, in which the publisher makes a sort of *exposé* of the comparative expense of works of the kind in this country and in England; and shows that, not only is the cost of publication greater with us, but that the encouragement, naturally to be expected for an American work, illustrative, to a great degree, of our own scenery and manners, is, notwithstanding, much less liberal. And here, we say, may be found the secret of some of this apparent illiberality towards the elegant arts, of which the more refined have been in the habit of complaining, but which a strenuous perseverance in publishing such works as the Token, will, we hope, soon remedy; namely, so much has been said of late years about illustrating American scenery and manners, without a correspondent supply of sterling material, that the public, whether they confess it or not, are tired to death of the very names. We do not mean to say, that there is not a vast number of incidents in our Revolutionary and ante-revolutionary History, which are full of interest and romance: but the difficulty is, that we are bringing them all forward too prematurely. They stand out now too prominently, so that all can examine their roughnesses, their sharp corners, and uninteresting peculiarities: they need the mellowing touch of Time, who, destroyer as he is, never fails to throw over his victims a dim but beautiful light, a veil of indistinct and misty obscurity, which, granting free room for the imagination to play in, adds half the charm to what we can examine and know. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, said Tacitus; and the noble Roman was surely not apt to form false or unphilosophical conclusions on the phenomena of the human mind. There is just this difference of interest excited by an ancient tale, with only a few of whose mysterious and, as it were, hallowed facts, we are acquainted, and one, the whole series of whose details is familiar to us: the one, is like some staring red brick house, complete in all its parts, and soiled only with the dust of to-day; the respectable habitation of any definite individual and his blooming family, with all of whose inmates we are on the best possible terms and could detail their peculiar characteristics with due precision;—the other may represent one of those desolate dwelling-places, (of many of which, to be sure, we cannot boast, but which travellers speak of,) with its torn wall and ivied porch, and deserted chambers, all lonely and forgotten; which fancy may people with inhabitants at will, and imagine their lives, their

feelings, and their fate. The fact is, we do not read stories for certainty or to revive our recollections of facts, but for excitement, for novelty and wonder; and, once more, there is the same difference between History, as it should be, and legends, as they ought to be, as between the mathematical problem $a \times b = ab$, in which, when we have ascertained this certainly important result, we neither know or care more about the matter,—and the gigantic foot of Alcides the victorious, on which, when once seen, we can build up his mighty proportions, and fancy his glorious prowess.

All these subjects of imagination too require strong handling; and the great minds, which only can manage such things well, cannot suffer their powers to be tramelled, or their themes to be prescribed. Their eyes 'glance from earth to heaven,' and over the illimitable extent of the visible and invisible universe: their subjects are men's high achievements and God's good works wherever they occur and are manifested. Such men do indeed feel and cherish the deepest, the most devoted feelings of true and generous patriotism, but they love virtue, all moral beauty and nobleness, better than their country better, far better than themselves; and, growing more liberal and universal in their sympathies, the more enlarged, the wiser and purer their minds become, they delight to describe an exalted character, a gallant action, or a heroic trait, whether displayed at their own fireside, or at Nova Zembla, or the pole.

We make these few preliminary remarks, because we think and wish others to think, if they will, that an American writer, like the writer of every other country ought, notwithstanding the fashion, to select such subjects for the exercise of his powers, as will allow those powers their freest play and fullest developement, whether the subject be national or otherwise; and not feel himself bound by his tenure of citizenship, to drag in for illustration, at all times and places, a provincial story or a Yankee legend, often absurd enough in itself and sometimes shockingly inapposite to the matter in hand. There are plenty of both which are really excellent: let us have only those.

The *Token* commences with some fanciful lines referring to the vignette title page, and these are succeeded by a splendid prose description of the various phases of the magnificent sea, in which, taking for his leader one of the most remarkable men of ancient or modern times, the poet, prophet, hero and king,—the mighty Psalmist of Israel,—the author dilates upon the uses of the ocean, and its uncontrollable power, and introduces many very just and generally striking reflections. We need only say that it is the production of the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, and quote a part of the conclusion.

"There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathom-
ed and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits
run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what foun-
tains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops?
Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt,
which so impregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it
from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What unde-
scribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest
places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek the
upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches,
what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profu-
sion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art
from all lands, have been engulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who
shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears
the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what com-
panies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave
of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy
waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round
the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on
the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the brave
and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband,
the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried
by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year
after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain-cloud may weep in dark-
ness over the mingled remains which lie strewn in that unwonted cemetery.
But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And
where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery
all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the
wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one
day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even
the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth
and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll and
there shall be 'no more sea.'

The next article, styled "Napoleon," by Grenville Mellen, is, we
think, the best piece of his we have ever had the pleasure to meet with,
and his verses, certes, have always afforded us pleasure. The subject
is Napoleon weeping on a bust of his son at St. Helena. The first and
the two following verses are very touching and much the best.

The roar of all the world had passed—
On a sounding rock alone,
An exile, to the earth he cast
His gathered glories down!
Yet dreamt he of his victor race,
Till, turning to that marble face,
His heart gave way;

And nature saw her time of power—
A conquerer in tears!
The mighty bowed before a flower,
In the chastisement of years!
What can this mystery control!—
The father comes, as man's high soul
And hopes decay.

"The Maniac," by the Editor, seems to us by no means equal to some of his previous productions.

"The Wounded Bird," by P. is very simple, natural and affecting: worthy of Percival, if it is his, and not unworthy of any good heart or sound mind.

"The Indian Fighter," by the author of 'Francis Berrian,' (Mr. Flint of Cincinnati,) is a terrible story, told with great power and pathos, and full of beautiful description of the grand and splendid scenery, the gorgeous dyes of bird and flower, which the more bountiful Nature of the West has so unsparingly and spontaneously distributed over immense prairie and forest.

"To a Bride," by John W. Stebbins, it is hard to characterise as merely pretty, when the author meant to produce something of a higher nature: but it is, certainly, pretty, with the exception of the last stanza, which has some bad lines, unless he means to change the measure, which is hardly justifiable in a piece of this sort.

"Innocence," by Grenville Mellen, we like, especially the moral: better would it be for the world, if Poets, to whom God has given a higher perception of natural and moral beauty than to others, would learn not "to lavish their high gifts in vain," but devote them to the encouragement and advance of purity and beauty of heart.

"The height of Impudence," by James Isaacs, we do not half like to see in the Token, seeing the book is intended, mainly, to edify and amuse the fair possessors of bright eyes and delicate nerves. Stern as we are by nature and the necessary influence of this cruel business, and steel-banded as the author will think our nerves, we are fain to confess that we were compelled to own some hysterical symptoms at the unauthorised intrusion and indecorous behavior of Mr. Jedidiah Cobb, in the mansion of Mr. Amaziah Flint; and worse by far, in that very *sanctum* of all, the lady's *boudoir*! Good heavens! not for the world would we have stood in the "muddy shoes" of Mr. Cobb, had Mrs. Flint been on the spot. The story is amusing, but somewhat vulgar; rather well told, but unnatural; and unless the author will send us his *affidavit*, sworn to before a respectable Dutch magistrate, subscribed by a sufficient number of trust-worthy witnesses, we are determined not to credit the facts. We assure the author that we set nothing down in malice. We think the tale on the whole a good one, but unfit for the Token: we think him young in writing, but believe him capable of telling much better stories in a much better way.

We shall not have space, which we hoped, to take up in detail every piece in the book, but must point out those which strike us as at all remarkable, either for beauty or the reverse.

"The Doomed Bride," by Mellen, is the same old tale, always occurring and always to occur, of well requited but unfortunate affection ;— of a beautiful and resolute maiden, pledging and keeping her plighted troth, in despite of the decrees of a severe father,—of a bold, wicked, and no doubt ugly suitor, one Sir Piers Staunton, favored by the father and cordially detested by the lady and her handmaids,—of an elegant and chivalric gallant, bearing up manfully, as he who deserves a fair lady's favor always does, against all discouragement and opposition, and finally doing his *devoir* so stoutly in some desperate feat of arms, bloody enough to make one's veins run chill in these degenerate days, melting the heart of the cruel father into a consent to the long deferred nuptials. May such a proper and happy issue crown the fortunes of all true and devoted lovers.

Of the "Departure of the Eagle," we like parts amazingly, but there are two faults in the last stanza, *gleamy west*, and the last rhyme 'e'er,' which are almost unpardonable.

There is a peculiar delicacy and elegance about the lines entitled "Snow," which ought to recommend it to all lovers of pure and beautiful poetry.

The next piece strikes us as rather prosaic, and there is one line,

"The dawn of every sentiment revealing,"

which is exceedingly unsentimental.

The tribute to the memory of Brainard is worthy of Mrs. Sigourney; worthy of him: what can we say more? Here are the concluding stanzas:—

"Youth, with gay step and liberal hand, had sown
Fresh germs of hope to cluster round his head;
Those blossoms withered, and he stood alone,
Till on his cheek the blushing hectic fed,
And o'er his manly brow cold death-dews spread;
Then on his soul a quenchless star arose,
Whose holy beams their purest lustre shed
When the sealed eye to its last pillow goes;
He followed where it led, and found a saint's repose.

"And now farewell. The rippling stream shall hear
No more the echo of thy sportive oar,
Nor the loved group, thy father's halls that cheer,
Joy in the magic of thy presence more;
Long shall their tears thy broken harp deplore—
Yet doth thine image, warm and deathless, dwell
With those who prize the minstrel's hallowed lore,
And still thy music, like a treasured spell,
Thrills deep within their souls. Lamented bard, {farewell!"

"The Young Provincial," is a pleasing story, told quite inartificially. The feeling expressed in the following passage is affecting and excellent:—

"When my powder was gone, I went out on the track of the retreating army, with a high heart and burning cheek I assure you. The first of the fallen that I saw before me, was a young officer, not older than myself, who had received a wound in the breast, and was lying by the wayside. There was a calm repose in the expression of his features, which I have often seen in those who died with gunshot wounds; his lips were gently parted, and he seemed like one neither dead nor sleeping, but profoundly wrapt in meditations on distant scenes and friends. I went up to him with the same proud feeling which I had maintained throughout the battle; but when I saw him lying there in his beauty, and thought of all the hopes that were crushed by that blow, of those who were dreaming of him as one free from danger, and waiting the happy moment that was to restore him to their arms; and, more than all, when I thought that I might have been the cause of all this destruction, my heart relented within me, and I confess to you that I sat down by that poor youth and wept like a child."

Lines "To a Wave," by J. O. Rockwell, are good, but we are sorry he should be driven to such extremity for a rhyming word, as to introduce 'silver,' which has long been voted unmanagable and outlawed from the realms of legitimate rhyme.

The "Song of the Bees," by H. F. Gould, is very pretty and fanciful, like many of that lady's previous productions.

The article, however, on which we have dwelt with more unalloyed gratification, than on any other in the book, is "The Country Cousin." It is in Mrs. Sedgwick's best manner, full of grace and beauty, and, what is better, full of moral truth and instruction. We would recommend to our young writers a sedulous attention to her manner of telling a story. She designs well, at first, and then completes all the parts; so that you can scarcely point your pen to a passage and say, 'this is a fault.' The only fault, indeed, which we find with the piece (and faults we are determined to find,) is, that it professes to be a ghost story, and the apparition turns out to be no ghost, after all; at which we were much disappointed: besides, being in the habit of understanding people precisely according to the simple import of their words, we are apt to be sorely puzzled by any postliminary departure from the facts originally laid down.

The lines by P. on page 194, we cannot avoid quoting entire:

"to —————

"WHEN Love and Reason dwelt together,
 As forth they went, one morn in May,
 Love's heart was lighter than a feather,
 But Reason neither grave nor gay.
 Love told her dreams—that worst of bores—
 Though Reason half was pleased to hear,
 And paused to look in eyes like yours—
 And how those eyes would sparkle, dear!
 But, soon they met a graceful youth,
 His face was fair, his figure slender,
 And he could tell a lie like truth,
 And languishing could look and tender.

So Folly drew young love away,
While Reason seemed but melancholy ;
And in a mansion great and gay
Love ever after dwelt with Folly.
Since then has Reason lived alone,
Declaring Love a little traitor,
And so uncharitable grown
They say he is a woman-hater."

Of "The Captain's Lady," by James Hall, we have only one word to say,—that it is capital. We do not know a happier exemplification of the small distance between the sublime and the ridiculous, nor a more laughable specimen of the anti-climax. Read it, gentle reader, if you have lungs to laugh with.

Mr. Hazard's "West Indian Sketch," is very well done. There is something extremely graphic and true to nature in his descriptions, whether of scenery, men, or manners.

We are well pleased with "The Grandfather's Hobby." It is just the sort of illustration, that the plate requires; which is no small praise, since we apprehend nothing to be more difficult than to keep up just the requisite degree of playful humor, so as neither to disappoint or disgust.

The next prose article, the "Legend of the Withered Man," by William L. Stone, is a *bonâ fide* ghost story, of the truth of which we have not the slightest doubt; for if the figure could elude the vigilance of a Yankee sentinel, what reasonable man could question its spirituality?

"The Minstrel," by V. V. Ellis, is an elegant and finished production.

"Chocorua's Curse," by the author of Hobomok, is another of those masterly exhibitions of the influence of wild and ungoverned passion upon the children of the forest, and the almost equally stern and deadly feelings, which constant, and, for the most part, hostile intercourse, gradually introduced into the breasts of the whites,—which the accomplished author has so finely described in Hobomok, and several of her later tales. With respect to the influence of the Indian Prophet's malison, we would beg leave, with due deference, to express our dissent. The old Greek well observed that "curses were like young chickens which generally come home to roost;" they do sometimes affect the imagination, but we believe they can have no effect, certainly not the curses of the wicked, upon one who is protected by innocence, and assured by reason. The tale is short, but told in beautiful language and with great skill and effect.

The lines entitled "The Leaf," by S. G. Goodrich, are, we think remarkably fine, and worthy the good taste of the editor of the *Token*.

The "Huguenot Daughter," by Hannah Dorset. It is strange enough, that the poetry of our *Annals* should be so inferior, for inferior, after all, much of it is, while we get plenty of such well told prose stories as this. The tale is founded, of course, on religious persecution, the incidents are of a grave and affecting character and the whole subject happily handled.

In the "Ode to the Russian Eagle," by George Lunt, we suspect that in the last line but one, "path-bound," is an error of the printer for *oath-bound*.

"The Utilitarian," by John Neal, is, we are glad to see, freer than is usual with the author's productions, from his more objectionable peculiarities, while it has the same powerful writing, the same startling incident and the same eager and rapid, yet free conversation, which are, we take it, three great merits in a story-teller, and are common to all his prose writings. We object to the introduction of the child's language, and we generally demur to his use of most unheroic Christian names for his heroes, which names are not more common with us than elsewhere,—and, moreover, to the barbarous phraseology, which he sometimes puts into the mouths of New Englanders, as samples of their language, when this mode of speaking is seldom to be heard, even in the remotest parts of New England, now, if it ever were, and certainly deserves not to be kept up.

"The Bubble," by J. O. Rockwell is very pretty and descriptive.

The *Token* concludes with a prose piece by the Rev. John Pierpont. "The fashion of this world passeth away" is his subject, and the commentary is a most eloquent and touching appeal to the desolated feelings which acknowledge and the universal experience which confirms the melancholy truth.

"But there are alterations in the fashion of the world which time is more slow in producing, and which, when we witness them, are more striking, more melancholy, and of more abiding influence. Who will doubt this? for who has not felt it? and who is he that has ever felt, and has now forgotten it? Surely not you, my friend, who, by the appointments of an overruling Providence, have been compelled to spend your days as a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth. Did you, in your young manhood, leave your home among the hills, the scenes and the companions of your youthful sports or of your earliest toils? Were you long struggling with a wayward fortune, in distant lands, or in seas that rolled under the line, or that encircled the poles in their cold embrace? Did sickness humble the pride of your manhood, or did care whiten your temples before the time? How often, in your wanderings, did the peaceful image of your home present itself to your mind! How often did you visit that sacred spot in your dreams by night! and how faithful to your last impressions was the garb in which, when you were far away, your long forsaken home arrayed itself! The fields and the forests that were around it, underwent no change in their appearance to your imagination.

The trees that had given you fruit or shade continued to give the same fruits and the same shade to the inmates of your paternal dwelling ; and even in those objects of filial or fraternal affection, no change appeared to have been wrought by time during your long absence.

" But when, at length, you return, how different is the scene that comes before you in its melancholy reality, from that which you left in your youth, and of which a faithful picture has been carried near to your heart, in all your wanderings ! Those who were once your neighbors and school-fellows, and whom you meet as you come near to your father's house, either you do not recognise, or you are grieved that they do not recognise you. The woods, which clothed the hills around, and in which you had often indulged the vague, but delicious anticipations of childhood, have been cleared away ; and the stream that once dashed through them, breaking their religious silence by its evening hymn, and whitening as it rushed through their shade, ' to meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' now creeps faintly along its contracted channel, through fields that have been stripped of their golden harvest, and through pastures embrowned by a scorching sun. The fruit trees are decayed. The shade trees have been uprooted by a storm, or their hollow trunks and dry boughs remain, venerable, but mournful witnesses to the truth that the fashion of this world passeth away. More melancholy still are the witnesses that meet you as you enter your father's house. She, on whose bosom you hung in your infancy, and whom you had hoped once more to embrace, has long been sleeping in the dark and narrow house. Your father's form, how changed ! Of the locks that clustered around his brow, how few remain ! and those few, how thin ! how white ! His full toned and manly voice has lost its strength, and trembles as he inquires if this is indeed his son. The sister whom you left a child, is now a wife, and a mother ; the wife of one whom you never knew, one who looks upon you as a stranger, and one towards whom it is impossible for you to kindle up a brother's love, now that you have found so little in the scenes of your childhood to satisfy the affectionate anticipations with which you returned to them.

" While you are contemplating these melancholy changes, and the chill of disappointment is going through your heart, the feeling comes upon you, in all its bitterness, that the mournful ravages which time has wrought upon the scenes and the objects of your attachment, will not, and cannot be repaired by time, in any of his future rounds. Returning years can furnish you with no proper objects for the fresh and glowing affections of youth ; and even if those objects could be furnished, it is too late now for you to feel for them the correspondent affection. The song of your mountain-stream can never more soothe your ear. The grove that you loved shall invite you to meditation and to worship no more. Another may, indeed, spring up in its place, but you shall not live to see it. It may shade your grave, but your heart shall never feel its charm. Your affections are robbed of the treasures to which they clung so closely and so long, and that forever. The earth, where it had appeared most lovely, is changed. The things that were nearest to your heart, have changed with it. The fashion in which the world was arrayed when it took hold on you with the strongest attachment, has passed away ; its mysterious power to charm you has fled, all its holiest enchantments are broken, and you feel that nothing remains as it was, but the abiding outline of its surface, its vallies where the still waters find their way, and the stern visage of its everlasting hills."

Who does not feel the sad and solemn truths of this language ? Who could not weep, as it forces itself into his very heart ? So fleeting are the vanities of the world :—so pass its idle fashions and its heartless follies ;—and, sorrowing not for their decay, we might say, without regret,

" Pass on relentless world !"

But so passeth not whatever is truly valuable and excellent. The monuments of man's pride may crumble ; the temples of his glory may decay ; his navies may be thrown upon a barren beach, his armies

whelmed in eternal snow; the wayward dreams of youth, the daring hopes of manhood and the crafty schemes of worldly old age may utterly fail and perish; but though his bones be buried beneath a mountain avalanche, or rest under the broad bosom of the unfathomable sea,—no generous impulse, no lofty action, no ardent and virtuous aspiration shall pass away: his fervent enthusiasm, his noble deeds, his magnificent thoughts, his pure life, his charity to man and his high trust in God, may gladden the hearts of millions to come, till time is a lost and forgotten thing, and be recorded for eternity where the fashions of the world have no part nor lot.

We have thus examined, as well as we were able, the literary matter of the *Token*, and would now say a few words of the plates. They are generally above all praise, and might fearlessly be compared with the best plates in the *English Annuals*. The first plate, "*The Doomed Bride*," ought, we think, to be an exception to this remark. Good as it is in parts, the attitude of the figure, together with the drapery, are extremely stiff, and the drawing of the left arm, especially, very bad. Of the vignette title-page we have seen only an unfinished copy, but from that can determine that the design is full of truth to nature and beauty, and that the execution will be excellent. Perhaps our favorite among them all is "*The Sybil*." The drawing is perfect, and the whole plate executed with remarkable softness and felicity. Mr. Goodrich recommends, in the preface, a consultation with this *Sybil*. We fear he means to flatter us with vain hopes; but we should delight, above all things, to have our fortunes read to us by such eyes. The next plate, "*Innocence*," has the common faults of Westall's designs, and is not deficient in their beauties. The engraver has executed his part well. "*The Lost Children*" is one of the most beautiful things we ever saw. The improvement of Mr. Cheney is astonishing. We hardly know if he need now fear a rival anywhere. The introduction of portraits into works of this class is new, but there can be nothing more proper than to preserve the features of a poet, dead, alas, as *he* is, amidst the trophies of his country's literature. The likeness is said to be faithful, and the work is beautifully done. Wherever we had happened to meet "*Meditation*," and "*The Banks of the Juniata*," we should have had no hesitation in setting them down as the productions of the most distinguished English artists. "*Grandfather's Hobby*" is delightful. "*Chocorua's Curse*" is grand, striking, and well managed in all its details. A great and desirable improvement is manifested in the delineation of minute human figures, wherein our plates have generally been very faulty.

They are much better done, however, in the "*Juniata*" than in this. "*The Schoolmistress*" is one of those pictures which must suit and satisfy every body. The patient and placid expression of the ancient dame, (blessings be on her head,) the puzzled and anxious air of the youth on the stool, and the thoughtless hilarity of the other urchins, at their own momentary freedom from the task, are all inimitable. But "*Genevieve*," the bright, beautiful, laughing *Genevieve*,—reclining amongst roses, as is her due,—how shall we speak of her? It is exquisite indeed. Her taper,—no!—We can hardly avoid cutting up our lines into verse, in which we always feel at liberty to give more minute descriptions than in homely prose; but we forbear. This, with the "*Greek Lovers*," which is on the whole, remarkably well designed and executed, and which we like very much, notwithstanding some obvious defects, complete the list of embellishments. It is "got up," as the saying is, with great taste and beauty, in a manner highly creditable to the editor and publishers.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the *Token* is not yet published, but will be out, about the first of October. Before closing, we wish also to make a few remarks upon a subject adverted to above; namely, How is it that the poetical articles in all our *Souvenirs* are generally so inferior in sterling value to the prose? How is it that, while our writers of legends and the multitudes of tales, with which our press annually teems, need not fear competition with writers of the same class in any country, we have little poetry to compare with the productions of the mighty masters of the rhyme on the other side of the Atlantic? Have we no claim upon the mantle sent down from the great bards of old? Have we no eyes to see the 'chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof?' Have we, in fine, no souls to drink in the inspiration which bounteous heaven has showered upon all men of all ages and climes? Let us not so believe. The fault is in ourselves. With the blush of shame and conscious inferiority upon our cheeks, at the unfeeling lash of a foreign reviewer, we have still turned a deaf ear to our own 'native wood-notes wild.' Instead of looking with a favorable eye upon our young aspirants for literary excellence, we have been too apt to turn upon them the face of cold and severe rebuke: and they, instead of holding on their way with undaunted energy, regardless of present praise and renown, and careful only to fulfil with zeal and courage the high purposes of their being, have idly suffered our censure, like a deadly spell, to benumb their faculties and chill their hearts. But if we do not encourage and foster the talent of our youth, what right have we to look for the ripe fruit of

maturity ? It is a common but injurious notion, that young men should be cautious of publishing before a certain period of supposed excellence in mental cultivation : before the mind becomes subject to severe self-control under the discipline of the world. But we are far from thinking so. There are certain subjects, indeed, asking a knowledge to be acquired only by long continued and judicious observation : but that man will not, probably, be eminent in literature at forty, who could think nothing worth telling through a score of summers. At this first blush of manhood, the young poet does not and ought not to wield worldly maxims for his weapons : he knows nothing of their use in the social system and cares little for their value. Poetry is with him but an overflowing gush from a heart-spring of noble and generous thoughts and nicely-toned sensibilities. But he has not lived without much of that communion which must make us wiser. He has conversed most with himself. He has thought, long and frequently, of the secret springs of his own impulses,—of the wild play of human passion,—of the emotions of heart,—of the capacity of mind,—till startled and bewildered in speculations, which have astonished the very wisest, he has gone out amongst the “ liberal elements,” to ask of Nature to unravel the mystery, and she was herself a marvel. But she, bountiful forever, has poured at his feet the glorious current of tumbling rivers ; shown him the gorgeous drapery of autumnal forests and the broad verdure of green fields. He has looked on the blue distant hills and felt that they were his ; and the song of birds was his own, and the tremendous ocean, with its terrible foam, or calm and golden with departing glory ; and the jewelled ether and the revolving brightness of the silent course of Night. And he has then sought the companionship of books ; the converse of those unchanging friends, whose silent but eloquent thoughts, whose soothing and comfortable welcome are ever at his command. He has read of the times, when monarchs loved to tune the lyre ; when the valiant champion did his *devoir* none the worse, because he could frame a tender lay to his *ladye-love* ; when poets, by their songs, raised woman from her state of savage degradation in a barbarous age and gave her her rightful place in the scale of being : he has gone back still farther, and thought of the days when the best and the wisest,—the magnificent and mighty princes of the house of Israel, drank large inspiration at Siloa’s fount and sung the high praises of God, to the psaltery and harp. And so, rich in an unbounded treasury of thoughts and affections, he goes out into the world with life before him, lovely as a summer’s day, with a fresher morning about him than the hackneyed world ever saw,—and then, may be, one

beautiful vision fades, and another follows its fellow, till nothing but the light of common day lingers around his darkened mind. But it is while *the vision* is still upon him ; before the flush of ardent enthusiasm has vanished, that he should pour forth those generous sentiments, whose office it is to refine and purify our nature ; which men read, and, with softened hearts, forget for a while their hatred, their envying and their strife, and mingle with kinder feelings with their fellows in the common lot. Many faults of style there will, no doubt, be ; many crude conceits ; many hasty and ill-digested thoughts, at a period, when he has not yet learned to weigh opinions, or acquired sufficient severity of taste and strength of determination, to reject false and glittering ornament. But it is while this child-like simplicity is still in his mind, that the boy should exercise his power to instruct men ; to bring them back, from the toil and care and bustle of life, to pure and pleasant things, which they had there forgotten. It is then that he must dwell upon those thoughts which will be to him a foundation whereon higher and better things shall arise.

Above all, let not the young poet despair, because all his fanciful visions are not in a moment realized. If, with high mind and a warm heart, he is true to whatever is worthy and excellent in life, true to his own nature, true to Truth herself, he need not fear but he will find "audience fit though few," in his own life, and glorious renown in after times. Neither let him complain that there are no themes to excite his mind and employ his powers : To one who thus thinks, there are none. But let him celebrate the valiant and noble deeds of great and virtuous men and nations, triumphing or falling in a good cause. Let him tune his harp to the praise of brave people everywhere, struggling for freedom, or standing up manfully to keep the destroyer and polluter from their fathers' hearths and the altars of God. Let him take his station, as he should do, in the van of an advancing age, and raise the triumphal song to future intellectual and moral improvement, or, if so it must needs be, with the prophetic fervor of ancient bards, foretell the mournful history of political degradation. The character of man in all ages is a fertile theme for the sounding lyre : or if its strings are tuned to gentler strains, let him play upon the thousand exquisite chords, which thrill about a woman's heart. That unlooked-for strength and fortitude, which, in times of trouble and danger, has sustained the frailest and most lovely beings, who ever shrunk from the cooler breeze that could scarcely have twirled the slightest forest-leaf ; a mother's infinite love ; a maiden's high-souled devotedness, and that almost superhuman pride, when scorn has once estranged her from the

lord of her affections. Let him cultivate an unadulterated and enthusiastic love of nature, and she will well repay him from an illimitable treasury of joy and affection: let him not check, for the world's sneer, any free and generous enthusiasm: and, loving the visible world ardently, for this is the very life and light of a poet's visions, and will throw over them a spring-like joyousness and freshness, let him not forbear to cherish a devotion to books, remembering that the greatest poets have generally been amongst the most learned men of their age: such were Chaucer, and Spenser, Jonson and Milton, Dryden and Pope; such are Southey and Coleridge; and such was Shelley, and, in a less degree, such was Byron. Let him remember that Sir Walter Scott is a profound student, and that Mr. Moore is prouder of his Greek than of Lalla Rookh. Neither let him fear, what some have said, that the day of poetry has gone by, and that he will want readers. This cannot be, while there is a hue of melancholy on any spirit or a spring of joy in any heart. The sailor thrills on the bounding sea; the solitary student revels in the luxury of grief; the husbandman gladdens in the freshness of spring. All these are poetical: and the day-break scattering the silence of darkness; the descending splendor of evening; the gray twilight; the array of night; hill and valley, stream and forest, flower and ocean; whatever is noble in the history of thought; whatever is lovely and melancholy in the story of life.

Who need fear to push his bark, if it be laden with the riches of heart and nature, upon such an abounding ocean of sympathies?

SAPPHO AT LEUCAS.

Look where she moves! a fixed despair
 Seems pictured in that frantic air,
 As now her eye she casts around,
 Now wildly views the drear profound,—
 And now, with quickening step and light,
 Full madly tempts the headlong height:
 While lifted by the evening breeze
 Which sweeps the brightly crested seas,—
 Alike disordered with her mind,
 Her dark locks float upon the wind.

She stops—she pants—with fond desire
 She eyes her long neglected lyre;
 Then, sighing o'er its golden strings
 Her eager hand in haste she flings.

She lists ! but ah, its soothing powers
Seem to have fled with happier hours ;
Yet passion fires her phrenzied soul
As down her cheek the tear-drops roll :
And as her fingers fly along,
The sounds flow mournful as her song.

‘ Bright god of day ! refulgent sun !
Thy glorious course will soon be run ;
Yet thou, in awful beauty, there
Dost every mortal’s homage share.
Ah ! what if thou thy face shouldst veil,
And envious night awhile prevail ?—
Thou with the morrow’s dawn shalt rise
The lord again of earth and skies :
In youth, forever free from change,
Still through ethereal fields to range.

‘ But I, alas ! may hope in vain
To see the blushing morn again :
For me in vain thy golden light
Shall dissipate the shades of night,—
And, vainly gleaming from the west,
In glory all the heavens invest.
I go where thy benignant ray
Ne’er beamed upon the darkling way ;
Where none may feel the zephyr’s breath—
Where love’s bright torch is quenched in death !

‘ Farewell, O earth ! so green and gay ;
Farewell to thee, sweet light of day !
And, as ye vanish from my view,
Ye vales, ye twilight bowers, adieu !—
Dear haunts where love fresh garlands wove,
While only whispers filled the grove.
And thou that once by turns couldst fire,
Couldst melt or soothe, enchanting lyre,—
Thou of Apollo, boon divine !—
With thee I every joy resign.

‘ He too, who in a hapless hour
Saw but to make me feel his power,
He too shall know what ’tis to scorn,
And leave the youthful heart forlorn ;
Some rose-cheeked nymph shall charm his eye,
And wake anon the unconscious sigh ;
And when he feels the trembling joy
Indignantly shall spurn the boy :
Who doom’d, like me, to grief a prey,
In flower of youth shall fade away.

' O dream perverse!—Immortal powers!
 Be his bright pathway strewn with flowers,—
 And his young radiant brow entwin'd
 With myrtle of unfading kind;
 But let the god of soft desires
 Kindle for him his holiest fires!
 Haply when he my fate shall learn,
 And Pity points him to my urn,—
 One tear for me may yet be shed,
 And Phaon mourn his Sappho dead!'

She ceased: the frantic thought, the name
 O'erpowered at once her trembling frame.
 As if by all of earth forsook,
 To heaven she cast one piteous look;
 The lyre which in her arms remained,
 Now with convulsive grasp was strained:
 From her young cheek the rose had fled—
 Love, hope, and joy, alike were dead—
 She reeled, she fell, with woes oppress'd,
 And in the wild waves sunk to rest?

x.

REVIEW.

A YEAR IN SPAIN. *By a Young American.* Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins. 1829.

A well written and circumstantial account of a country so full of interest, and, what is strange, so seldom visited by travellers, as Spain, must, we are sure, be an acceptable offering to the public. Peculiarly so now that much attention is beginning to be paid to its language, and great interest is felt in its institutions and circumstances; more especially, when our distinguished countryman, Irving, has just brought out some of its ancient and gallant annals, from the dust and darkness of time, and thrown upon them the light of his own beautiful language and playful imagination.

Notwithstanding the stern bigotry of a mistaken and gloomy creed, made infinitely worse by craft and tyranny, and their necessarily attendant evils, ignorance and vice; which such concomitants seldom fail to spread over the surface of society,—the very name of Spain comes upon one at all conversant with its history, attended with thrilling emotions and associations. Perhaps there is no land under

heaven, whose history excites so many feelings of romantic interest. We have loved to think of the manly pride and honor, to a proverb, of the old nobles of Castile and Arragon, and the lofty bearing and high courage of its haughty but generous *Hidalgos*. Often cold in outward manner, but full of fierce passion and latent enthusiasm, we believe no nation has exhibited in the field more splendid instances of unshrinking bravery or adventurous daring : from the times, when for hundreds of years they provoked and sustained the furious onset of a half barbarous and warlike people, whose trade was blood, and to whom the war-shout was the very breath of life, till they drove them from their shores at the lance's point ; from fatal Pavia, where the chivalry of France quailed at the fierce charge, and *Dennis Montjoye* was drowned in the war-cry of *Iago ! and close, Spain !* down to our recollections of

—— Saragossa's ruin'd streets
And brave Gerona's deathful story,—

where can history point out more brilliant examples of lofty courage and undaunted resolution ? The moonlight that lingers on the Alhambra's time-worn but magnificent walls,—the golden sands of the Tagus,—the abounding beauty of the rolling Guadalquivir ;—her impassable mountains, her mighty forests, her vineyards and olive groves, and the twilight music of her light guitar, gaily sounding to the graceful movement of

—— many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;—

more than this, the rich and glorious beauty of her dark-eyed daughters ;—how many romantic incidents, how many pleasant dreams does the name of Spain awaken ?

Her fascinating literature, too, so full of humorous description, of poetic incident, and of brilliant invention ;—her ballads, now, mournfully deploring the fall of some heroic chief or splendid city ; now, in bolder numbers, recounting the story of successful resistance of their Moorish assailants, or of some daring foray upon these spirited and restless neighbors ; and now, in more graceful strains, uttering the tender pleadings and reproaches of devoted passion ; above all, those friends of our boyhood, who have grown dearer to us through every step of advancing manhood, Sancho and his master,—*Rosinante* and *Dapple*,—for every one of whom we entertain too great respect to feel the full ridicule of their adventures ;—we cannot help loving them all. But our recollections detain the reader too long from the author. The following is a pleasing description of the dress of the inhabitants in a small town on the frontiers.

"The little village of Tordera lay just beyond the bank of the stream, and its whole population had come out to the corner of the last house, to witness our simultaneous arrival. It happened to be Sunday, and, as I have sometimes fancied is apt to be the case, it brought with it a bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The inhabitants, in consideration of the day and the weather, were decked in their gayest, furnishing me with a first and most favorable occasion of seeing something of the Catalans and of their costume. The men were of large stature, perfectly well made and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair and the exaggerated cast of their countenances; partly, by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half way down the ribs, and studded thickly with silver buttons, at the breasts, lappels, and sleeves; the trowsers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground to the arm-pits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet, seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, whilst their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes of Spain, who say that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow sashes of red or yellow silk; some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer a look of a cut-throat. Whether from the association of the *bonnet rouge*, or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable head-gear.

"As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same color. They were generally bare-headed, just as they had come from their dwellings; a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the *mantilla*. The Spanish *mantilla* is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with the more costly material. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front. These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavors to conceal her neck furnishes a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though in former times, the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock had been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well turned ankle, terminated in a round little foot, neatly shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were besides of graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace, and ease, and fascination of the Provencelle, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun." pp. 19, 20.

The author states in a note to p. 30, to which we refer the reader, the singular fact, that a steam engine was used in Barcelona, for the purpose of propelling vessels, as early as the year 1543: and shortly after, p. 47. he gives a shocking story of the robbery of their *diligence* and an attempted murder of the conductors. At which interesting but unenviable scene, had we been present, without means of defence,

certainly all our romance would have oozed out at the ends of our fingers. Our traveller, however, proceeds with unabated courage.

After a journey, replete with various and more pleasant incidents, he arrives at Madrid, and, amongst other things worthy of note, visits the museum of statuary and painting, which obtains his great and, as it seems, deserved eulogy. The author shall here speak for himself.

"The Spanish school is chiefly celebrated among painters for perfection of perspective and design, and the vivid and natural carnation of its coloring. One of the first painters who became celebrated in Spain was Morales, who began his career about the time that Raphael's was so prematurely closed, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose heads of Christ have merited him the surname of Divine. Morales was a native of Estremadura, but the art in which he so greatly excelled made more rapid progress in the city of Valencia, where a kindly soil and a kindlier sky seem to invite perfection. Juan de Juanes is considered the father of the Valencian school, which in the beginning was in imitation of the Italian, but which afterwards assimilated itself to the Flemish, and to the manner of Rembrandt and Vandyke; until, under the name of the school of Seville, the Spanish painters had acquired a distinctive character.

"Under Ribera, better known at home and abroad by the singular surname of Espanioleto, the Valencian school attained the highest perfection. The subjects of Espanioleto are chiefly Bible scenes, taken indifferently from the Old or New Testament; but his most successful efforts have been the delineation of scenes of suffering and sorrow, such as are abundantly furnished by the lives of our Saviour and the saints. In describing the extremes of human misery, a macerated wretch, reclining upon a bed of straw in the last agony of starvation or infirmity, he is perhaps unequalled; and he has been able to give such a relief to the perspective, such a reality to the coloring, that the deception, at a first glance, is often irresistible. Indeed, my memory became so strongly impressed with some of his pieces, that I can still call them up at will in all their excellence. Espanioleto was, however, a gloomy painter, giving to his works the sad coloring which he borrowed from the religion of his day, a religion which was fond of calling up reflections of despondency, and thinking only of Christ as the bleeding and the crucified.

"Another great painter, who, like Espanioleto, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Diego Velasquez. Velasquez is sometimes an imitator of his great cotemporary; at others, his style is materially different, and he is generally allowed to be superior to Espanioleto in correctness of style and fertility of invention. His portraits, for furnishing accurate representations of individuals, are perhaps superior to those of Titian and Vandyke. They are not, indeed, highly wrought, but have about them the strong strokes of a master.

"Bartholomew Murillo, who, like Velasquez, was born in Seville, studied at Madrid under the direction of his countryman, and never travelled out of Spain. There is in his manner all the correctness of Velasquez; all his truth to nature, which he seems to have studied thoroughly, and at the same time a more perfect finish, and a warmth and brilliancy of coloring to which his pencil was a stranger. Nothing indeed can be so true and palpable as Murillo's scenes of familiar life, nothing so sweet and heavenly as the features and expression of his Virgins. Murillo brought the school of Seville, or more properly of Spain, to the height of its glory. He seems to have combined the excellences of Vandyke and Titian, the truth of the one, and the warm carnation of the other; and though Raphael be looked on by painters and connoisseurs as the most perfect of known artists, yet if the chief excellence of the imitative art consists in showing nature, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and in producing momentary deception, this excellence belongs to none so entirely as to Murillo.

"The decline of painting throughout Europe during the past century, has likewise extended itself to Spain, with, however, some honorable exceptions, such as Bayeu in the past century, and Mailla and Lopez in the present. The latter is a living artist, whose portraits are admirable." pp. 111, 112.

The author gives, on p. 130, an interesting account of the Spanish dance, the *bolero*, a story connected with which we shall quote, to show the danger of exposing ourselves to unnecessary temptation.

"The holy see, it appears, being incited by the solicitude of the Spanish clergy, to attempt the reformation of public morals in Spain, issued a decree forbidding the exhibition of bull-fights, and sent a Roman bull to drive all the Spanish ones out of the arena. This triumph paved the way for another. The *fandango* was presently attacked in form, as having a tendency to excite unchaste desires, and to promote sensuality. But as the reverend consistory of cardinals was too just to pass sentence unheard, even upon the *fandango*, a couple were brought before the grave assemblage to exhibit the character of their dance. The dancers made their appearance in the usual costume, took out their castanets, raised their voices, and commenced the *fandango*. The venerable fathers first received them with the moderate look of sages, determined to bear in patience and decide justly. When the dance began, however, they contracted their brows and looked on frowningly, as if each would conceal his own secret satisfaction. But at last nature overcame dissimulation, their hearts warmed, their countenances brightened, and, slinging their long hats and skullcaps at each other, they began to caper over the floor in vain imitation of the *fandango*."

After a variety of perils, (which, contrary to the custom of most travellers, do not seem to put him at all out of humor with the country) and after much apparent enjoyment, the author takes leave of Spain.

We had marked some minor errors in his classical allusions and use of language, such for instance as, 'he *pacified* Spain,' for *pacificated*; 'hence it is that we have so many Hercules,' instead of 'so many of the name of Hercules;' and below, he speaks of '*the eleven* labors of Hercules; the slaughter of the Geryons being one of them;' unless he means to convey the idea that the slaughter of the Geryons made up the twelve; which the construction of the sentence does not allow. p. 308. These, however, are unquestionably faults of carelessness, for the book is generally written in a good and easy style. If we had space, we would gladly spend more time upon it, but can safely recommend it to our readers, as a well written and entertaining work. We shall close with the author's concluding remarks:

"It would seem that there is much chance of a revolution in Spain at some future day, and that when it arrives it is likely to be terrible. But when it shall have passed, with a fearful, yet regenerating hand, over this ill-fated country, removing the abused institutions and unjust privileges which have borne so long and so hardly upon her, and she shall have passed, as France has done, through the various ordeals of spurious liberty and military despotism, intelligence may have a chance to creep in, and the people may at length turn their attention to the enjoyment of life and the development of their resources. Nature has been most kind to Spain. Her bowels teem with every valuable production, her surface is everywhere spread with fertility; a kindly sun shines forth in furtherance of the universal benignity; her almost insular situation at the extremity of Europe releases her from the dangers of aggression; and whilst the ocean opens on one hand a convenient high road to the most distant nations of the earth, the Mediterranean on the other facilitates her communications with the rich countries that enclose it. Her coasts, too, indented with finer ports than are elsewhere seen, and her waters, not deformed by those fearful storms, which cover more northern seas with wrecks and ruin; all, in connexion with her internal wealth, furnish

the happiest adaptation to commercial pursuits. Thus, whilst her native riches and fertility make trade unnecessary to Spain, her situation enables her to pursue it with unequalled advantage. Surely where God has been thus good, man will not always remain ungrateful.

“In taking leave of Spain, may we not then indulge a hope, that, though her futurity looks threatening, ominous, and full of evil forebodings, the present century may yet see her safely through the storm, and leave her, as she deserves to be, rich, respected, and happy?”

BLACK BARBARY.

THE eastern gray is blending fast
With orange on the mountain height,
The misty clouds are hurrying past,
The stars are melting in the light :
I feel the air's delicious glow
Revive my heart and bathe my brow ;
The morning's unbought joys for me !—
I'll saddle soon black Barbary.

My beauteous mare ! whose bounding speed
Has never fail'd my utmost need ;—
Her tossing head and glancing eye
Own that she knows her master nigh.
With golden grain her crib I'll fill,
And water from the clearest rill,—
And then the far blue hills shall see
A gallant race, fleet Barbary !

Her graceful limbs and glossy hide,
Without a speck to mar its pride,—
Her silken tail of raven black,
That streams behind our hurried track,
Prouder than even Pacha bore,
'Mid charging hosts, his ranks before ;—
Her stamping foot,—how wild and free,—
How dear thou art, proud Barbary !

Wert thou an Arab's desert-steed,
To share his tent and serve his need,—
His wife's delight, his kinsmen's joy,
The playmate of his prattling boy,—
Scarce might an empire's wealth obtain
One lock of all thy floating mane ;—
And art thou not as dear to me,
My gentle, playful Barbary !

If I had wealth, I'd gladly deck
 With bells of gold thy arching neck ;
 But well I know thou carest less
 For gauds than for one dear caress,
 And friends like thee become not strange,
 Though clouds may lower, and fortunes change :
 Thy faith is firm,—thy love is free,—
 Thine eye unchang'd, true Barbary !

Thy brilliant eyes are wild as when
 We bore the battle's fiery brunt,
 Thy spreading nostrils wide as then,—
 As high thy starr'd and noble front :
 How would thy pricking ears rejoice
 To hear the trumpet's cheering voice !
 The winds of heaven are not more free
 Than thy fierce charge, brave Barbary !

Thy hoof is strong, thy step is sure,—
 We'll go as on the wild duck's wing ;—
 No *double-riding cares* endure*
 The magic of thy bounding spring :
 See, now she champs the bending bit,—
 My foot is on the stirrup set,—
 One bound,—and off,—away go we,
 I and my mare, good Barbary.

†

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It seems a brief month since we parted—less than a month since we agreed to be friends, courteous reader ! The old Chronicler strides on over these holiday seasons as if nothing could make him loiter. It may be a hallucination, but a winter's day, spite of the calendar, is as long to us as two summer ones. We do not feel the scene pass. There is no measure kept on our senses by its evenly told pulse. The damp morning and the silent noon, and the golden twilight come and go ; and if we breathe the freshness of the one, and sleep under the repose of the other, and gaze upon the beauties of the third, why, the end of existence seems answered. Labor is not in harmony with it.

* *Post equitem sedet atra cura.*—*Hor. Carmin.* III. *Od.* i. 40.

But we fear Horace was no horseman, notwithstanding the "quick run" he had of it from Philippi, (*Car.* II. *Od.* VII. 9, 10.) when the "*relicta non bene parmula*" proves the old Roman not to have had sufficient cavalier spirit for a good and gallant rider.

The thought that disturbs a nerve is an intrusion. Life's rapid torrent loiters in a pool, and its bubbles all break and are forgotten. Indolence is the mother of philosophy and we "let the world slide." We think, with Rosseau, that "the best book does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author." We remember Colton's three difficulties of authorship, and Pelham's flattering unction to idleness, that "learning is the bane of a poet." The "mossy cell of Peace" with its

—— "dreams that move before the half shut-eye,
And its gay castles in the clouds that pass,"

is a very Eden, and, of all the flowers of the field, that which has the most meaning is your lily that "toils not, neither does it spin," and of all the herbs of the valley, the

"Yellow *lysimacha* that gives sweet rest,"

has the most medicinal balm. We are of the school of Epicurus. We no longer think the "judicious voluptuousness of Godwin dangerous. Like the witch of Atlas, we could "pitch our tent upon the plain of the calm Mere" and rise and fall forever to its indolent swell.

And speaking of idleness (we admire Mochingo's talent for digression—"Now thou speakest of immortality, how is thy wife, Andrew") one of our pleasantest ways of indulging that cardinal virtue is by an excursion to Nahant. Establishing ourselves unostentatiously (we hope our lampooning friend will not object to the phrase) upon the windward quarter of the boat, to avoid the vile volatile oils from the machinery—Shelley in one hand, perhaps, or Elia, or quaint Burton—(English editions, redolent in Russia, and printed as with types of silver)—with one of these, we say, to refresh the eye and keep the philosophic vein breathing freely, the panorama of the bay passes silently before our eye—*island after island, sail after sail*, like the conjurations of a magic mirror. And this is all quiet, let us tell you—all in harmony with the Socratic humor—for the reputable steamer *Ousatonic* (it distresses us daily that it was not spelt with an H) is none of your fifteen-milers—none of your high-pressure cut-waters, driving you through the air, breathless with its unbecoming velocity, and with the fear of the boiler before your eyes—but with a dignified moderation, consistent with a rational doubt of the integrity of a copper kettle and a natural abhorrence of hot water, she glides safely and softly over her half dozen miles an hour, and lands you, cool and good-humored, upon the rocky peninsula, for a consideration too trifling to be mentioned in a well-bred period. And then if the Fates will us an agreeable com-

panion, (we wish we had time to describe our *beau-ideal*) how delightful, as Apple Island is neared with its sweep of green banks and its magnificent elms—every foot of its tiny territory green and beautiful—how delightful, to speculate upon the character of its eccentric occupant, and repeat the thousand stories told of him, and peer about his solitary cottage to catch a glimpse of his erect figure, and draw fanciful portraits of his daughter, who, the world says, for the sixteen years of her sweet life has had only the range of those limited lawns which she may ramble over in an hour—and, as the boat glides by, to watch the fairy isle sleeping, if the bay is calm, with its definite shadow, and looking like a sphere, floating past in the air, covered with luxuriant verdure. It is but a brief twelve miles to Nahant, and the last four stretch out beyond the chain of islands, upon the open sea. To a city-bred eye and fancy there is a refreshing novelty, added to the expanding influence of so broad a scene, which has in it a vigorous and delightful stimulus. The mind gets out of its old track. The background of the mental picture is changed, and it affects the whole. The illimitable sky and water draw out the imagination to its remotest link, and the far apart and shining sails, each covering its little and peculiar world, and sped with the thousand hopes of those for whom its lonely adventurers are tracking the uncertain sea, win on the mind to follow them upon their perilous way and breathe for them the “God speed” of unconscious interest. It is a beautiful and magic sight, to see them gliding past each other on their different courses, impelled by the same invisible wind, now dark with shadow, and now turning full to the light, and specking the horizon, like white birds careering along the edge of its definite line. The sea grows upon you as you see it more. The disappointment felt at first in its extent wears away, as you remember its vast stretch under those blue depths, which your eye cannot search; and the waste of its “untrampled floor,” and the different depths, at which the different spoils of the sunk ships have balanced and hung, and the innumerable tribes who range their own various regions of pressure, from the darkest caverns to the thin and lighted chambers at its surface, all come step by step upon the mind, and crowd it with a world of wondering speculation. It is delightful to us to sit with the agreeable companion we spoke of, and with the green waves heaving about us, to indulge in these wayward and unprofitable imaginations. It is a splendid range for a wild-winged thought—that measureless sea! We love to talk of its strange mysteries. We love to go down with one who will not check us with cold objections, and number and shape out its inhabitants. With such a fellow-wanderer, we have found palaces that surpass Aladdin's,

and beings to whom the upper and uncondensed water has a suffocating thinness. But these are idle speculations to the world's eye, gentle reader, and we will reserve them for your private ear. We will go some summer afternoon, and talk them over together on the deck of that same deliberate steamer. You have no idea how many things are untold of the deep sea—how many dreams of it an idler man than yourself will weave out of its green depths in his after-dinner musings.

A volume of Shelley's Posthumous Poems lies in the honored niche of our Table. Beautiful as Shelley's poetry is, it has never been republished in this country, and though his name is universal, his productions are comparatively unknown. One of the first steps towards a better acquaintance, is a confession of propensities, and as Shelley is at present a passion with us, with your leave, gentle reader, we will make you partially acquainted. We do not mean to give a criticism just here upon his style. We will do it more at length hereafter; but for the present, we will introduce a fragment or two, with a single remark—that Shelley has *written* as if he had never *read* poetry. It seems with him the essay of a new and original power—startling even to himself—and gathering its material, without guidance, by an intuitive analogy and selection. It is all new, and vivid, and strong. One of the least original of his pieces, but, at the same time, a very beautiful one is the following :

“WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.”

“THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light.
* * * * *

Around are unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

“I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
I see the wave upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

“Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see, whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

“ Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have born and yet must bear,
 Till death-like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

“ Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.”

The Posthumous Poems open with a somewhat long narrative, entitled “ Julian and Maddalo.” The latter is a maniac who is visited in his confinement by Count Julian and the author, and is thus described :—

“ Having said
 These words, we called the keeper, and he led
 To an apartment opening on the sea.—
 There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully
 Near a piano, his pale fingers twined
 One with the other ! and the ooze and wind
 Rushed thro' an open casement, and did sway
 His hair, and starred it with the brackish spray ;
 His head was leaning on a music book,
 And he was muttering, and his lean limbs shook ;
 His lips were pressed against a folded leaf
 In hue too beautiful for health, and grief
 Smiled in their motions as they lay apart,
 As one who wrought from his own fervid heart
 The eloquence of passion : soon he raised
 His sad meek face, and eyes lustrous and glazed,
 And spoke,—sometimes as one who wrote and thought
 His words might move some heart that heeded not,
 If sent to distant lands ;—and then as one
 Reproaching deeds never to be undone,
 With wondering self-compassion ;—then his speech
 Was lost in grief, and then his words came each
 Unmodulated and expressionless,—
 But that from one jarred accent you might guess
 It was despair made them so uniform :
 And all the while the loud and gusty storm
 Hissed thro' the window, and we stood behind,
 Stealing the accents from the envious wind,
 Unseen.”

The 'Witch of Atlas' is a purely imaginative poem of some seventy stanzas. Some of its descriptions are among the most exquisite things we remember :—

" A LOVELY lady garmented in light
From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a tempest's cloven roof—her hair
Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
Picturing her form ; her soft smiles shone afar,
And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
All living things towards this wonder new.

" For she was beautiful : her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade :
No thought of living spirit could abide,
Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,
On any object in the world so wide,
On any hope within the circling skies,
But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

" Which, when the lady knew, she took her spindle
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle
The clouds, and waves, and mountains with, and she
As many starbeams, ere their lamps could dwindle
In the belated moon, wound skilfully ;
And with these threads a subtle veil she wove—
A shadow for the splendor of her love.

" The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air
Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal silence there ;
Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone.

" And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis ;
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint,
With the soft burthen of intensest bliss ;
It is its work to bear to many a saint
Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
Even Love's—and others white, green, grey and black,
And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

" And odors in a kind of aviary
Of ever blooming Eden-trees she kept,
Clipt in a floating net, a lovesick fairy
Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept ;
As bats at the wired windows of a dairy,
They beat their vans ; and each was an adept,
When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,
To stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds.

"And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might
 Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
 And change eternal death into a night
 Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep,
 Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
 She in her crystal vials did closely keep :
 If men could drink of those clear vials 'tis said
 The living were not envied of the dead.

"This lady never slept, but lay in trance
 All night within the fountain—as in sleep.
 Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance :
 Through the green splendor of the water deep
 She saw the constellations reel and dance
 Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep,
 The tenor of her contemplations calm,
 With open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm.

* * * * *

• "The silver noon into that winding dell,
 With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;
 A green and glowing light, like that which drops
 From folded lilies in which glow worms dwell,
 When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;
 Between the severed mountains lay on high
 Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

* * * * *

"And where, within the surface of the river
 The shadows of the massy temples lie,
 And never are erased, but tremble ever
 Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
 Through lotus-pav'n canals, and wheresoever
 The works of man pierced that serenest sky
 With tombs, and towers, and fanes, 'twas her delight
 To wander in the shadow of the night.

"With motion like the spirit of that wind
 Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
 Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,
 Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
 Through fane and palace court and lab'rinth min'd,
 With many a dark and subterranean street
 Under the Nile, through chambers high and deep,
 She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

"A pleasure sweet, doubtless, it was to see
 Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep :
 Here lay two sister-twins in infancy ;
 There, a lone youth, who in his dreams did weep ;
 Within, two lovers linked innocently
 In their loose locks which over both did creep
 Like ivy from one stem ;—and there lay calm
 Old age with snow bright hair and folded palm.

"And she saw princes couched under the glow
 Of sunlike gems ; and round each temple-court
 In dormitories ranged, row after row,
 She saw the priests asleep,—all of one sort,

For all were educated to be so.—
 The peasants in their huts, and in the port
 The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
 And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

"She all those human figures breathing there
 Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes
 The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
 And often, through a rude and worn disguise,
 She saw the inner form most bright and fair—
 And then,—she had a charm of strange device,
 Which murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
 Could make that spirit mingle with her own."

There are single passages of remarkable beauty to be found even in Shelley's faultiest productions. Here are two or three of them:—

"Unpavilioned heaven is fair,
 Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
 Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or, wan,
 Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep;
 Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
 Piloted by the many wandering blast,
 And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast."

"Like the young moon
 When on the sunlit limits of the night
 Her white shell trembles in the crimson air.
 And the invisible rain did ever sing
 A silver music on the mossy lawn."

"Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
 In their own golden beams—each like a flower
 Out of whose depths a fire-fly shakes his light
 Under a cypress in a starless night."

"A haven, beneath whose translucent floor
 The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably
 —this haven
 Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven."

"A green and glowing light, like that which drops
 From folded lilies in which glow worms dwell."

"And thou art far
 Asia! who, when my being overflowed,
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine
 Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust."

These are certainly exquisite passages, and you may mark them on every page. It is poetry of a peculiar and hitherto unfashionable school, but, if we are not much mistaken, the poetry of Shelley will take a high stand in the literature of the age. We will give one more extract to show his manner more distinctly.

"Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,

Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which made terrible and dear,
 Swift be thy flight.

" Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought !
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought !

" When I arose and saw the dawn
 I sighed for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

" Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee ;
 Shall I nestle near thy side,
 Wouldst thou me ? And I replied
 No, not thee !

" Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night,
 Swift be thine approaching flight
 Come soon, soon !"

The novelties in the literary world for the last month are few, and of that character which cannot come properly under the slight criticism of our Table. Devereux and Captain Hall are not gentlemen to be passed lightly by. The latter has come up to our expectation, and, we thank heaven, he is properly appreciated on both sides the water. We had the pleasure of travelling some distance with him both in Canada and the United States, and have seen his *modus operandi* in both to our heart's content. He certainly has the faculty of making himself disagreeable to his own countrymen, and ours in a very remarkable degree. We shall read his book again, and review it at leisure.

A virgin volume of our own, last and least, lies modestly on the extreme verge of our table. If the world were a candid world, we could take up that thin octavo and criticise it more justly than it ever will be criticised. It is a false notion that the writer is no judge of

his own book. Verses in manuscript and verses in print, in the first place, are very different things, and the mood of writing and the mood of reading what one has written, are very different moods. We do not know how it is with others, but we open our own volume with the same impression of strangeness and novelty that we do another's. The faults strike us at once, and so do the beauties, if there are any, and we read coolly in a new garb, the same things which upon paper, recalled the fever of composition, and rendered us incapable of judgment. As far as we can discover by other's experience and our own, no writer understands the phenomena of composition. It is impossible to realize, in reading, that which is, to him, impassioned, the state of feeling which produced it. His own mind is to himself a mystery and a wonder. The thought stands before him, visible to his outward eye, which he does not remember has ever haunted him. The illustration from nature is often one which he does not remember to have noticed—the trait of character or the peculiar pencilling of a line in beauty altogether new and startling. He is affected to tears or mirth, his taste is gratified or shocked, his fancy amused or his cares beguiled, as if he had never before seen it. It is his own mind, but he does not recognise it. He is like the peasant child taken and dressed richly; he does not know himself in his new adornments. There is a wonderful metamorphosis in print. The Author has written under strong excitement, and with a developement and reach of his own powers, which would amuse him were he conscious of the process. There are dim and far chambers in the mind which are never explored by reason. Imagination in her rapt frenzy wanders blindly there sometimes, and brings out their treasures to the light—ignorant of their value and almost believing that the dreams when they glitter are admired. There are phantoms which haunt the perpetual twilight of the inner mind, which are arrested only by the daring hand of an overwrought fancy, and like a deed done in a dream, the difficult steps are afterwards but faintly remembered. It is wonderful how the mind accumulates by unconscious observation—how the tint of a cloud, or the expression of an eye, or the betrayal of character by a word, will lie for years forgotten in the memory till it is brought out by some searching thought to its owner's wonder. The book which lies before us, in that fair print, has scarce a figure which we can trace to its source, or a feeling which we can remember to have nursed. We could criticise it, therefore, as well as another, if not, indeed (because it is after our own taste) far better. We have a great mind to do it as it is. It would at least be a new attempt in our innocent republic

of letters—but though the “judicious” might not “grieve,” the “unskilful” might “laugh,” and upon our own book with all our philosophy, we are, moderately sensitive.

We have written no preface, and with a simple dedication to the friend whom, of all we can number, we have most tried and trusted, we send it out upon the world. There is much in it which we would gladly recal—parts, we confess, upon which we are willing to trust our doubtful reputation. We have found the fabled “trumpet” a capricious thing—

“like a ring of bells
Whose sound the wind still alters,”

and our nerves are strung for any note from its faintest to its fullest. We do not deny that we have been swayed and benefitted even by the roughest criticism, though we sometimes have misgivings whether it was always a difference for the better. However that may be, we will dismiss our book and the subject, consoling ourselves, if we have exchanged peculiarity for popularity, with the assertion of Ugo Foscolo, that “even Petrarch felt bound to discharge the unfortunate duty of all writers by sacrificing his own taste to that of his cotemporaries.”

CHANTRY'S WASHINGTON.

Grave,—grand,—sublime!—thy simple majesty,
Dead Father of the people, still is here:
So, o'er a thralldom-shackled hemisphere
Did'st thou look forth, erewhile, and mad'st it Free.
The gorgeous East might send her kings to thee,
And throned monarchs sitting by the West
Might come to bow their faces, nor divest
Old hoary thrones of ancient dignity:
Lord of thyself, in strength severe of soul!
Thy form stands rescued from oblivion's dust,—
And, freedom's watchword now, from pole to pole,
Thy Name is with the wise, the brave, the just:
But thou did'st hold virtue and fame in fee,
And so, thy Glory, boundless and sublime,
Doth scorn the feeble limits of all time,
Wrought in the tissue of Eternity.

†

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The London University, lately established on liberal principles, is in successful operation. Among its zealous and efficient patrons are some of the most eminent Whig statesmen and noblemen of the kingdom.

The exclusive friends of the Episcopal church are about to establish another literary seminary in the metropolis of England, to be called the King's College. They have lately held a meeting, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and the Bishops of Durham and London made addresses in favor of the plan. Large sums have already been subscribed for this object. The cost is estimated at £170,000, besides a library. The design of this institution is to educate the young men of London in the Episcopal faith and mode of worship. The university is favored by the Dissenters, but not exclusively so.—The Bishop of Durham said, in his address, that the accommodations for pupils in the old universities in England had lately been increased for three hundred additional ones; and still there was a demand for more room.

R. Watson, of London, has invented and proposed a plan for preventing vessels from foundering at sea. The invention is to have tubes of copper, or other suitable material, of a cylindrical form, with convex ends, to be hermetically sealed, to contain atmospheric air of sufficient quantity, according as the bulk of the vessel may be, to prevent her sinking, when, otherwise, she would inevitably be foundered, on filling with water. These tubes, Mr. Watson says, may be placed in spaces between the decks, or ribs, the shelf pieces, the planking and places below the decks, wherever they may be conveniently placed. Half cylinder form tubes may also be attached to the exterior of the vessel. The writer in a London paper, who speaks of this plan, thinks it would be effectual in keeping a vessel from sinking.

The last Edinburgh Review contains a long article on the principle, history and effects of the Catholic question. It is equal if not superior to any article which has appeared in that Review for a long time, although the writers are very able and learned men. Indeed, nothing has appeared on this highly interesting subject so powerful, so convincing, and so caustic. The voice of the enemies of the Catholic emancipation must be silenced forever. They will be ashamed, after this, to condemn it.

According to a late estimate of the number of mankind, there is about 735,000,000, which is 200,000,000 less than former estimates gave, which probably were too high. Of these,

386,000,000 are christians, 276,000,000 are pagans, and about 70,000,000 Mohammedans. There are said to be 193,000,000 protestants, 134,000,000 catholics, and 60,000,000 Greek church. This calculation gives more christians and fewer pagans than former ones.

For many years, such a deep and general complaint, on account of the unprofitableness of trade, and the embarrassments attending business of every kind, has not been heard, as at the present period. The commercial world is still, or laboring without the prospect of gain. The manufacturers can find no market for their products, and can hardly give them away. A portion of the world want to sell, but the rest are unable to buy. The farmer will merely not starve, but he cannot exchange his commodities for the luxuries or ornaments of life. This state of things is not confined to the south, or the north, or the west of our extensive country. It is not confined to this western continent. The old world is groaning under the same difficulties. The rich are making no profits, and the poor are starving. How long this state of things will continue, no one can tell. But many believe, and all hope, not very long.

New publications in England.—Bisco on the Acts of the Apostles; Allwood's Key to the Revelations; Life of John Locke, by Lord King; Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge, by his great grandson; History of Armenia from 2247, A. C. to 1780, A. D., translated from the original Armenian; Three Years in Canada; Anti-phrenology; The Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan; The Chelsea Pensioners, by the author of the "Subaltern"; A Personal Narrative through Sweden, Norway and Denmark; Travels in Italy and Sicily; Memoirs of Central India; Travels from India to England; Travels in Arabia; Travels in North America, by Captain Basil Hall, in 1827 and 1828. This volume is published by Carey, Lea & Co., Philadelphia.—The Protestant Layman; The translation of J. Jahn's Hebrew Commonwealth, from the original German, has been lately republished in London. This translation was by Mr. Stowe, of Andover. It is not common for an American translation of a German or French work to be republished in England. If the translation is not credited to our countryman, it is uncandid and unjust.—The Present and Future Condition of the Jews; Vindication of Infant Baptism; Travels of Ibu Batuta, in 1320—1345, through north of Africa, Arabia, Syria, Persia, India, China, Mesopotamia and Nalolia—translated by Professor Lee; Vindication of the Literary Character of Professor Porson; The Physiology and Physiognomy of the Present Inhabitants of Great Britain, with reference

to their Origin, as Goths and Celts; Analogy between the Natural and Spiritual World; Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman; The Present State of Hayti, its Laws, Religion, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.; Jesuitism and Methodism; Critical Record of Theological Literature, (proposed to be published in numbers;) Essay on Moral Freedom, including a review of the principles of Whitty and Edwards on Free-will, and of Dr. Brown's theory of Causation and Agency; The Age, a poem, after the manner, or rather in imitation of Cowper; Letters of Lord Chesterfield, from a MS. lately found, written in the time of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. The Memoirs of Mrs. Judson have been republished in London.—“Retirement,” a poem, just published in London.

The Paris Review, or *Revue Encyclopedique*, of April, gives an account of the most remarkable works in literature, the sciences, and the arts. It notices all the valuable publications in Germany and Italy, as well as in France and England. It contains several articles in the way of review, as well as on the sciences, politics, statistics, &c. The conductors of this periodical are said to be very learned men.

The British and Foreign Bible Society held its twenty-fifth anniversary in London, in May last, Lord Teignmouth in the chair. He is the first and only President of the Society, which was formed in 1804. This was a very interesting meeting. Speeches were made by several bishops, by Mr. Wilberforce, by a missionary who had been twenty years in India, by the Secretary of the Hibernian Bible Society, and by a gentleman who has been a missionary to the Jews. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, the Bishop elect of Calcutta, and the Irish gentleman were quite eloquent and impressive. The report states that 164,000 bibles, and 200,000 testaments were circulated last year; being 30,000 more than the year preceding. In a town in Wales, containing 1100 families, about 200 were destitute of the bible. Great have been the efforts of this society, and its success has been equal to the expectations of its most ardent friends. The Jews in some places on the continent of Europe discover a desire to read the New Testament.

A learned man, who has resided fourteen years at Pekin, has collected several Chinese MSS., very important to a history of China; but they relate to comparatively modern times.

Some curious oriental MSS. have lately been brought from the east to St. Petersburg by a Swedish traveller. They were collected in Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine and Egypt, and will be soon published with a French translation.

The Emperor of Russia has lately established a school at Odessa, for the study of the oriental languages.

A new translation of the bible into the Swedish language is preparing in that country.

A collection of Hungarian poems has been published at Vienna, with a German translation.

The Society of Antiquarians in Normandy have elected five distinguished members of the Antiquarian Society in Scotland into their association, and the Society in Scotland propose to elect an equal number of the learned Society in Normandy.

The present number of the Jews is supposed to be over three millions; about two millions of which are in Europe. These are chiefly in European Turkey, Russia, Poland, Prussia and Germany. In Turkey in Asia there are about 300,000.

The College at Schenectady is represented as being in a very prosperous state. The anniversary of commencement was on the 22d ultimo, when eighty-two young gentlemen were graduated. There are two other colleges in the state of New-York; but Union College has the largest number of scholars. The commencement at Columbia College, in the city of New-York, was on the 4th ult. and the number of graduates nineteen. The commencement at Washington College, Hartford, Conn., was celebrated on the 6th ult.

New Works in the United States.—Memoir of E. A. Holyoke, M. D.; Memoirs and Remains of Charles Pond, late a student in Yale College; Elements of Technology, by Professor Bigelow, M. D.—published by Hilliard, Gray & Co.; Thoughts on Domestic Education, by a Mother; Richelieu, a novel;—the two last are republications of English works. Wells & Lilly have republished the last volume of Hallam's Constitutional History of England.—A new periodical has lately appeared in England, with the title of Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, said to be conducted by gentlemen of great talents. The first and second number have been published.—“The Spirit of the Pilgrims” for September has been published.—“Winter Evenings,” being a series of American tales, published by Ash, Philadelphia, 12mo.—A number of the Southern Review was published on the first ultimo.—Devereux, a novel, by the author of Pelham and the Disowned, and a novel by the author of the Castilian, are published by Messrs. Harpers, New-York.—Just published by Littel & Co., Philadelphia, “The Hope of Immortality, imparted by revelation, transmitted by tradition, countenanced by reason, betrayed by philosophy, and established by the gospel.”

